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# THE NEW YORKER

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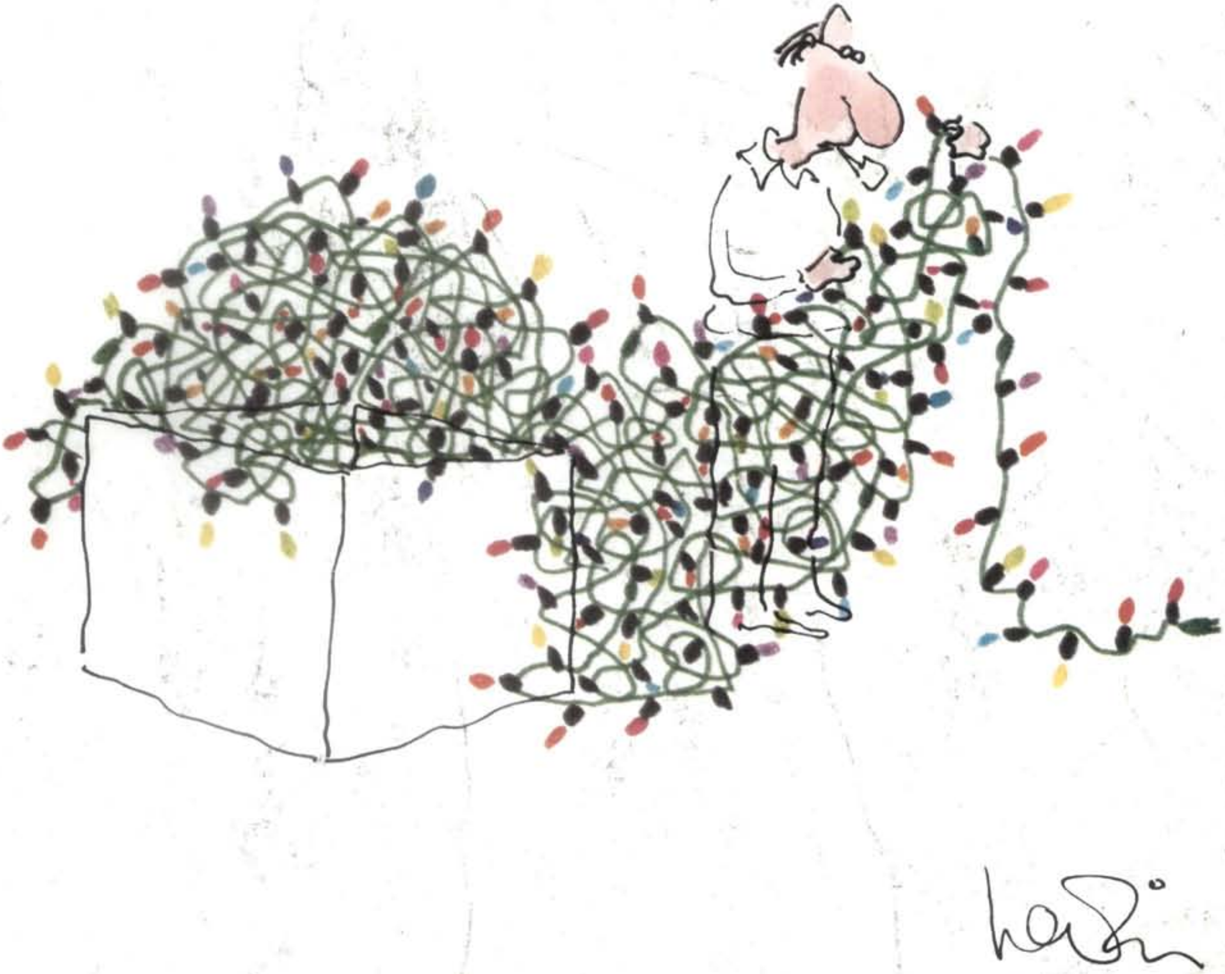

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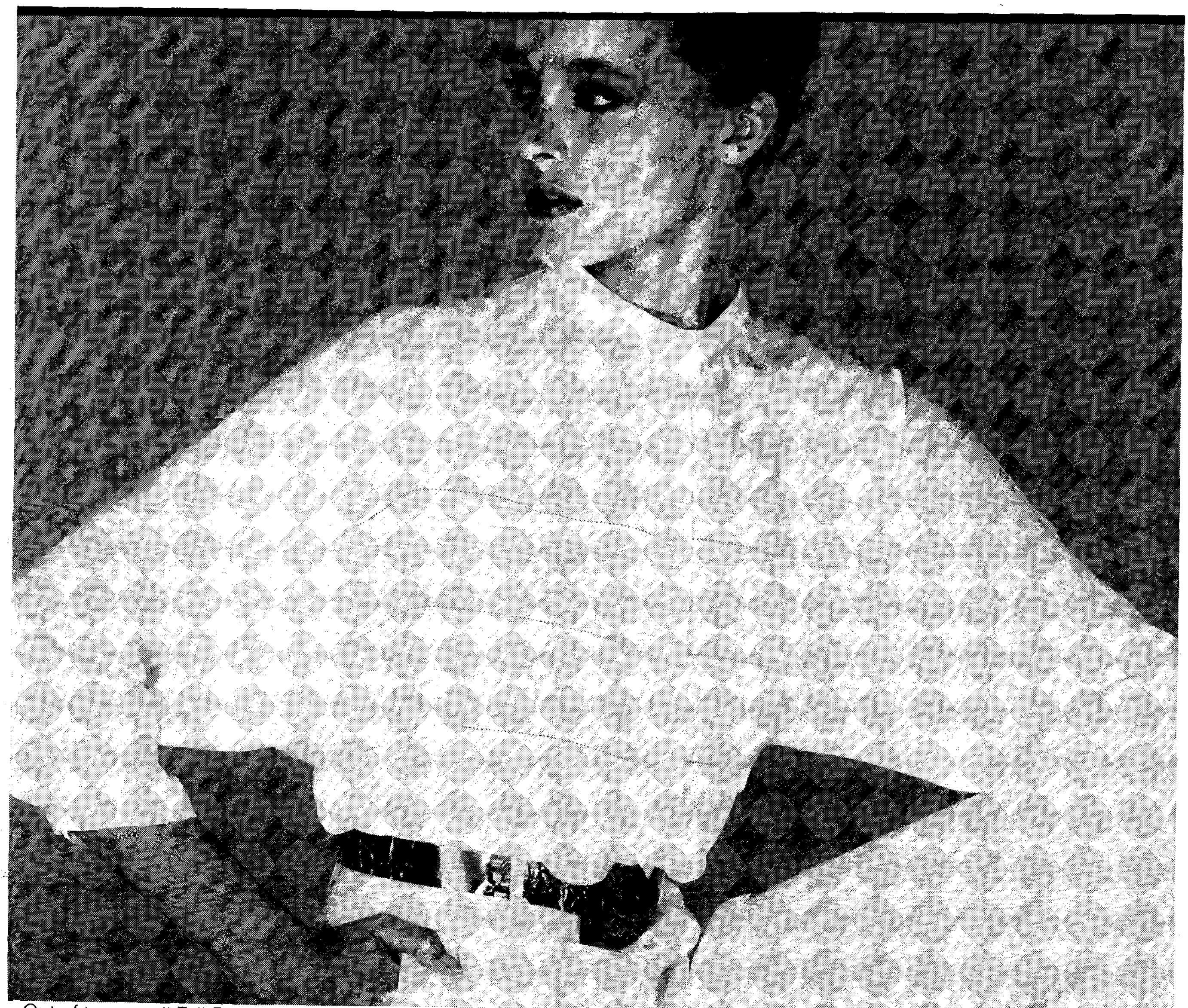

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**And I Ain't Finished Yet**—Eve Merriam's affecting and humorous little show, in which Lynne Thigpen, as actress and singer, portrays a number of actual black women throughout history. She is ably supported by Robin Karfo, Stanley Ramsey, and Bo Smith, and especially by Patti Bown—musical director and arranger—at the piano. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

**Behind the Broken Words**—Roscoe Lee Browne and Anthony Zerbe in a dramatic performance derived from the writings of W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, James Agee, Edna St. Vincent Millay, E. B. White, and others. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Camelot**—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Candida**—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Charlotte**—Uta Hagen in a single performance of Peter Hacks's play. Postponed from Nov. 30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Child of the Sun**—A talented, bountiful new musical with score, book, and lyrics by Damien Leake. It records the life and death of a boy (the child of the title) who is born in a black slum of some large city. The story, veering as it does from realism to fantasy to symbolism, tends to slip out of focus, but the performance, under Harold Scott's canny, inventive direction, is stunning. With Count Stovall, Jackee Harry, Gordon Heath, Nat Morris, Kevin Harris, and Raymond Patterson, among others. Choreography and musical staging by Otis Sallid. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Dec. 21.)

**The City Suite**—A musical entertainment by Keith Levenson, with a cast of nine. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

**Cloud 9**—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cotton Patch Gospel**—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Crimes of the Heart**—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. The cast is an ensemble as nearly perfect as one is ever likely to see. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Dance and the Railroad**—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Dresser**—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearian actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Duet for One**—Anne Bancroft and Max von Sydow in a two-character play by Tom Kempinski. Directed by William Friedkin. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 17. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Entertaining Mr. Sloane**—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of Agatha

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 33

"VISITORS" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 38

"NO HARM" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Howard Moss* 40

"CAMPING OUT" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *James Wilcox* 42

"TALKING THE FIRE OUT" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . *Ellen Bryant Voigt* 44

PROFILES (MARVIN MINSKY) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 50

U.S. JOURNAL: SAN DIEGO . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 129

"THANKSGIVING" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Charlotte Holmes* 140

LETTER FROM NAPLES . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *William Murray* 144

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHILDREN) . . . . . . . . . . 164

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 188
  FURTHER EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 189

BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *John Updike* 200
  BRIEFLY NOTED . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 209

COVER: *Arnie Levin*

DRAWINGS: *James Mulligan, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, Mort Gerberg, Lee Lorenz, Barney Tobey, Charles Saxon, George Booth, Bill Woodman, William Steig, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, Frank Modell, Burt Silverman, Henry Martin, Bernard Schoenbaum, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, J. B. Handelsman, Arnie Levin, Al Ross, Mario Micossi, Everett Opie, Joseph Mirachi, Sam Gross*

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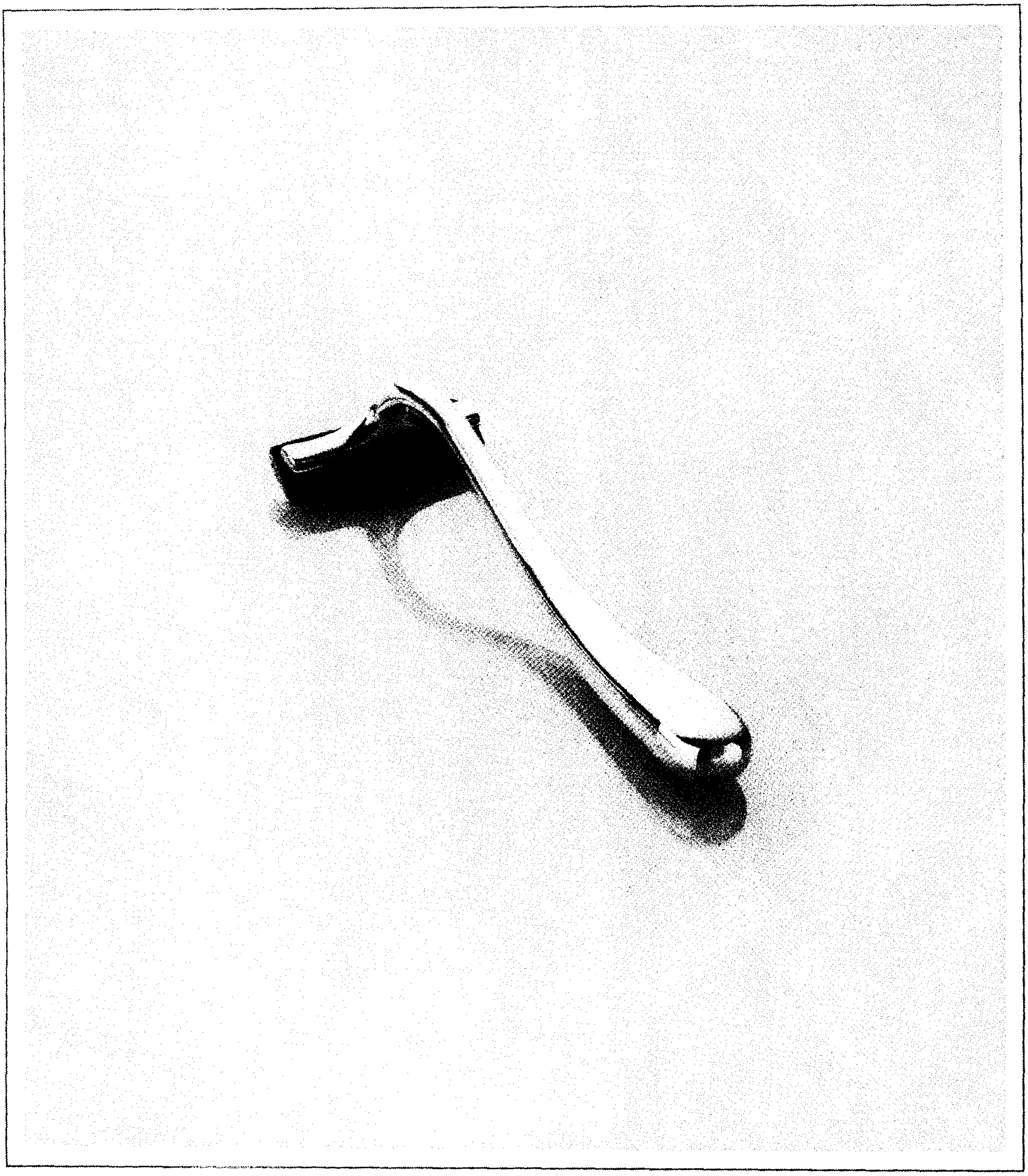
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVII, No. 43, December 14, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1981 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christie's **TEN LITTLE INDIANS** is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**FAMILY DEVOTIONS**—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**THE FIRST**—A serious, well-constructed, and sometimes moving musical comedy about how Jackie Robinson became the first black baseball player to play in the major leagues. Very well acted and in a marvellous setting. (12/7/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**GROWN UPS**—A new play by Jules Feiffer, with Bob Dishy, Frances Sternhagen, and Harold Gould. Directed by John Madden. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 10. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT**—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical based on the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**KEY EXCHANGE**—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**KINGDOMS**—A play by Edward Sheehan concerning the struggle between Napoleon Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII. Roy Dotrice, Armand Assante, and Maria Tucci are in it, and Paul Giovanni is the director. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 13. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**LA MAMA'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION**—Five plays in a revival of sixteen plays that were originally presented during the sixties. Through Sunday, Dec. 13: **RIMERS OF ELDRITCH,** by Lanford Wilson. Nightly at 7. . . . **SOON JACK NOVEMBER,** by Sharon Thie, and **MOTEL (AMERICA HURRAH),** by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Nightly at 9. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Dec. 16: **LOVE ME OR I'LL KILL YOU,** by Daniel Haben Clark. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. . . . **THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD FINDS HAPPINESS,** by Robert Patrick. Wednesdays through Sundays at 9. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

**LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC**—A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY**—Dickens was simultaneously an accurate reporter of social evils and a sentimental fantasist, and both aspects of his genius are brilliantly manifested by the Royal Shakespeare Company's adaptation of his celebrated (but little-read) novel. Go at once. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets (if you can get them) are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

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|  |  |  | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |

**LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**—A four-week engagement of Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30.)

**MAGIC TIME**—A first play by James Sherman, set backstage at a small theatre in Chicago, where the actors are about to go on in "Hamlet." The dialogue is mostly "inside" chatter, and there are many awkward moments, but there are some lively moments, too, and the young cast does well. (Actors and Directors Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS**—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**MASS APPEAL**—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**MISS JULIE** and **PLAYING WITH FIRE**—A Strindberg double bill. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY**—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are very good, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES**—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

**SHIRO**—A spinning rock opera, performed by the Tokyo Kid Brothers. (12/7/81) (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

**SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE STRONGER** and **HUGHIE**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

**TORCH SONG TRILOGY**—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Wednesdays through Mondays at 7:30. Closes Monday, Dec. 28.)

**THE WEST SIDE WALTZ**—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**WHISTLER**—John Cullum portrays James McNeill Whistler in a one-man show by Lawrence and Maggie Williams. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**WOMAN OF THE YEAR**—A musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. Lauren Bacall returns to the cast on Tuesday, Dec. 15. Raquel Welch is filling in for her until then. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays, except Dec. 9,

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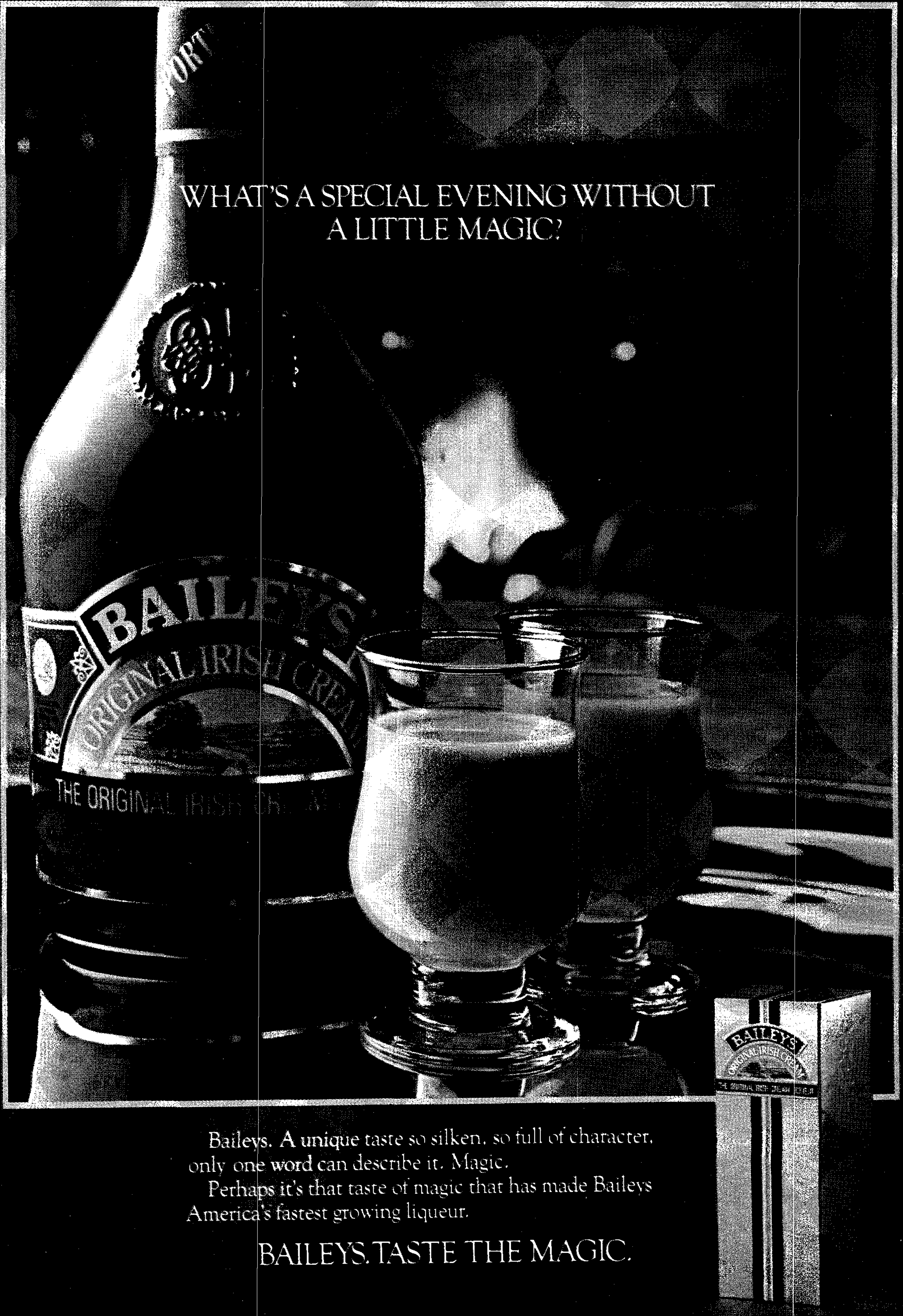

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through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 9, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,992 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—The hundred-and-eleventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's brouhaha. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 9-10, at 4 and 8; Friday, Dec. 11, at 10:30 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 11, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 13, at 1 and 5:30.)

**Radio City Music Hall**—The annual Christmas show will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Fridays at 2:30 and 7:30; Sundays at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 14, at 11 and 2:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 2:30.)

**Big Apple Circus**—A one-ring circus in a heated tent in Damrosch Park. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 6; Thursday, Dec. 10, at 11 and 6; Friday, Dec. 11, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 6; Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 11 and 6; Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 6; Thursday, Dec. 17, at 11 and 6; Friday, Dec. 18, at 11 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

**Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre**—Wednesday evening, Dec. 9: "Spectrum," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 10: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: "Fontessa and Friends," "Landscape" (première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "The River," "Spectrum," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 13: "Night Creature," "Inside," "The Still Point," and "The River." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 13: "Phases," "Masekela Langage," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 15: "Phases," "Inside," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 16: "Fontessa and Friends," "Landscape," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 17: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The River," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 18: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 19: "Spectrum," "Fontessa and Friends," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 19: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Landscape," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 20.)

**Meredith Monk and Company**—A three-week engagement of a single new work, "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 27.)

**Lucinda Childs Dance Company**—Three performances of a full-length work, "Relative Calm" (American première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

**Loremil Machado Afro-Brazilian Dance Company**—Four programs of traditional Brazilian dance, with guest dancer Jelom Vieira (on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday) and singer Denise Delapenha and her band (on Thursday and Friday). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 16-19, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . .* ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, **DAKOTA STATON** will *sing ballads and up-tempo blues* with a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Bechet's,** 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. **SLAM STEWART,** as comic and as hammy as ever, emits fuzzy, buzzing vocals that accompany his bowed-bass solos. He's here with his trio through Sunday, Dec. 13. On Tuesday, Dec. 15, cornettist and jazz critic **DICK SUDHALTER** will bring in a quartet. Music from nine.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **CHRIS CONNOR** sings here through Sunday, Dec. 13; and on Tuesday, Dec. 15, another good jazz singer, **MARK MURPHY,** will come in. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 9-10, folkies **JOHN HARTFORD** and **PETER STAMPFEL & STEVE WEBER;** Friday, Dec. 11, **DOC & MERLE WATSON,** those stunning flat-pickers and singers from North Carolina, and **FIDDLE FEVER,** a lively bluegrass quintet; Saturday, Dec. 12, Catskill folkie **JOHN HERALD;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, rock singer John Hall. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The piano-bass lineup: **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Dec. 12; **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **GEORGE MRAZ** on Sunday, Dec. 13; and **TOM GARVIN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** beginning Monday, Dec. 14. Music from nine-forty-five.

**CACHAÇA,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**CAFÉ PIERRE,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in New York until Saturday, Jan. 2. He's aided by his trusty sidekicks—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, is in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

**CARNEGIE TAVERN,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 9, the Rudies, Ronnie & the Jitters, the Messengers, and Footloose; Thursday, Dec. 10, the Same, V, and Stately Wayne Manor; Friday, Dec. 11, Certain Generals, People Falling, and 911; Saturday, Dec. 12, the Revelons, the Ex-Husbands, and Georgie Spane. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

**CITY LIMITS,** 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN,** whose repertory includes some of her R. & B. biggies from the early fifties and a few jazz standards, performs through Saturday, Dec. 12; she's accompanied by a trio and her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. On Wednesday, Dec. 16, blues singer and songwriter **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return. **CARRIE SMITH,** a jazz singer with a big, resounding voice, can be heard Sundays through Tuesdays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

**EAGLE TAVERN,** 355 W 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind, but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 9, Debby McClatchy and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Dec. 10, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN;** Saturday, Dec. 12, the Juggernaut String band; Sunday, Dec. 13, guitarists Danny Kalb, Bob Zaidman, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, Dec. 16, Mick, Johnny & Maureen Cronin and Around the World for Sport; Thursday, Dec. 17, the Bristol Mountain Bluegrass Band; and Saturday, Dec. 19, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Dec. 13, trombonist Wayne André will head up a quintet from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty Dining.

**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** a subtle, diction-perfect ballad singer, is here with his backup crew through Sunday, Dec. 13. On Tuesday, Dec. 15, **BETTY CARTER,** a risk-taker of a jazz singer, will arrive. Her vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**GINGER MAN,** 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** drummer **TOMMY BENFORD,** bassist **AL HALL,** and pianist **GENE RODGERS**—goes at it at nine and ten-thirty on Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

**GREENE STREET,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Dec. 9, singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 10-12, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul sextet; Tuesday, Dec. 15, and Thursday, Dec. 17, singer and actress **NEVA SMALL;** and Friday, Dec. 18, Robert Kraft, a pop-jazz pianist. On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** works with a combo, and on Mondays bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** perform with a guest singer. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 16, and Saturday, Dec. 19.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with bassist Ronnie Markowitz, vocalist Alicia Sherman, and a pianist from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten; and Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten. Pianist Don Golson is at the piano from seven to ten nightly except Sundays.

**GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ,** Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists. Rhythmic and bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bas ist, **MARTY RIVERA,** make up one of the mo animated piano-bass duos in town. They' on hand through Saturday, Dec. 12. Wednesday, Dec. 16, bassist-hummer **MAJ HOLLEY** will come in with a pianist for a fou night visit. Music from eight to midnig Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine one on Saturdays.

**HANRATTY'S,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (28 3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant a neighborhood that is itself in the process being refurbished. **ART HODES,** whose sets a less like sets and more like History of t Jazz Piano 101 as they dip into the blue Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Cou Basie's early and late blue periods, perfor Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine one and Fridays and Saturdays from ten two. Errol Parker mans the keyboard Su days and Mondays from seven-thirty eleven-thirty.

**HORS D'OEUVRERIE,** at Windows on the Worl 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center (93 1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wi ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as we as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty I land, Upper New York Bay, the Hudso River, the East River, Union City, Jerse City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhatta bridges, and beautiful downtown Brookly Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that pla for listening and dancing Tuesdays throug Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirt Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the after nine.

**JAZZMANIA SOCIETY,** 40 W 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans an jazz fans. Wednesdays, trumpeter **OLU DARA OKRA ORCHESTRA,** which features saxophonis **HENRY THREADGILL,** offers up jazz and jazz-fun Thursdays, Brazilian composer, arrange singer, guitarist, and percussionist **THIAGO MELLO** and his ten-piece band, **AMAZON;** Frida and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, **SONNY FORTUNE,** th driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, wi lead a quartet; and on Friday and Saturda Dec. 18-19, **JAY CLAYTON** will sing with he band. Music from nine, and if you han around until two in the morning on Friday and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophon ist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of mu sical colleagues.

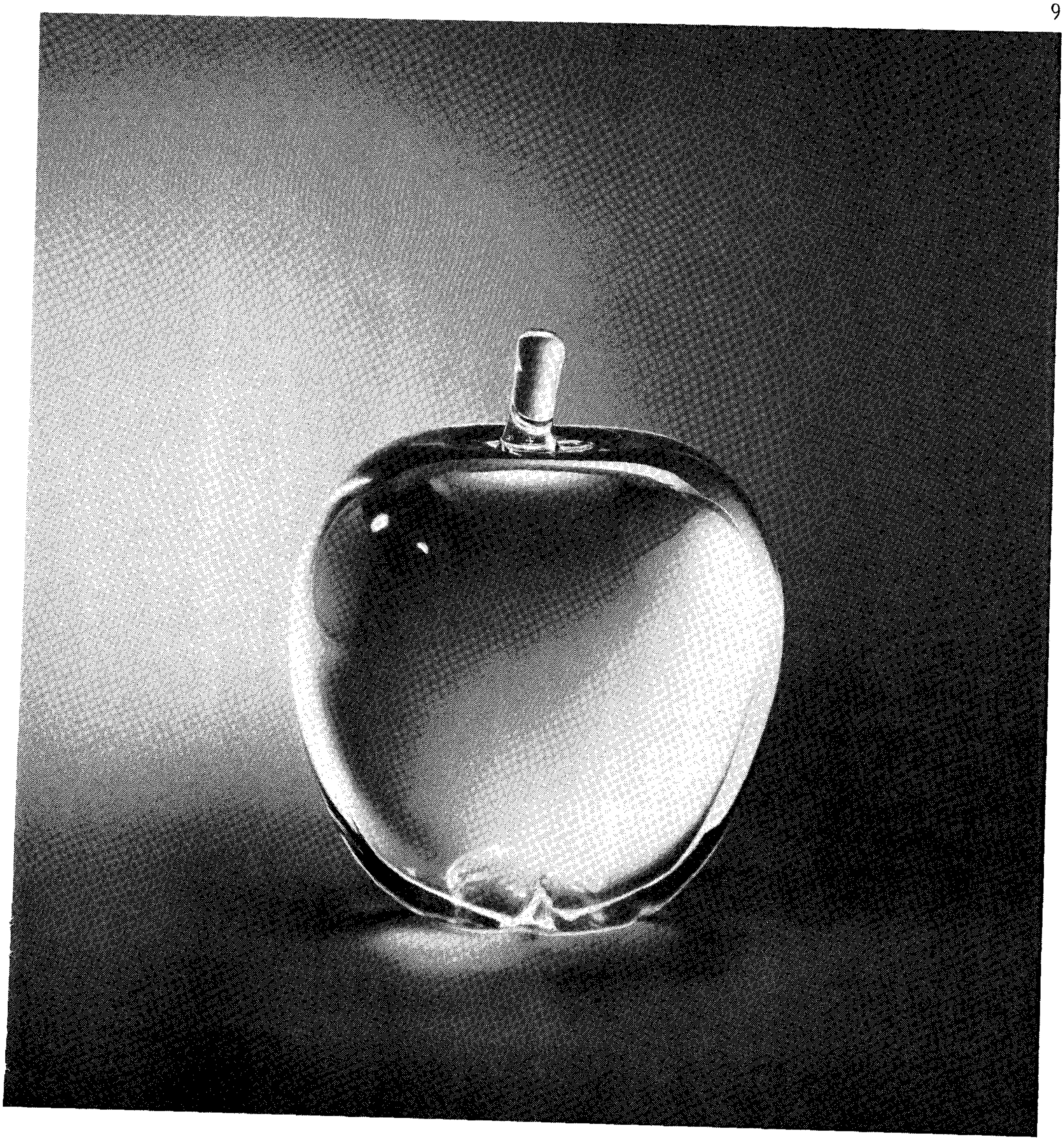
**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries mor vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative t Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty pace east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstan Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirt to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsk directs another group of musical archivist from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9t St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist **CEDA WALTON** and superbassist **RON CARTER** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 12; on Tuesday, Dec. 15, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will take over. Sundays and Mondays **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** handle the musical chores. Music from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 9, John McEuen and Willie Nininger; Thursday, Dec. 10, Eddie Condon, Bobby Pedd, and Willie Nininger; Sunday, Dec. 13, Syl Sylvain and Bobby Pedd; Monday, Dec. 14, Chicago-blues singer and blues-harp virtuoso **JAMES COTTON;** Tuesday, Dec. 15, Ronee Blakley and the Thrasher Brothers; and Wednesday, Dec. 16, the Aztec Two-Step and Morning. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

**MARTY'S,** 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of **CARMEN MC RAE,** who appears Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** is currently holding forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On



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STEUBEN GLASS

Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Dec. 9, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Dec. 10, singer Ebony Jo-Ann; Fridays and Saturdays and Monday, Dec. 14, honey-toned R. & B. guitarist **Eric Gale;** Tuesday, Dec. 15, guitarist Rodney Jones; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, Francisco Santana. Music from about ten until two.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 9, guitarist **Cornell Dupree,** bassist **Gordon Edwards,** singer **Esther Marrow,** and their R. & B. band, the **Encyclopedia of Soul;** Thursday, Dec. 10, Jim Scott & Radiance; Friday, Dec. 11, guitarist **Cornell Dupree,** bassist **Gordon Edwards,** and the rest of their other R. & B. sextet, **Stuff;** and Saturday, Dec. 12, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**Peppermint Lounge,** 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, Dec. 9, the Cramps; Thursday, Dec. 10, Nash the Slash; Friday, Dec. 11, Dirty Looks; Saturday, Dec. 12, the Fleshtones; Sunday, Dec. 13, Anti Pasti; Tuesday, Dec. 15, Liquid Liquid and Konk; and Friday, Dec. 18, Père Ubu. Music from about midnight.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **Sy Oliver** and his bouncy dance septet are in their sixth year in this wonderful room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Thursday, Dec. 10, the Equators; Friday, Dec. 11, Sherri Beachfront and the Trio; Saturday, Dec. 12, Human Sexual Response and Mission of Burma; Monday, Dec. 14, the Producers; Tuesday, Dec. 15, the Hard; Thursday, Dec. 17, the Misfits, the Undead, and Heart Attack; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, Blue Angel. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, the current tribute is one honoring Irving Berlin. It's entitled "They Say It's Wonderful," and it has a cast of four—Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrell. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Dec. 9, Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 10-13, **Arthur Blythe,** who plays alto saxophone with a wonderfully full-but-not-too-filling lush tone; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 15-16, French Toast, with Peter Gordon, Anthony Jackson, and Steve Ferrone; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 17-20, alto saxophonist **Hank Crawford,** pianist **Dr. John,** and tenor saxophonist **David (Fathead) Newman** all in the same band. Music from nine-thirty.

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**Star and Garter,** 105 W 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, drummer **Philly Joe Jones** heads up a quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, **Jaki Byard,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will be present with a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

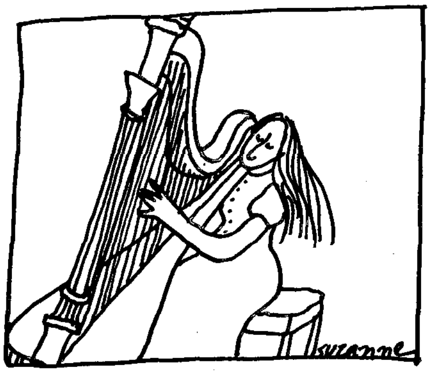
**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**Chico Hamilton,** a melodic drummer and an entertaining showman, leads his latest youthful quintet through Saturday, Dec. 12; on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 13-14, pianist **Michael Abene** will be in charge of a quintet; and on Tuesday, Dec. 15, trombonist **Slide Hampton** will begin gigging with alto saxophonist **Sonny Fortune,** bassist **Rufus Reid,** pianist **Mickey Tucker,** and drummer **Keith Copeland.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: **Joe Turner,** the Kansas City blues shouter, New Orleans-style singer, Chicago-blues singer, and early rock-and-roll singer, is here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 13-14, will belong to **Big Walter Horton,** the last of the blues-harp legends—he's right up there with Sonny Boy Williamson I (whose real name was John Lee Williamson), *Sonny Boy Williamson II* (whose real name was not John Lee Williamson but Rice Miller), and Little Walter Jacobs (who, as Walters go, was considered by some people to be bigger than Big). Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **Uptown Horns,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 9, Bank and Heidi & the Hotshots; Thursday, Dec. 10, Ex-Davis and Velveteen; Friday, Dec. 11, Neon; Saturday, Dec. 12, Nash the Slash; Monday, Dec. 14, Phil Garland, Hot Romance, and Single Strings; Tuesday, Dec. 15, John Montgomery; Wednesday, Dec. 16, Dizzy & the Romilars and Tot Rocket & the Twins; Thursday, Dec. 17, China Shop, Mrozinski, and Ozone; and Friday, Dec. 18, Nasty Facts, Rousers, High Sheriffs of Blue, and Top Decay. Music after eleven. Dancing.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine-thirty; on Dec. 14, the bands of Hector Lavoe and Charanga Casino will perform along with guest trombonist Steve Turre. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** leads a trio from nine.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of jazz club. Taking a solo in front of a big ban can be like riding a motor scooter just i front of a speeding semi—that is, it involve a lot of fiery urgency **Johnny Griffin,** wh hasn't taken tenor-sax solos in front of a bi band regularly since the forties, mostly work with just a quartet, but he manages to pla with that same striking, fiery urgency. He here leading his quartet through Sunday Dec. 13. On Tuesday, Dec. 15, another important and moving tenor saxophonist, **Dexte Gordon,** will bring in a quartet. Mondays ar **Mel Lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.



**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sough this place out for years, and it is perhaps th best jazz club in the meat-packing distric One attraction is the authentically prepare collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis ha the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Musi from eight-thirty until two.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666 8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-ho student food, beyond the pinball machines, i a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Saxophonist **Eddie Barefiel** who'll turn seventy-two on Saturday, Dec 12, will be hard at work that night and al the other nights through Sunday, Dec. 13 soloing and leading his quartet. On Wednesday, Dec. 16, trumpeter **Jabbo Smith,** anothe swing-era original, will bring in *his* quartet On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France i present with a quartet, and Tuesday night belong to the great drummer **Jo Jones.** Musi nightly from about nine.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**David Johansen**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757 Wednesday Dec. 9, at 8.

**A Tribute to John Lennon**—The Cincinnati Pop Orchestra, David Clayton-Thomas, Robert Flack, and others in a memorial concert o music associated with John Lennon. (Radi City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

**Judy Collins**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.

**Keith Jarrett**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424 Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.

**Gil Scott-Heron & the Midnight Band**—With Lenny White and Twenny Nine. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

**Beaver Harris-Don Pullen 360-Degree Music Experience**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Dec. 11, at 10.

**Ricky Ford Quartet**—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Friday, Dec. 11, at 11.

**The Return of the Motortown Review**—With David Ruffin, Martha Reeves, Mary Wells, and Junior Walker & the All-Stars. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**Miriam Makeba** and **Jon Lucien**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.

**James Newton Flute Quartet**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 10.

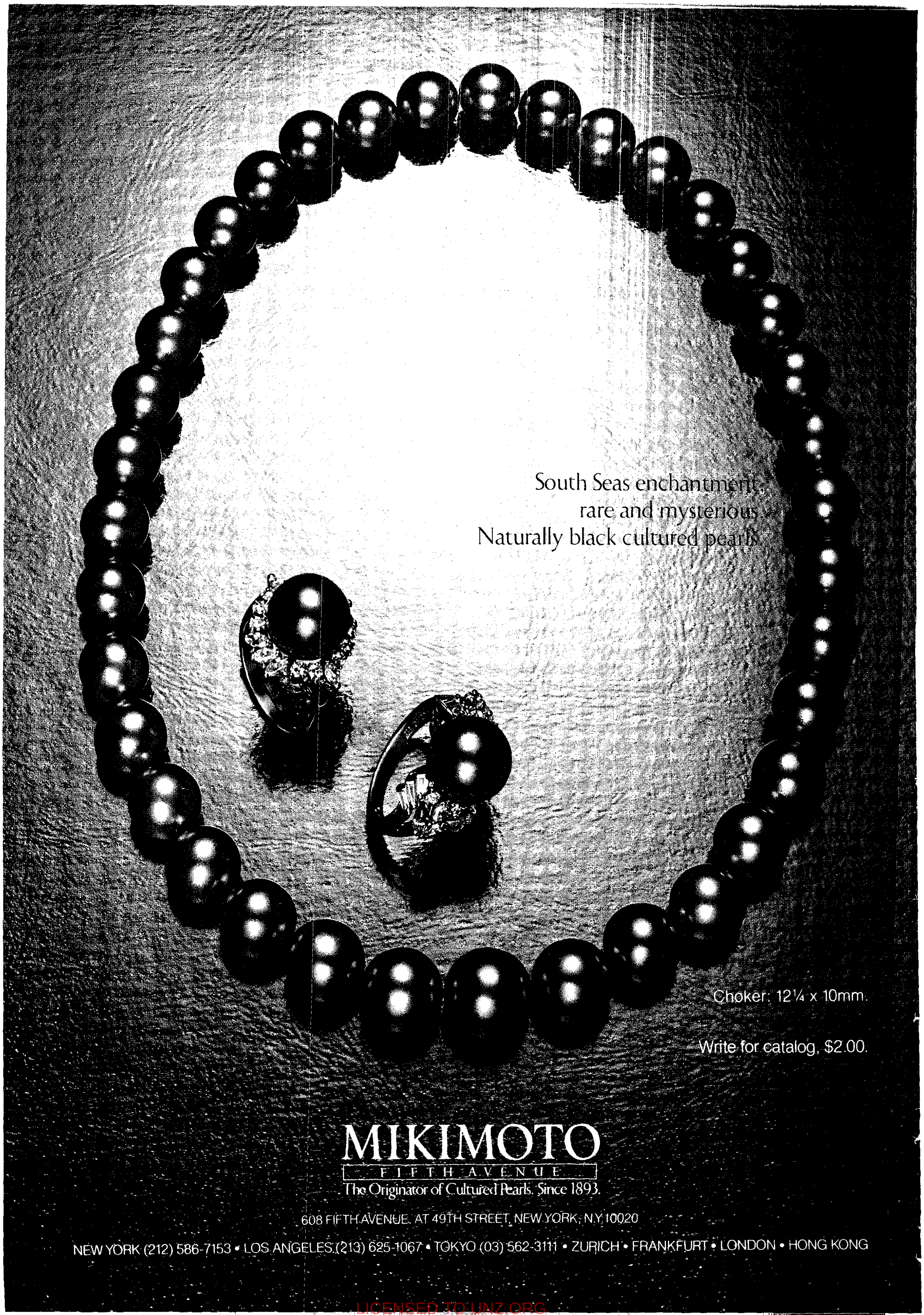
**Heavenly Jazz Concert Series**—The third in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Kenny Davern, Phil Bodner, Bucky Pizzarelli, Bobby Rosengarden, Milt Hinton, and Derek Smith. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

**Yoshio (Chin) Suzuki Jazz Ensemble**—In a program of Mr. Suzuki's music. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8. For *information about tickets,* call 924-0077.)

**Sam Rivers Quartet** and the **Julius Hemphill Trio**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 10.

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3: Lloyd McNeil quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1:

Polo Ralph Lauren
Leathergoods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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ray Drummond quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**Savoy**—Thursday, Dec. 10, at 9: Paul Butterfield and Powder Blues. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 9, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30 and 11:30: Luther Vandross and Donald Byrd. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 9: Eddie Palmieri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 10: Romantics. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

**Soundscape**—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Dec. 11: Tito Puente quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12: Milford Graves. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17: String Trio of New York and Billy Bang. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18: Interamerican Jazz Quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19: Frank Wright and Andrew Cyrille. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin at about 9:30.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Benny Andrews**—Oils on canvas and small constructions in mixed mediums, all showing the influence of the artist's sojourn in New Mexico this summer. Through Dec. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Hannelore Baron**—Found boxes filled with found and handmade objects. Through Dec. 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

**Georg Baselitz**—Oils and drawings; first one-man show in New York by a German artist. Through Jan. 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Brooke Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is showing woodcuts, etchings, and linoleum cuts. Through Dec. 30.

**Thomas Hart Benton** (1889-1975) / **Carol Sutton**—A group of his Synchromist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Jan. 30. / Color-field paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Willard Boepple**—Stainless-steel ladders and other sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**Pierre Bonnard** (1867-1947)—A benefit loan show of fifty-six paintings, the most comprehensive exhibit of his work in nearly twenty years. Through Friday, Dec. 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**Eugène Boudin** (1824-98) / **David Smith** (1906-65)—Paintings and drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 18. / Spray paintings on linen and on paper by the sculptor. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Klaus Fussmann**—Semi-abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**John Held, Jr.** (1889-1958)—Watercolors (of skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers) from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheikhs. Through Jan. 30 (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Robert M. Kulicke**—A new set of small-scale fruit and flower still-lifes; also jewelry made by him with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Robert Lobe**—Hammered-aluminum sculptures showing the impressions of the rocks and trees on which they were pounded. Through Dec. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Robert Lostutter**—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Matta**—Paintings and drawings, dated 1937-1947, by the Chilean-born Surrealist. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

**Armando Morales**—Semi-abstract oils of still-lifes and figures. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

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**Edvard Munch** (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Joseph Stella** (1877-1946)—Paintings and drawings of nature. The more exotic plant models were found at the New York Botanical Garden. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**William Turnbull**—Bronzes: small figurines, primitive masks, and torsos. Through Jan. 16. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Rogers Turner**—Gouache still-lifes very much in the tradition of eighteenth-century Dutch realism. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Herk Van Tongeren**—Tabletop-size bronzes in most of which architectural details (columns, entablatures) are combined with geometric forms. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

**Robert Vickrey**—Egg-tempera paintings by a realist. Through Dec. 30. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Vaclav Vytlacil**—Abstract cityscapes dated 1931-33. Through Dec. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Mary Joan Waid**—Magnified close-up portraits, usually a part of a face, in oils and pastels. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **carus**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: About two dozen collages and works on paper by eleven early-twentieth-century Italian (Giacomo Balla, Carlo Carrà) and Russian (David Burliuk, Olga Rozanova) Futurists. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by gallery artists (Marina Stern, David Levine, Raphael Soyer) and others. Through Dec. 24. . . . **gibson**, 205 E. 78th St.: Five English artists—Mac Adams, James Collins, Roger Cutforth, John Hilliard, and Peter Hutchinson—represented by work from the late sixties and the seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **paul rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Twenty-six Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Tiepolo, Prud'hon, Ingres, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Drawings predominate in a show of nineteenth-century works by European (largely French) painters and sculptors. Through Jan. 16.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**David Lee Brown** / **Cynthia Gallagher**—Highly polished stainless-steel sculptures. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

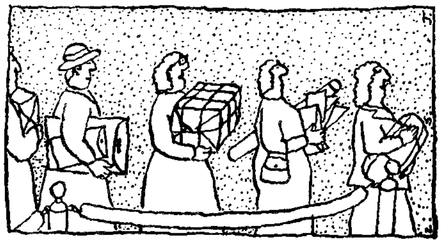
**Paul Brown**—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

**Thomas Cornell**—Allegorical paintings, among other works. Through Dec. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Jean Dubuffet and Joan Miró**—Early drawings and collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Sondra Freckelton**—Large-scale watercolors of gardens and quilts and furniture and flowering plants. Through Dec. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Arnold Friedman** (1874-1946) / **Konrad Cramer** (1888-1963)—Still-lifes in oils applied with a palette knife. / Still-lifes by a modernist. Through Jan. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Ellen Sragow, 80 Fifth Ave., at 14th St., is showing fifty prints, drawings, and photographs by Mr. Cramer. Through Jan. 16.



**Emil Ganso** (1895-1941)—Lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts of nude and partially draped models. Through Jan. 2. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Stephen Greene**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Sylvia Guirey** / **Fanny Brennan**—Nonobjective paintings. / Very small paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Haas**—Photographs and models of some of the trompe-l'oeil façades he has painted on buildings, among them his first mural, at 112 Prince Street. Through Jan. 15. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

**Roberto Juarez** / **Francis Joseph Bruguière** (1879-1945)—Paintings on canvas and paper. / Photographs: cut-paper abstractions and other experimental works from the twenties. Through Jan. 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Miriam Laufer** (1918-80)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Sven Lukin**—Plywood sculptures, generally in the shape of birds' wings, bound with painted muslin. Through Thursday, Dec. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Markus Lüpertz**—Paintings (oils and gouaches) and sculptures (painted bronzes) by a member of a new group of German Expressionists. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**André Masson**—More than forty oils and works on paper from the early forties, when Masson was living in the United States. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Henri Matisse** (1869-1954)—Thirty-four drawings in pen-and-ink, charcoal, and pencil. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St.)

**Jules Olitski**—Color-field paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**William Palmer**—Landscapes, some of which the artist looks out upon from his upstate-New York studio windows. Through Jan. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Andrew Parker**—Watercolor paintings of the Himalayas and watercolor portraits of friends. Through Jan. 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Odilon Redon** (1840-1916)—Fifty lithographs, including "La Mort: Mon Ironie . . . ," done in 1889. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

**Rembrandt**—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

**James Rosati**—About twenty abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Amy F. Scott**—Meticulous colored-pencil drawings, mostly still-lifes. Through Dec. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**John Seery**—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**David Shapiro**—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Hanne Tierney**—Marionettes: some built to human scale, others (not as large) alluding to, rather than representing, figures. Through Dec. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **pam adler**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright, Cynthia Carlson, Jonathan Santlofer, and David Sharpe; and constructions by D. Jack Solomon. Through Jan. 2. . . . **brewster**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Latin-American artists, including Fernando Botero, Leonora Carrington, Diego Rivera, and Francisco Zuñiga. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **de nagy**, 29 W. 57th St.: The figure as depicted in the paintings and sculptures of eight contemporary artists, among them Alice Neel, Ju Ming, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Joe Shannon. Through Jan. 7. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 9. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and constructions resembling or incorporating functional objects (bird cages, vacuum cleaners), by six artists: Gib Smith, Jeff Koons, Jo Shane, R. M. Fischer, Calvin Churchman, and Judith Shea. Through Jan. 6. . . . **HABER THEODORE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Robert Dash, John Gundelfinger, Fairfield Porter, and others. *Through Dec. 30. . . .* **JANIS,** *110 W. 57th St.:* A loan show of paintings and sculptures reflecting early-twentieth-century European movements, from Fauvism to Surrealism—Matisse's "Pink Nude," from the Baltimore Museum, for example, and Malevich's "Suprematist Composition: Red Square and White Square," from the Modern. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with them in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Dec. 30. . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Artists' books by Roz Chast, Bilgé Friedlaender, and others. Through Jan. 2. . . . **ODYSSIA,** 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Balthus, Vija Celmins, Irving Petlin, and others. Through Jan. 9. . . . **TOUCHSTONE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Original drawings by designers for the stage, including Santo Loquasto, Carrie F. Robbins, and Tony Walton. Through Dec. 30. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Swain, Dee Shapiro, Edgar Buonagurio, and others. Through Jan. 9.

**SCULPTURE**—At the **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Figurative works by Arp, Giacometti, Lipchitz, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 521 W. 57th St.: Nine practitioners, among them Mia Westerlund (an abstract concrete form covered with a layer of lead), Patsy Norvell (a five-panel etched-glass screen), and Joe Neill (a wood relief). Through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 5.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER**—Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**PETER BERG**—Architectural models (for projects at the Hudson River Museum among others), paintings, and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

**JOHN COLT**—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**HANNE DARBOVEN**—Conceptual works frequently involving framed pages of symbolic notations. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**ERTÉ**—Gouache drawings for fashion and costume and set designs; they date from 1917 to 1975. Through Dec. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

**RAINER FETTING**—Figurative paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

**FRANZ GERTSCH**—Photo-Realist paintings on a monumental scale. Through Jan. 6. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**JOHN MASON**—Drawings and sculptures by an artist represented in the Whitney's current show of ceramic sculptures. Through Jan. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**A. R. PENCK**—Paintings by a German artist who uses symbols and primitive figures of the kind seen in cave art; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

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**SALOMÉ**—Paintings by a Berlin artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**MICHAEL SINGER**—Two large sculptures (one in each of the gallery's two rooms), drawings, and photographs. Through Dec. 23. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**PAOLO SOLERI / STUART SHEDLETSKY**—Architectural drawings. / Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**ANNE TABACHNICK**—Drawings of construction workers. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Opens at noon.)

**SUSAN WEIL**—Drawings based on Muybridge's locomotion studies; also prints. Through Dec. 30. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

**JOE ZUCKER**—A pair of large paintings depicting wrestlers and a series of fifteen others abstracting a boxing match. Through Dec. 23. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

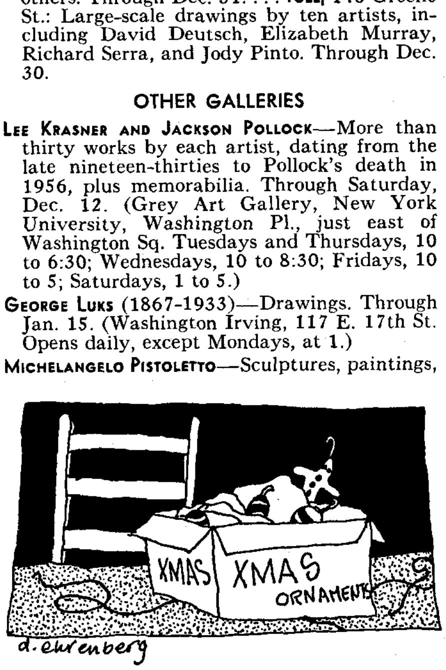
**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CUNINGHAM,** 94 Prince St.: Nine artists (Alan Cote, Stephanie Rose, and others) showing small abstract paintings. Through Jan. 6. (Opens at 2 on Saturdays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY,** 386 West Broadway: Realist paintings and sculptures by both regular and invited artists: Lois Dodd, Paul Resika, Robert Birmelin, Lennart Anderson, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.) . . . **INGBER,** 460 West Broadway: Very small works (Man Ray's 7½-by-9½-inch collage is a comparatively large one) by Lindner, Tobey, and others. Through Jan. 6. . . . **MARINO,** 489 Broome St.: Works on paper, ranging from artists' books to studies for sculptures, by about forty artists. Also, a room installation, by Kathleen Dinan, combining paper and steel. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: Kiyomi Iwata (sculptures using dyed silk organza and industrial fabrics such as fire hoses), Elaine Huyer (abstract oils), and Mimi Korach Lesser (Nova Scotia landscapes). Through Dec. 20. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **PROTETCH,** in a second space at 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, Alfred Jensen, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Drawings by April Gornik, John Lees, Mira Schor, and others. Through Dec. 31. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Large-scale drawings by ten artists, including David Deutsch, Elizabeth Murray, Richard Serra, and Jody Pinto. Through Dec. 30.

### OTHER GALLERIES

**LEE KRASNER AND JACKSON POLLOCK**—More than thirty works by each artist, dating from the late nineteen-thirties to Pollock's death in 1956, plus memorabilia. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**GEORGE LUKS** (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

**MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO**—Sculptures, paintings, and constructions. Through Dec. 31. (Ala, 3 W. 20th St.)



**KAZUO SHINOHARA**—Photographic blowups models, floor plans, and section drawings fo eleven private houses by this Japanese architect. Through Jan. 8. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**FRANK YOUNG**—Six large figurative oils. Through Dec. 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, a Chambers St.)

**COOPER UNION**—A hundred and eleven artist and architects showing, in response to an invitation from two Cooper Union professors, designs for three architectural elements window, room, furniture. Although an eight inch-square paper was specified, some took liberties with this restriction. Through Jan. 22. (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays 11 to 4.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CLAYWORKS STUDIO WORKSHOP,** 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramic pieces by eighteen painters and sculptors (Kenneth Noland Jo Buffalo, Miriam Schapiro), many working in clay for the first time. Through Wednesday, Dec. 16. (Opens at 1.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Paintings and photographs, mostly, with admittedly ludicrous subjects; i.e., dogs dressed in shirts and ties. Through Jan. 21. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings unti 8.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Paintings by artists who work predominantly in black; Rudolf Baranik Marcia Hafif, Doug Ohlson, and Kay WalkingStick are four of them. Through Saturday Dec. 12.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**BERENICE ABBOTT**—A hundred and fifty photographs tracing the artist's years as a portrait photographer in Paris (the twenties) and as a documentary photographer in New York (the thirties). Through Jan. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ A group show that pairs photographs of similar subject matter—for example, Abbott's Second Avenue El alongside Andreas Feininger's. Through Jan. 10.

**EUGÈNE ATGET** (1857-1927)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**E. J. BELLOCQ** (1873-1949)—The first exhibition of all eighty-eight of his portraits of Storyville prostitutes. They were printed by Lee Friedlander from Bellocq's glass-plate negatives. Through Jan. 9. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

**RICHARD BENSON**—Photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge and other subjects. Through Jan. 9. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**PAUL CAVA**—Photographic collages and montages. Through Dec. 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**EDWARD S. CURTIS** (1868-1952)—Photogravures (and two platinum prints) of North American Indians. Through Dec. 31. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

**ARTHUR ELGORT**—The Rolling Stones at Longview Farm, in Massachusetts, and in the photographer's studio; dancers of the New York City Ballet in rehearsal. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**GERALD INCANDELA**—Photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**BARBARA MORGAN**—Six vintage photographs, thirty-five works recently printed, and four other works printed in editions. Through Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**RUTH ORKIN / MARY ORKIN**—Photographs of people and places from the past five decades, beginning with a cross-country bicycle trip in 1939 and including such subjects as Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Orson Welles (fifties),

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and Central Park (sixties and seventies). More than seventy-five prints in all. / Primitive paintings of Central Park by the photographer's mother. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Aaron Siskind / Nicholas Nixon**—Photographs. / Group portraits, chiefly of young teen-agers. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Photography at the Bauhaus**—Fifty photographs. T. Lux Feininger, Joost Schmidt, Josef Albers, Hannes Meyer, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Group Shows**—At *the* **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Vintage prints by Ansel Adams, Ruth Bernhard, Alfred Stieglitz, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Opens at noon.) . . . **weber,** 142 Greene St.: Architectural photographs by Hedrich-Blessing, a Chicago firm that has worked with Kahn, Saarinen, and others. Through Dec. 24.

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Photographers and the National Parks" documents (in close to two hundred photographs by thirty-five artists) the parallel histories of landscape photography and the national parks. There are historical and contemporary views by Watkins, O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, Weston, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety-six early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hine, and others) owned by the library. Through March 3. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of decorative objects from Islam's *Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided* illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Édouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract works of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Sunday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works date from the thirties. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly, and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—About forty works by contemporary artists Wayne Thiebaud, Red Grooms, Athena Tacha, and others. Some of the works will be purchased by the academy with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oils and other works by Childe Hassam (1859-1935), from the academy's collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**American Craft Museum,** 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on *the Wu River*" and *"Biographies of Lien P'o* and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Writing and Reading": an exhibit of writing implements (from an early typewriter to the word processor), examples of writing *techniques (calligraphy), manuals of penmanship,* and so forth. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wisconsin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the *architecture of landscaping as practiced by* Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor), but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Artists Space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-five of the artists (Farrell Brickhouse, Lois Lane, and Cindy Sherman are three) who have previously shown here. Through Dec. 24.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Lynn Swanson (performance), Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dadaist and Surrealist works in print (in Rumanian, English, and French) by writers and painters originally from Rumania. Through Saturday, Dec. 12.

**Just Above Midtown/Downtown,** 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. 966-7020. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Pat Steir and Creighton Michael (performance) and *Philip Wofford* (music), Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8; video by eighteen artists (Robert Ashley, Amy Greenfield, Meredith Monk), Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ *John Cage, Jessica Hagedorn, Geoffrey* Holder, William Hellermann, Martin Mull, and Diane Keaton are among the artists, better known for their other talents, who will be *showing paintings, drawings, sculptures, and* photographs. Through Jan. 2.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Lisa Fox (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 10-13, at 8:30; a screening of videotapes using computers and other electronic instruments, Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Stephan Wischerth & Bradley Wester (performance and drum solo), Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30; Ann Magnuson (performance), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs and video by Kevin Noble; through Dec. 31.

**P.S. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

## MUSIC

The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### CHRISTMAS MUSIC

**Mount Holyoke Choruses**—Richard Sparks directing, with Margaret Irwin-Brandon, organ. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Cappella Nova**—Richard Taruskin directing. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**The Play of St. Nicholas**—The first three of five performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music and the Cathedral Choristers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 4 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

**Barnard-Columbia Philharmonia and Chorus**—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Parts I-III. With George Stauffer, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Waverly Consort**—A program called "Christmas in the Middle Ages." (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 13, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1:30 and 3:30. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Mondays through Fridays.)

**Boys of St. Thomas Choir**—Gerre Hancock directing a performance of Benjamin Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols," with Ruth Negri, harp. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

**Columbia University Collegium**—Lucy Cross directing Heinrich Schütz's "Christmas Story," with Lawrence Bennett, tenor. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Choral Society**—Robert DeCormier directing, with the folk group Peter, Paul & Mary and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—A program entitled "Renaissance Christemasse." With the Court Dance Company of New York, the New York Consort of Viols, the New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble, and the Ensemble's Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

**Calliope: A Renaissance Band**—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from England and France. With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

**Handel's "Messiah"**—**MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Constance Beavon and Victoria Grof, mezzo-sopranos; Robert Guarino and Grayson Hirst, tenors; William Metcalf and Michael Burt, basses; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 6:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **MUSICA SACRA:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; James Hoback, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:30.) . . . **ST. THOMAS CHOIR:** Gerre Hancock directing, with Catherine Aks, soprano; Peter Becker, countertenor; Gary Glaze, tenor; Richard Anderson, bass; and the Levin Baroque Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Dec. 9: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol;" with Gwendolyn Bradley, Morley Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos and Richard Cassilly. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Gabriel Bacquier, Catherine Malfitano, and Giuliano Ciannella. Angelo Campori conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 14: A new production of Puccini's "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-6067.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 15: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 16: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Morley Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar and William Lewis. Jeffrey Tate conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 18: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 19: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 19: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Morley Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar and William Lewis. Jeffrey Tate conducting all three works. (Evenings at 8; on Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

**Juilliard American Opera Center**—Benefit performances of Verdi's "La Traviata." Staged by Andrei Serban, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Christian Badea. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

**Chamber Opera Theatre of New York**—Henry Mollicone's "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (New York première) and Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief," two one-act operas, conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 17-19, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Sibelius-Ravel-Brahms program on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8; Friday, Dec. 11, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting the première of Samuel Barber's Oboe Concerto as well as music by Ives, Hindemith, and Richard Strauss on Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Harold Gomberg, oboe).

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Leif Segerstam conducting the New York premières of his own "Sketches from Pandora" and Bruch's Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." With Richard and John Conti-Guglia, duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Schumann-Strauss program, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 8.)

**Orchestre National de France**—Lorin Maazel conducting a Bruch-Ravel-Berlioz program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

**Orpheus**—A chamber orchestra of twenty-six instrumentalists who perform without a conductor. With Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

**Mannes Orchestra**—Sidney Harth conducting a Beethoven-Richard Strauss-Schumann program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Lukas Foss directing a program of baroque music, with Leonard Rose, cello, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.) . . . ¶ The second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one called "Music + Movement," with dancer Andrew deGroat; Ben Holt, baritone; Brenda Feliciano, singer-actress; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

**Manhattan Philharmonia**—Vladimir Kin conducting, with Kerry McDermott, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Third Street Chamber Orchestra**—Jonathan Strasser conducting, with Susan Gregory, soprano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

**Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia**—Marc Mostovoy conducting a sixteen-member chamber orchestra in its first appearance here. With Hermann Baumann, horn. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Clarion Concerts Orchestra**—Newell Jenkins conducting a Telemann-Bach program entitled "The Leipzig Legacy." With harpsichordists Kenneth Cooper, Frederick Hammond, Judith Norell, and Gerald Ranck; Gerald Tarack, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Gerardo Levy, flute; and Henry Schuman, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting a Mozart-Mennin-Mendelssohn program, with Evelyne Dubourg, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

**Dessoff Choirs**—Michael Hammond directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

**Concord String Quartet**—With Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

**Jubal Trio**—The first in a series of three con-

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

certs entitled "Festival of New York Composers." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

**Helen Vanni and John Browning**—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in an all-Debussy recital. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Emerson String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

**New Music Consort**—The first in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music by American composers, this one devoted to works by Ruth Crawford Seeger, Louis Karchin, Allen Anderson, Henry Cowell, and George Crumb. With Susan Belling, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

**Sayuri Iida**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 5:45.)

**Murray Perahia**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

**Etsko Tazaki**—Piano, in a Bartók-Schubert program. With Felix Galimir and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

**Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio**—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2.)

**An die Musik**—With Judith Raskin, soprano. (*Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman* House. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Dec. 13, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 14-15, at 7:30.)

**Natan Brand**—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Schumann recitals. With Yuval Waldman, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

**Michael Parloff**—Flute, with Kenneth Cooper, keyboard; Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; and a string quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

**International Chamber Artists**—Syoko Aki, violin; Sara Lambert Bloom, oboe; John Perry, piano; Joachín Valdepeñas, clarinet; and Frøydis Ree Wekre, horn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

**Laura Flax**—Clarinet, with Alan Feinberg, piano; Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; and members of the Da Capo Chamber Players. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Group for Contemporary Music**—A program devoted to music from the People's Republic of China, performed by Harvey Sollberger, flute; Charles Wuorinen, piano; a string orchestra and a chamber orchestra, both conducted by Chen Xieyang; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Lev Natochenny**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

**Chamber Music at the Y**—An all-Brahms program performed by Emanuel Ax, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Arnold Steinhardt and Daniel Phillips, violin and viola; Michael Tree, viola; and Leonard Rose and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 15-16, at 8.)

**Montserrat Caballé and José Carreras**—Soprano and tenor, with a symphony orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

**Marian Hahn**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

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**Coleman Blumfield**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

**Aston Magna**—Albert Fuller, harpsichord; John Hsu, viola da gamba; John Solum; flute; Bernard Krainis, recorder; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

**Primavera String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

**League-ISCM**—The third in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Aleck Karis and Robert Taub, piano; Rolf Schulte, violin; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

**Henryk Szeryng**—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

**Jean Mandelbaum**—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Chamber Music**—Ruth Laredo, piano, and the Dorian Wind Quintet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

**Cleveland Quartet**—With David Singer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

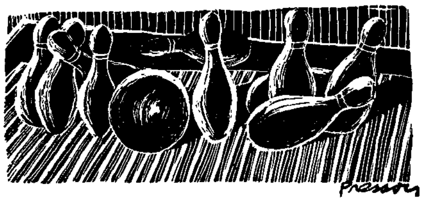
**Professional Basketball**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Friday, Dec. 18, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35.

**College Football**—The Garden State Bowl: Wisconsin vs. Tennessee. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 12:30.)

**Professional Football**—Jets vs. Cleveland Browns. (Cleveland. Saturday, Dec. 12.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (St. Louis. Sunday, Dec. 13.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 12:30.)

**Hockey**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Tuesday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Dec. 19. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

**Racing**—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 12, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.



**Tennis**—Toyota Championships: Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Tracy Austin, Martina Navratilova, Andrea Jaeger, Virginia Ruzici, Mimi Jausovec, and Pam Shriver. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Round-robin matches, Tuesday, Dec. 15, and Thursday, Dec. 17, at 6; two singles matches and two semifinal doubles matches, Friday, Dec. 18, at 6; two semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 7:30; and final singles match and final doubles match, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30.)

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

## ET ALIA

**Prose Readings**—Elizabeth Hardwick reading from her own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Dec. 14, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A group of actors, headed by Zoe Caldwell, in a reading of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." (South Street Seaport Museum Gallery, 213 Water St. Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. For tickets, call 766-9020.) . . . ¶ Shirley Hazzard reading from her own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Auctions**—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 2, and Thursday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Edward Hopper, *Georgia O'Keeffe, William Merritt* Chase, and John Singer Sargent. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 10:15: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures, a number of them from Latin America. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 2: Dance, theatre, opera, music-hall, and movie memorabilia, including original costume designs for opera and theatre formerly in the collection of Max Reinhardt. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures, manuscripts, and Islamic works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Part I of the Barbara Johnson collection of whaling material. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints and paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 11, at 10 and 2: American paintings and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Moran, Maurice Prendergast, and Norman Rockwell. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 10: Japanese prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Monday, Dec. 14, at 6: American and European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 10: Jewelry and watches. Exhibition starts Sunday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2: Silver and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Sunday, Dec. 13.

**Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living**—A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Thursday, Dec. 10, from 8 to 9, with a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ Sundays, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

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Clinique's dermatologists
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For skin that just gets
better and better looking.
Every day of your life.
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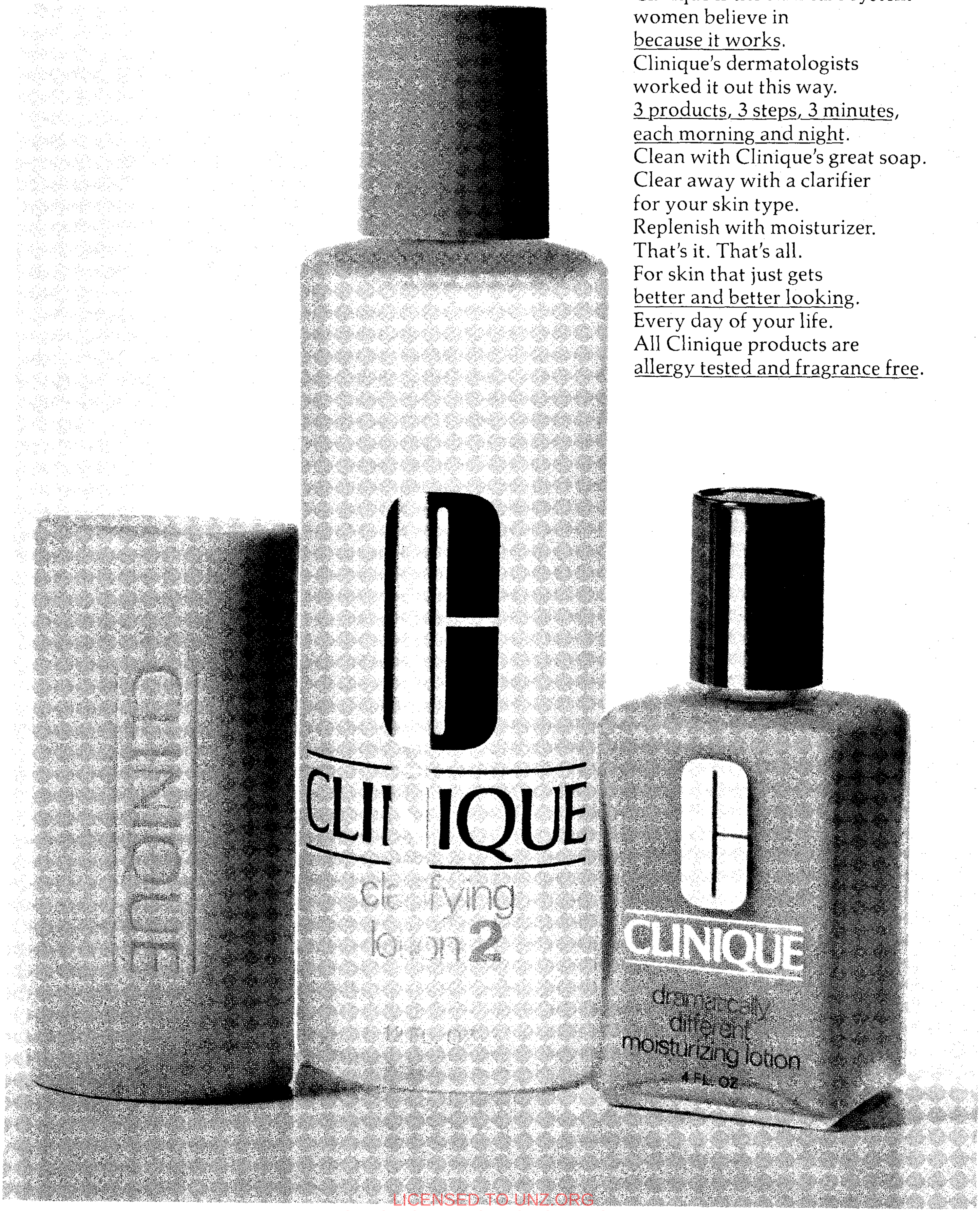
allergy tested and fragrance free.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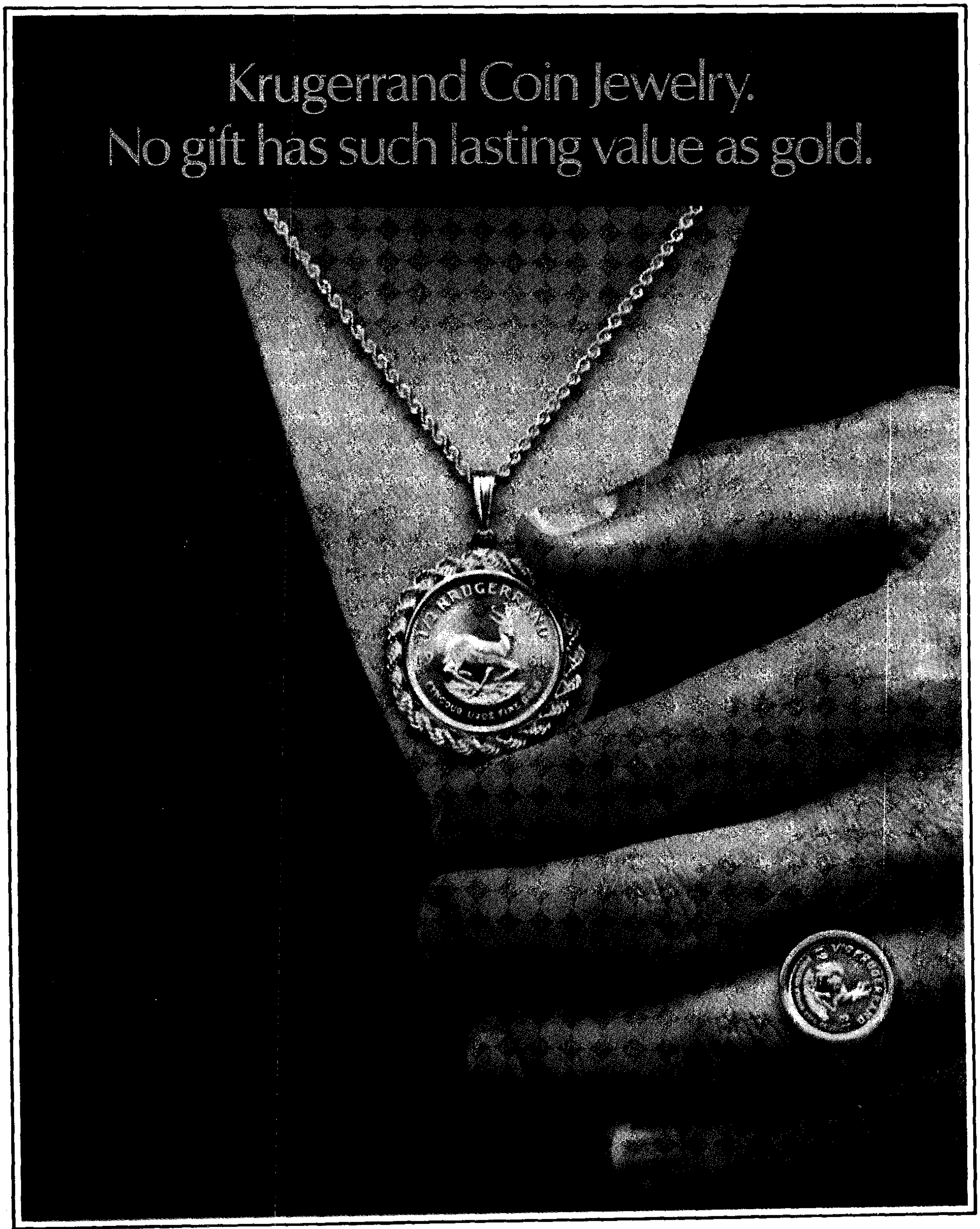
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

### EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Dec. 9: At 6 and 10, a Nicholas Ray film, to be announced. At 8, "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Wim Wenders and Ray).
Dec. 10: At 6 and 10, "The Savage Innocents" (1961; Nicholas Ray), with Anthony Quinn. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Dec. 11: At 6 and 10, "In a Lonely Place." (†) At 4 and 8, "We Can't Go Home Again." (1973; Nicholas Ray), with students at Harpur College.
Dec. 12: At 6 and 10, "Knock on Any Door." (†) At 4 and 8, "We Can't Go Home Again."
Dec. 13: At 6 and 10, "Party Girl" (1958; Nicholas Ray), with Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse, and Lee J. Cobb. At 4 and 8, "We Can't Go Home Again."
From Dec. 15: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon. Mr. Kaplan, cast members, and the scriptwriters will be present on Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:15.

**ART,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 17: "Stripes." (†); and "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.
From Dec. 18: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.

**ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 10: "Southern Comfort" (†) and "Deliverance." (†)
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"New York, New York." (†)

**BAY CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 10: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†)
Dec. 11-17: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)
From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

**LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 3: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 17: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)
From Dec. 18: "Ragtime." (†)

**EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 10: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.
From Dec. 11: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 10: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

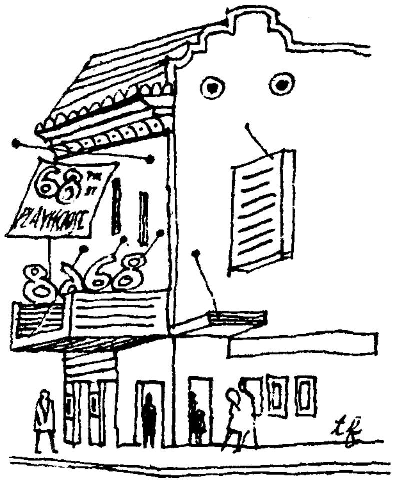
**GOTHAM CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

**MANHATTAN I AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Arthur." (†) From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

**BARONET AND CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime." (†)
Theatre 2: "Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

**D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

**CINEMA I AND II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

**GEMINI I AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 16: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†) Dec. 11-17: "Last Chase." From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

**LOEWS NEW YORK I AND 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From Dec. 11: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

**LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

**72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 10: "Prince of the City." (†)
Dec. 11-17: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 18: "Arthur." (†)

**U. A. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 10: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle."
From Dec. 11: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

**LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

**86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.
From Dec. 11: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

**R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. I AND 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Galaxy of Terror." From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†) Dec. 11-15: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 16: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

### WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM I AND 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Clarence and Angel" (directed by Robert Gardner).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Signs of Life" (Werner Herzog; in German); and "Precautions Against Fanatics" (Werner Herzog; in German). Dec. 16-19: "Woyzeck." (†)

**WAVERLY I AND 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From Dec. 16: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois. From Dec. 11: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "Cutter's Way." (†) From Dec. 11: "Pixote." (†)
Theatre 4: "True Confessions." (†)

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 10: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 11: "Pennies from Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steven Martin and Bernadette Peters.

**FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

**LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 10: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 11: "Four Friends" (Arthur Penn), with Craig Wasson.

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 12: "Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
From Dec. 13: "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (Maximilian Schell; in German).

**LOEWS PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 10: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
From Dec. 11: "Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

**LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois. From Dec. 16: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs." (†)

**CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

**EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: "The Devil's Playground." (†)

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Prince of the City." (†) From Dec. 11: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†) From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 17: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 18: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 17: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 18: To be announced.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 11: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Dec. 16: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker. From Dec. 11: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle." Dec. 11-17: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†) From Dec. 18: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 17: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle." From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 3: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Dec. 11: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)
Theatre 5: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 10: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 11: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle."

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "Mommie Dearest." (†) From Dec. 11: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker. From Dec. 11: "Dr. Minx;" and "Cheering Section."

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.
Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Arthur." (†)

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.
Dec. 11-17: "Last Chase."
From Dec. 18: To be announced.

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: Theatre closed. From Dec. 16: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin) with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: Theatre closed. From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Counterfeit Commandos" and "Kung Fu Halloween." From Dec. 11: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy *Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter* Matthau.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Galaxy of Terror." From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 9: "The Clowns" (1971; directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
Dec. 10: "Butley" (1974; Harold Pinter), with Alan Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Richard O'Callaghan; and "The Maids" (1975; Christopher Miles), with Glenda Jackson, Susannah York, and Vivien Merchant.
Dec. 11-12: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
Dec. 13-14: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (†)
Dec. 15: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Early Summer" (1951; *Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).*
Dec. 16: "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, Leopoldo Trieste, and Giulietta Masina; and "Variety Lights" (1949; *Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in* Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.
Dec. 17: "You Are Not Alone" (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).
Dec. 18-19: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 9: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; "Bay of the Angels" (1962; Jacques Demy; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Banana Peel" (1965; Marcel Ophuls; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Gert Frobe, and Claude Brasseur.
Dec. 10: "Bay of the Angels;" "Banana Peel;" and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.
Dec. 11: "Death in Venice;" "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Dec. 12: "On the Waterfront;" and "The Wild One."
Dec. 13: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; *Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred* Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.
Dec. 14: "Swing Time;" "Shall We Dance;" "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Naked Night" (1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg.
Dec. 15: "The Naked Night;" "The Magician;" and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

Dec. 16: "Emmanuelle;" "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
Dec. 17: "Diary of a Country Priest;" "Nazarin;" and "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Dec. 18: "Andrei Roublev;" "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
Dec. 19: "Apocalypse Now;" and "Dr. Strangelove."

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 10: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.
Dec. 11-12: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks.
Dec. 13-15: "The Great Santini" (†) and "The Effect of Gamma Rays." (†)
Dec. 16-17: "Debbie Does Dallas" and "Small Town Girls" (both X-rated films).
Dec. 18-19: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gilliam Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

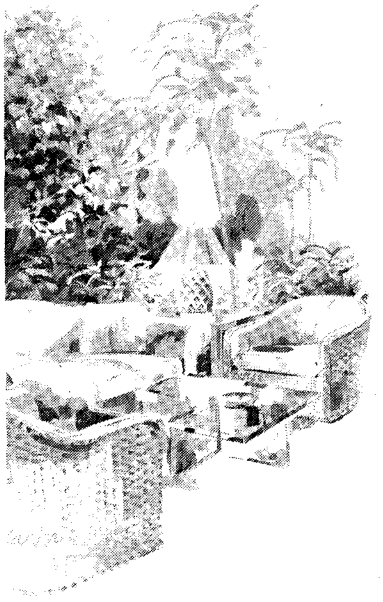
**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 12: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939; John Ford), with Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda, Edna May Oliver, and John Carradine; and "Golden Boy" (1939; Rouben Mamoulian), with Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou.
Dec. 13-15: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont.
Dec. 16-19: "Anchors Aweigh" (1945; George Sidney), with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, and Gene Kelly; and "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Vera-Ellen.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 12: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.
Dec. 13-15: "Time After Time" (†); and "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.
Dec. 16-19: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Alien" (1970; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.

**Olympia Quad I,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 10: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).
Dec. 11-12: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Dec. 13-15: "Knife in the Water" (1962; in Polish) and "The Tenant" (1976), both films directed by Roman Polanski.
Dec. 16-17: "1900." (†)
Dec. 18-19: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Two English Girls." (†)

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 9: "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns; and "13 Rue Madeleine" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with James Cagney, Annabella, and Richard Conte.
Dec. 10: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
Dec. 11-15: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
Dec. 16-19: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 9: "The Disappearance" (1981; Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland, Francine Racette, and David Hemmings; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978; Phil Kaufman), with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams.
Dec. 10: "A Night in Casablanca" (1946; Archie Mayo) and "Room Service" (1938; William Seiter), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Dec. 11-12: "The Getting of Wisdom" (1977; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan; and "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1969; Ronald Neame), with Maggie Smith, Celia Johnson, and Robert Stephens.
Dec. 13: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "To Catch a Thief." (†)
Dec. 14: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (†); "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce; and "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce.
Dec. 15: "The Opium Wars" (1959; in Chinese); and "Macario" (1961; Roberto Gavaldon; in Spanish).
Dec. 16: "Becky Sharp" (†); and another feature.
Dec. 17: "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, Jay C. Flippen, and Howard Da Silva; and "The Savage Innocents" (1961; Nicholas Ray), with Anthony Quinn.
Dec. 18-19: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Don-



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ald Sutherland; and "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" (1980; Nicolas Roeg), with Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 9: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "Rich and Strange" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.

Dec. 10: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Dec. 11-12: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Dec. 13: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†) and "Christmas Holiday." (†)

From Dec. 14: Theatre temporarily closed.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, with English subtitles: Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Les Parents Terribles" (1948; directed by Jean Cocteau), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, and Yvonne de Bray. . . . Dec. 10 at 6: "Le Mystère de la Chambre Jaune" (1930; Marcel L'Herbier), with Huguette Duflos and Roland Toutain. . . . Dec. 10 at 8:30: "Le Parfum de la Dame en Noir" (1931; Marcel L'Herbier), with Huguette Duflos and Roland Toutain. . . . Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Le Père Tranquille" (1946; René Clément), with Noël-Noël. . . . Dec. 11 at 6: "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (1947; Jean Delannoy), with Micheline Presle, Marcel Pagliero, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Le Mystère de la Chambre Jaune." . . . Dec. 12 at 5: "Le Parfum de la Dame en Noir." . . . Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Une Si Jolie Petite Plage" (1949; Yves Allégret), with Gérard Philipe, Madeleine Robinson, and Jean Servais. . . . Dec. 13 at 5: "Le Grand Jeu" (1933; Jacques Feyder), with Pierre-Richard Willm, Françoise Rosay, Marie Bell, and Charles Vanel. . . . Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Zouzou" (1934; Marc Allégret), with Josephine Baker and Jean Gabin. . . . Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Les Misérables" (1934; Raymond Bernard), with Harry Baur, Charles Vanel, Marguerite Moreno, and Florelle. . . . Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Nous les Gosses" (1941; Louis Daquin), with Louise Carletti and Gilbert Gil. . . . Dec. 17 at 6: "La Belle Equipe" (1936; Julien Duvivier), with Jean Gabin, Charles Vanel, and Viviane Romance. . . . Dec. 17 at 8:30: "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir), with Julien Bertheau and Nadia Sibirskaia. . . . Dec. 18 at 2:30: "Le Trou" (1960; Jacques Becker), with Michel Constantin and Philippe Leroy. . . . Dec. 18 at 6: "L'Aigle à Deux Têtes" (1948; Jean Cocteau), with Edwige Feuillère, Jean Marais, and Jean Debucourt. . . . Dec. 19 at 2:30: "L'Assassinat du Père Noël" (1941; Christian-Jaque), with Harry Baur, Raymond Rouleau, and Renée Faure. . . . Dec. 19 at 5: "Lumière d'Eté" (1943; Jean Grémillon; no English subtitles), with Madeleine Renaud, Paul Bernard, Pierre Brasseur, and Madeleine Robinson. . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Dec. 12-13 at noon: "Hands Up" (1926; Clarence Badger; a silent film), with Raymond Griffith. . . . Dec. 14-15 at noon: A program of three short narrative films. . . . Dec. 14 at 6: Two films by Mikhail Bogin. . . . Dec. 15 at 6: "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" (1981; Glenn Silber and Tete Vasconcellas). . . . Dec. 19 at noon: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Dec. 13: A week-long series of films by and about Willard Van Dyke: "Conversations with Willard Van Dyke" (1981; Amalie R. Rothschild), showings daily at noon and 4:30; "Valley Town" (1940) and "The City" (1939), showings daily at 1:30; and "The Photographer" (1947), showings daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 9-10 at 8 and 10: A retrospective of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 7 and 10; Dec. 12 at 2, 7, and 10; and Dec. 13 at 7 and 10: A retrospective of films by Shirley Clarke. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: "Vredens Dag" (1943; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: "Symphonie Diagonale" (1922; Viking Eggeling; a silent film); "Anemic Cinema" (1927; Marcel Duchamp; a silent film); and "Statchka" (1924; Sergei Eisenstein; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: "Gertrud" (1964; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish, with English subtitles).

# IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Airplane!** (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) . . . (Eastside Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through Dec. 10.)

**Arthur**—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 18.)

**Becky Sharp** (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Thalia; Dec. 16.)

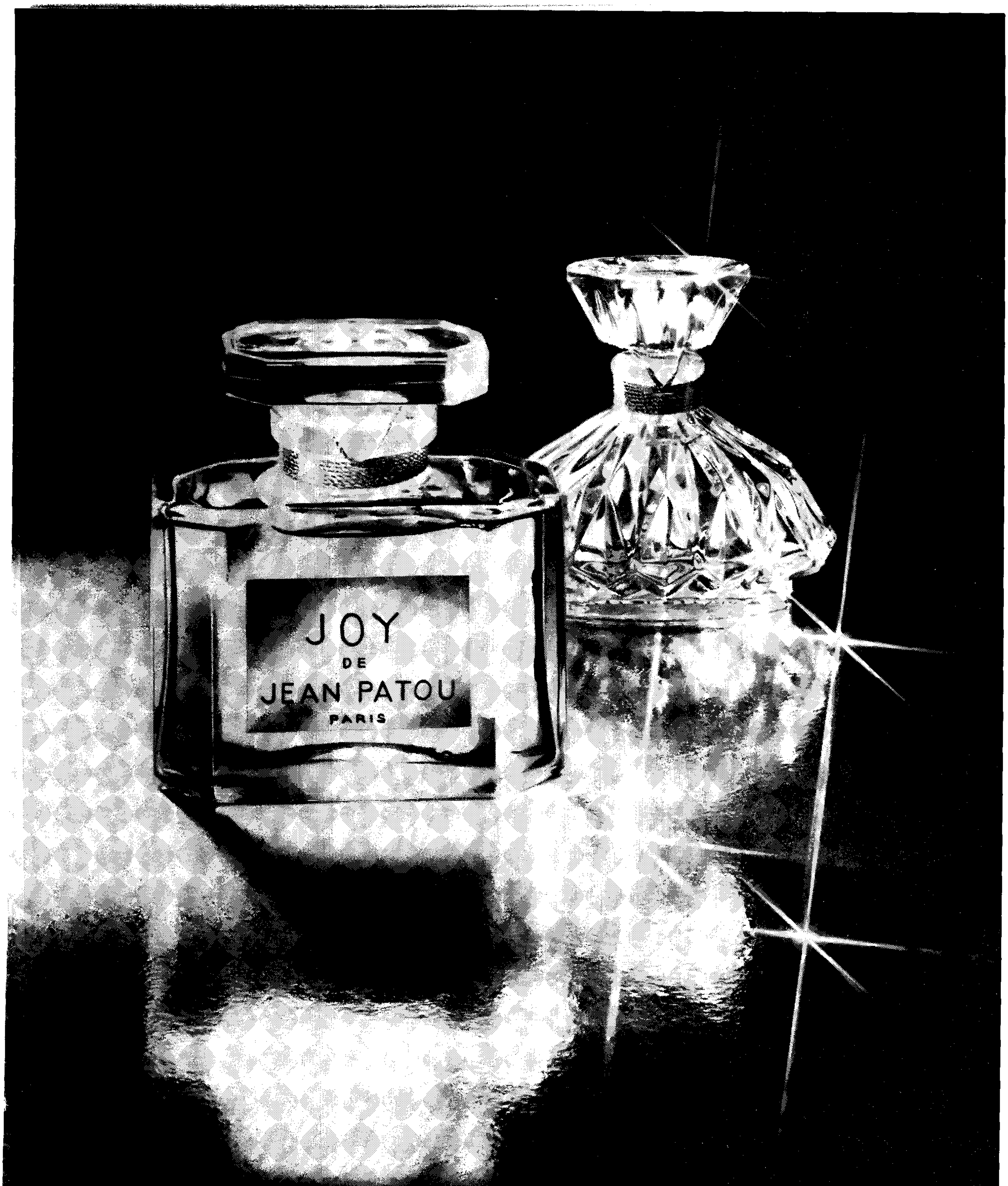
**Body Heat**—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St.; Dec. 11-15. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 18.)

**Chariots of Fire**—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Manhattan.)

**Christmas Holiday** (1944)—The screenwriter Herman J. Mankiewicz took Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name, changed the setting from France to New Orleans, and turned the whole thing into a vehicle for Deanna Durbin, who had outgrown her singing adolescent heyday. Though a bit chubby-cheeked (maturing child stars are rarely lucky in their bone structure), she's not too objectionable in the role of a young singer from Vermont who marries a no-good charmer (Gene Kelly), scion of an old Creole family. Just about everything is soggy and unconvincing, though. The husband murders a bookmaker, and the wife blames herself for not having been a stronger influence on him. The director, Robert Siodmak—so astute in many of his other films—seems stuck, and has to take these sentiments unduly seriously. (This film was made in the days of the Code, and when the wife is forced to sing in a dive, we have to accept her word that she is leading a degraded life, since what we see is peachy clean.) Durbin gets to sing "Always" and "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," but Kelly neither sings nor dances, and he hasn't much more luck with his weakling role than actors generally do. With Richard Whorf, Gladys George, Gale Sondergaard, and David Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 13.)

**Cutter's Way**—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

**Dawn of the Dead** (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time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he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 16-19.)

**Deliverance** (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

**The Devil's Playground** (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. His passionate feelings are expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery and in the vibrancy of his color, which eroticizes the environment. He's a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmed style. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally as the bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall; Arthur Dignam as Brother Francine, who dreams of being underwater, surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs; and Nick Tate as Brother Victor, who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then escapes, gasping "They nearly had me." (12/7/81) (Embassy 72nd St.)

**The Effect of Gamma Rays** (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema Village; Dec. 13-15.)

**Excalibur**—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and, finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Murray Hill, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 10.)

**The French Lieutenant's Woman**—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Festival. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 17.)

**The Great Santini** (1980)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall as the military-psychopath father and Michael O'Keefe as the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son. There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a *one-on-one* basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demanc another game; walking up the stairs righ behind the boy, he tries to goad him b bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's hea and calling him "my sweetest little girl. This is the only sequence that hits hom though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobic graphical novel "The Great Santini," th movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Ca olina, where Conroy grew up, but (as writte for the screen and directed by Lewis Joh Carlino) it takes place in the TV land c predictability—that plain of dowdy realisn where a boy finds his manhood by developin the courage to stick to his principles an stand up to his father. Almost inevitabl since this is the South, the principles involv friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw who is crippled and has a stammer, or at leas a hesitation, and is martyred by rednec stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner who comes close to creating a believabl woman out of an idealized mother figure, an brings in shadings that help to suggest a rea family, though she doesn't have a single scen that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jan Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merrit as the housekeeper, David Keith as the red neck so mean he shoots the saintly black' dawg, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Cinem Village; Dec. 13-15.)

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**The Groove Tube** (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick' "2001," and American culture. About half o the grungy, manic skits are very funny; th others might have been funny, too, if thei timing had been better. At the end, th talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, doe a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hou crowds along Park Avenue. With Chev Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who als wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Murra Hill, and Olympia Quad; Dec. 11-17. . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 11.)

**The Hound of the Baskervilles** (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

**In a Lonely Place** (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but *disappointingly hollow murder melodrama* directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hadda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 11.)

**It's a Wonderful Life** (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. The picture is fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffer-

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ing, it didn't catch on with the public; the Capra view of small-town life didn't match the post-Second World War mood. (It might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period.) Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would have been like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, it's well done. But Capra takes a serious tone here even though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV remake, "It Happened One Christmas.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 13.)

**Knock on Any Door** (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the lawyer talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own heater again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 12.)

**Mommie Dearest**—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Embassy; through Dec. 10.)

**New York, New York** (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Gramercy.)

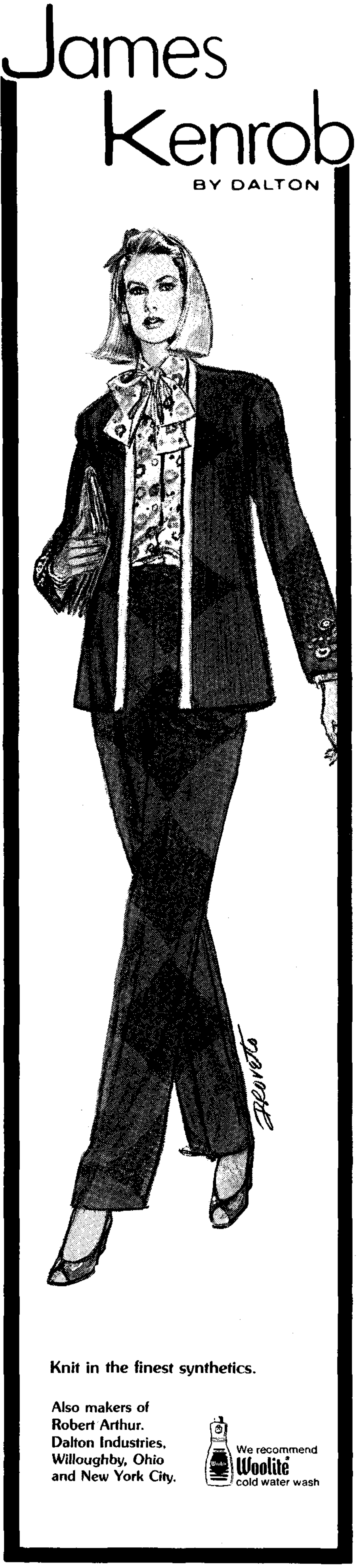
**1900** (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian regions of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) It has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the United States runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (Olympia Quad 1; Dec. 16-17.)

**On Golden Pond**—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? The movie is shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then Norman's crankiness is made to seem sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I.)

**Outland**—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, sombre film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (Murray Hill, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 10.)

**Pixote**—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 11.)

**Prince of the City**—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy.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Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 10.)

**Ragtime**—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Baronet, and Loews State. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Dec. 18.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark**—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1.)

**Southern Comfort**—The members of a National Guard squad lost in the maze of the green-gray Louisiana marshlands are hunted down and ambushed by vengeful Cajuns. The director, Walter Hill, uses the locale for its paranoia-inducing strangeness (it suggests Vietnam), and he uses the men to demonstrate what he thinks it takes to survive. Hill has a dazzling competence as an action director. The movie is built like a trap; it's an infernal machine that closes in on the characters, who are designed to be trapped. (Each of the men seems to shed his anonymity and be given an identity just before he's picked off.) The film is very intense, and there's an unusual sequence, edited to Cajun dance music, in which the two principal characters (Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe) take refuge in a village that is having a celebration. Its limitation is that there's nothing underneath the characters' macho masks, and—partly because there were so many fine, shallow action films made in the studio-factory era—we want more from movies now. The action format colors everything with its own brand of action politics: you get the feeling that the world is threatening your manhood every minute of the day. With a good cast: T. K. Carter as the live-wire dope dealer, Carlos Brown as the high-school teacher, and Peter Coyote, Lewis Smith, Fred Ward, Franklyn Seales, and Les Lannom. (Even the Cajuns—usually a joke in movies—are fairly convincing.) Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo, music composed and arranged by Ry Cooder. Written by Michael Kane, Hill, and the producer, David Giler. (11/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

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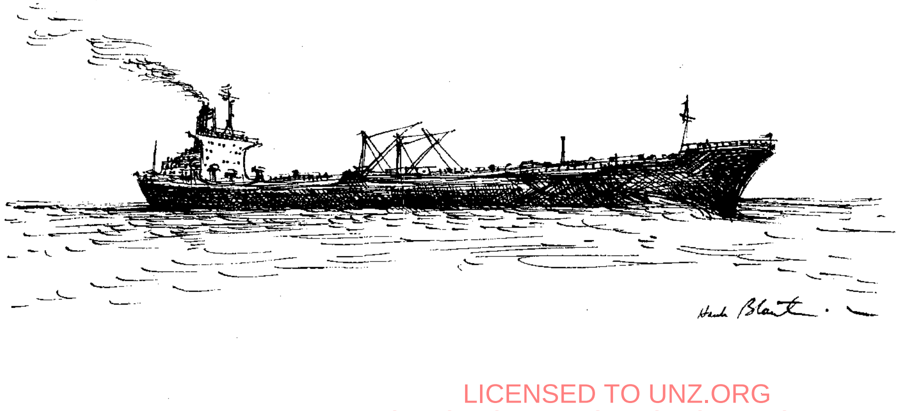
**Stripes**—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Art; through Dec. 17.)

**Ticket to Heaven**—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler, part of a team selling flowers on the streets. It's a plausible metamorphosis: his independent spirit is visibly drained away until his greatest excitement is joining with the others in the chant "Bring in the money! Stay awake! Smash out Satan!" As the hero's friend, a would-be standup comic who organizes a kidnapping plot to rescue him, Saul Rubinek rescues the movie, too, by providing it with some personality. Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. After the kidnapping, when the bullying de-programmer (R. H. Thomson) stalks in and takes over, the dramatic logic collapses, because the director, Ralph L. Thomas, and his co-writer, Anne Cameron, haven't clarified the steps in the de-programming process (if it is a process, rather than just hit or miss). The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy. (11/23/81) (Cinema II.)



**Time After Time** (1979)—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 13-15.)

**To Catch a Thief** (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she actually looks alive, and she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot (reprised in the 1974 "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. (Thalia; Dec. 13.)

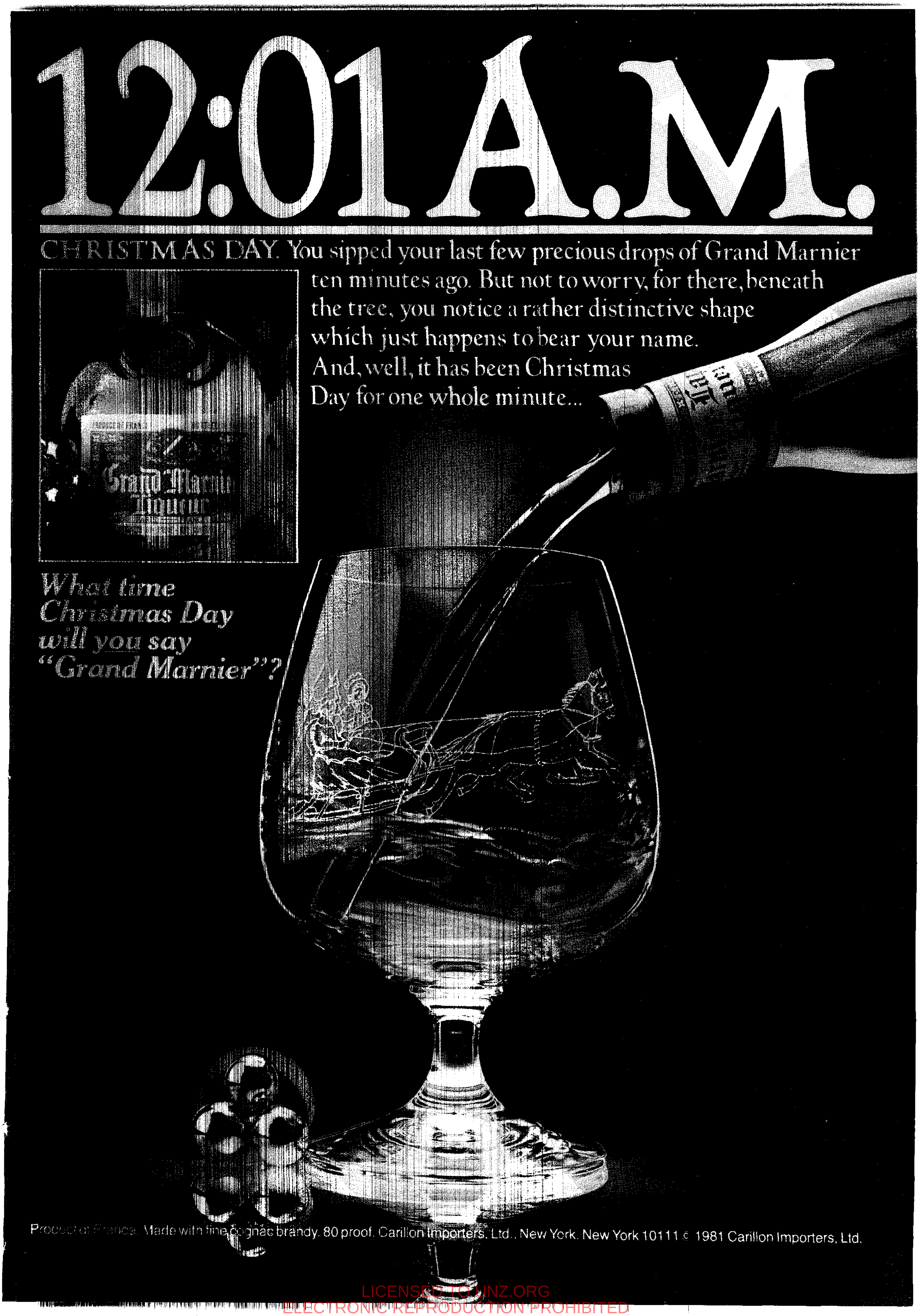
**The Tree of Wooden Clogs** (1979)—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Lincoln Plaza; starting Dec. 16.)

**True Confessions**—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Dec. 11-17. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 17.)

**Two English Girls** (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, who wrote "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. With Kika Markham as Anne, the emerging independent bohemian, and Stacey Tendeter as Muriel, the rigidly—exhaustingly—high-principled virgin, and Philippe Léotard and Sylvia Marriott. Script by Truffaut and Jean Gruault; cinematography by Nestor Almendros; music by Georges Delerue (who appears as the Frenchman's business agent). In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Dec. 18-19.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and with no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 13-14.)

**Woyzeck** (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Film Forum; Dec. 16-19.)



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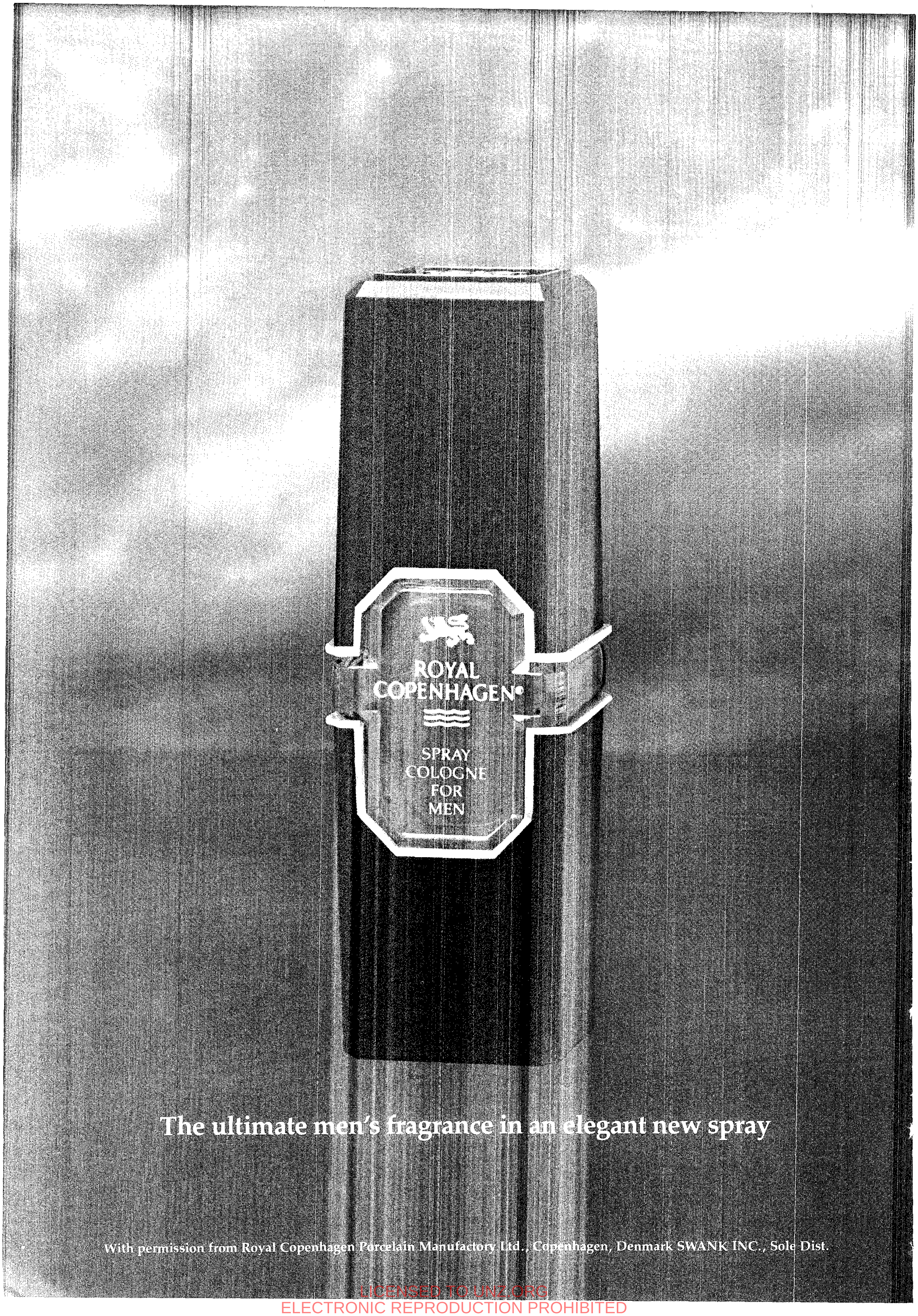
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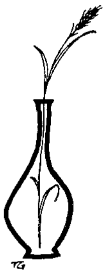
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

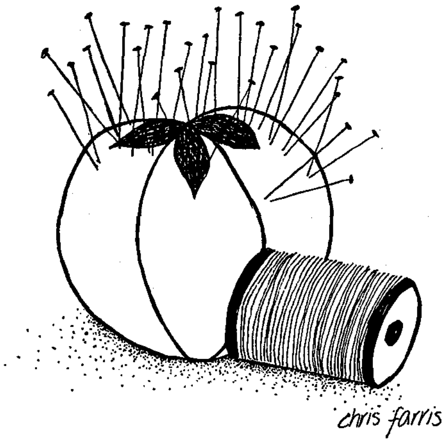
BY the usual definition, an island is a piece of land surrounded by water (and smaller than a continent). A true island, however, is a piece of land surrounded by water which can be reached only by ship. The Seychelles, an archipelago of about ninety islands scattered across the northwestern Indian Ocean, were such islands until scarcely a decade ago. There were no commercial flights, and there was no airport—not even enough level ground on which to build one. To reach Mahé, the principal island of what was then a British Crown Colony, a visitor was obliged to sail there on one of the comfortable old steamships of the British India Line. The trip took three and a half days from Mombasa, Kenya, or five from Bombay. "We're a thousand miles from anywhere," the islanders loved to boast, and so it seemed. The most beautiful of islands are the ones that rise sharply out of the sea, and Mahé—like Capri and Mooréa, with which it is sometimes compared—is such an island. Behind the little capital city of Victoria loom great cliffs of black granite, full of scars and shadows, stretching all the way to the mist-enshrouded summit of the Morne Seychellois, three thousand feet high. The granite of Mahé is some of the oldest in the world. The hillsides are covered with tacamahac trees and albizzia, with breadfruit and cinnamon, with orchids and frangipani; the white sand coves are lined with palms and broken by great black boulders. The British General Charles (Chinese) Gordon, who was to die at Khartoum just four years later, visited the islands in 1881 and pronounced them the site of the Garden of Eden, a paradise that had somehow slipped its moorings and got lost at sea. However that may be, there is a disturbing quality to its beauty, a fierceness to its splendid isolation. There was no permanent population at all until about two hundred years ago. For centuries, the islands had only been visited by the Arabs, the Portuguese, and the odd pirate ship. Then, in 1756, they were claimed by France, but it was not until 1770 that the first French settlers arrived. The British took over the islands in 1810 and ruled them for the next hundred and sixty-six years. But the majority of the islands' inhabitants, of whom there are now about sixty-five thousand, are descendants of the French settlers and the Africans they brought as slaves to work their coconut plantations. Under the plantation system, the peasants remained a gentle, shy, seemingly unambitious people, whom the planters, the *grands blancs*, treated like wayward children. "They're very polite, very clean in their houses," a French planter once said of his workers. "But they are born liars—they must lie. Send a man to the top of a mountain to get two hundred coconuts, and he'll say he couldn't find them. In actual fact, he hasn't been to the top at all."

One of the best-known planters of the pre-independence period was Henri Dauban. He was a tall, supple man in his sixties who looked considerably younger and had become an almost legendary figure: he was seriously reputed to have taken a ride on the back of an enormous shark; he loved to tell of chasing a giant sailfish from Silhouette Island to North Island (a distance of about four miles); and he had been, quite by accident, the British javelin champion of 1924. At the age of twenty-three, he had gone to London to learn the export-import business. One June day, as he walked through a park, he found a group of young men who seemed to be trying to throw a harpoon. Since he had spent much of his life hurling harpoons at fish off Silhouette Island, Dauban regarded himself as an expert. "What are you trying to do?" he asked. "You should throw a straight curve, like *this*. And why do you run before you throw?" Needless to say, he was invited to try it himself. "And, to their astonishment," Dauban recalled, "I threw it farther than they did." In a remarkably short time, he became the British champion and was on his way to France to represent Britain in the Olympic Games. "So I went to Paris not knowing what a javelin was," Dauban said. "I must say, the British knew even less than I did." He lost to a Finn. A few months later, he returned to the Seychelles, never to throw a javelin again.



Even in the early nineteen-sixties, the British civil servants on Mahé enjoyed a colonial existence that seemed impervious to change. The empire was disappearing, and, with it, their professional careers, but the Seychelles still seemed too small, too helpless, too quirky to go the way of Nigeria and Malaya and Tanganyika. Under the rules of a tight little society, the British were careful not to steal each other's servants; they customarily advised newcomers, "Don't make your cook angry, or you'll find your dog poisoned." They gossiped; they collected seashells. One gentleman collected them so avariciously that he was thought to be selling them by the sackful—a most unseemly undertaking. After telling the story, they would add, with relish, "He *really* blotted his copybook." In the Seychelles in those days, this was a very easy thing to do. But by the mid-sixties there were unmistakable signs that the world was beginning to intrude. The Indian Ocean was becoming "strategic;" the United States built a satellite-tracking station on a mountaintop on Mahé and brought in a hundred or more people to run it. Two young Seychellois lawyers, both of whom had been educated in London, organized rival political parties. Almost intuitively, it seemed, they filled the roles expected of them. James Mancham, a bit of a playboy and a gifted promoter, became the "pro-Western" politician, who favored "integration" with Britain. France Albert René, a rather ascetic young man who had studied for the priesthood before switching to law and economics, became the "leftist," who advocated self-government and later pressed for independence. And then, in November, 1965, the British government announced its intention of building an airport on land reclaimed from an underwater coral reef. The wife of a surgeon cried, "Why, it won't even be an island anymore!" Her husband, seeking to reassure her, replied, "I'll believe it when I see it." His reassurance was misguided. The airport was completed in 1971, and the Seychelles were forever changed.

The rest of the tale is a dispiriting one. In 1976, the Seychelles became an independent republic, with Mancham as President and René as Prime Minister. Less than a year later, while Mancham was off in London attending a Commonwealth conference, he was overthrown by a small band of armed men, who installed René in his place. Soon René declared the Seychelles a one-party state and introduced a new constitution. In the elections of 1976, Mancham's party had received fifty-two per cent of the vote, but in 1979 René was confirmed in office by ninety-eight per cent of the vote. In November of that year, warning his countrymen of a coup that was being plotted by white mercenaries gathering in South Africa, René ordered the arrest of about eighty islanders, whom he held without trial until the following August and then released. Two weeks ago, a planeload of about fifty young white men posing as a vacationing rugby team from South Africa landed at Mahé's airport. When a customs official found a gun concealed in the suitcase of one of the visitors, the others quickly produced weapons from their luggage and attempted to seize the airport. After some twenty hours of fighting, they were defeated by local forces, but forty-four of the intruders managed to escape to South Africa by hijacking an Air India jet liner that had landed in the midst of the battle. Some were said to be veterans of the South African and Rhodesian armed forces; a few were veteran mercenaries who had fought in various African wars, from the Congo to the Comoro Islands, over the past two decades. The capacity of such mercenaries for mischief-making, on a continent of fragile little countries, is almost limitless; the miracle is that they have succeeded so rarely in their undertakings. Who was behind their latest misadventure? The South African government, which talks so much about the evils of "terrorism," insisted that it was not involved, but its behavior last week did not strengthen its argument. South African authorities freed thirty-nine of the mercenaries (and refused to disclose their identities). The remaining five were accused of "kidnapping"—a charge that may be difficult to prove—and then were released on bail. No mention was made of the hijacking or the attempted coup. Mancham, in London, where he now lives, also claimed that he had not been involved. But in Mahé the government came upon a tape recording that the mercenaries had left behind when they fled; it contained a message from Mancham to his people saying that he had reluctantly agreed to return to the Presidency. The *Times* found Mancham at, of all places, the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York City, where he was apparently pursuing his current business interests—selling "privately owned islands for one German company" and negotiating the "rights to build breweries in the Caribbean for another." Yes, said Mancham, he was acquainted with the Seychellois dissidents who had put up the money for the attempted coup, but he himself knew nothing of the "mechanics" of the enterprise. By way of justification, he added, "René can't cry wolf when he was a wolf himself." In the Seychelles, the airport, whose control tower was damaged in the fighting, was temporarily closed. Mahé was—for the moment, at least—a true island once more.



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## *Fulfillment*

WE recently attended FACE TO FACE, the annual publishing conference and exposition, at the Hilton, hoping to see what was new in publishing wares and services. In the Exhibit Hall, we wandered through a maze of almost five hundred booths and got lost once or twice. It was an eclectic show, with computer manufacturers, data-processing services, lithographers, tanneries, and chemical companies represented, along with printers and paper companies. Even KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and the United States Postal Service were there, and so was at least one trucking company.

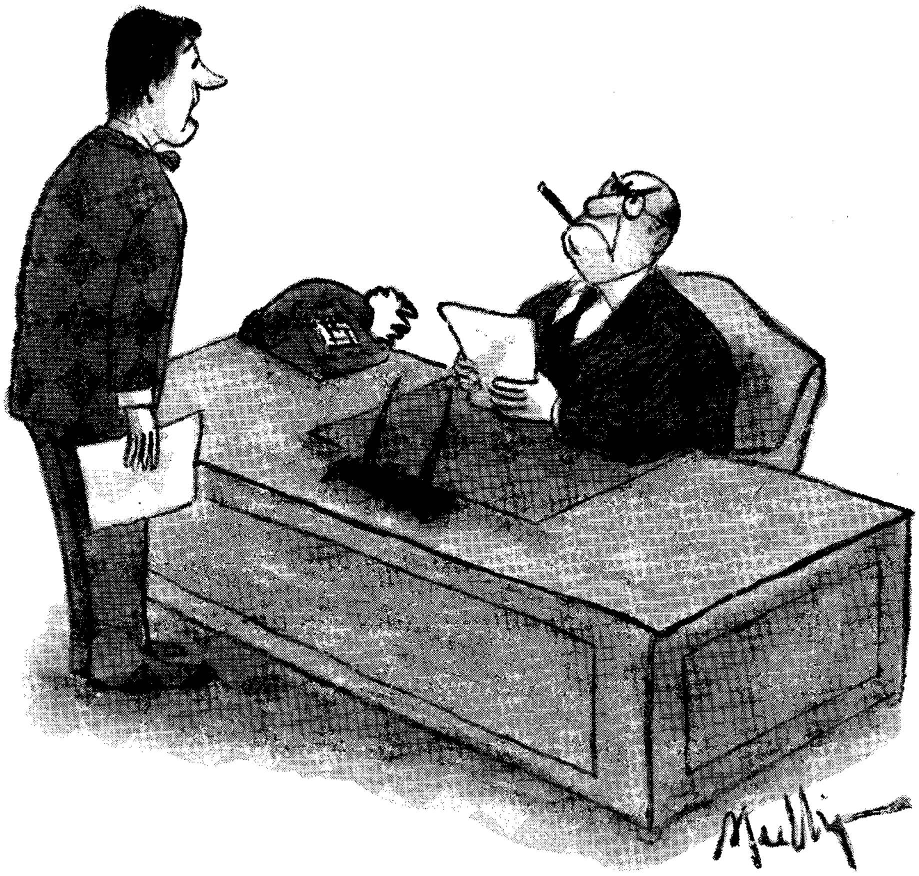
At the Compugraphic booth, a visitor was punching out on a computer terminal, "Now is the time for all men and women to get on a plane and go to California, or—even better—Las Vegas."

Linda Kramer, senior account executive with MAGI (Mathematical Applications Group, Inc.), who was a lively woman in a paisley blouse with a bow, approached us enthusiastically. "Have a brochure," she said. "It's the best brochure here. It's an incredible brochure. It will tell you everything you ever wanted to know about anything." MAGI offers "fulfillment" services. Fulfillment, we came to realize, was one of the more popular words in the Exhibit Hall. Fulfillment services abound, we learned, because it is so hard these days to keep address books in order; one requires list maintenance.

We stopped to chat with Paul Hudetz, a salesman for the Solar Press, in Naperville, Illinois, who was dispensing rainbow lapel stickers. The Solar Press specializes in printing loose decks, magazine inserts, and blow-in cards. "My dad started the company twenty years ago, and he wanted his sons to take over," Paul Hudetz said. "There are six brothers—out of twelve kids in the family—who work in the company."

We noticed that Reply Systems offers an Envelope/Bang Tail Mailer, one of those foldup things that have a return envelope you can tear off.

Suddenly, we were face to face with the Syrup Sweepstakes. Jean Smith, of the Dartmouth Printing Company, in Hanover, New Hampshire, talked to us. People were dropping their busi-



*"Reagan forgave Stockman."*

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ness cards into an old-fashioned wooden ballot box in order to win a can of New Hampshire maple syrup, and she told us, "It's the actual ballot box from Lyme, New Hampshire, still used by the town. We're having a drawing every hour and posting the business cards on the wall. So far, no one has come to check, but we're going to honor our commitment and mail the syrup."

We wandered on, past a basket of free samples of Bayer, Anacin, and Bufferin. "Let us take your pre-press headaches from you," the sign said. At the Inserts, Inc., booth, we noticed another sign:

Magnacraft Stripping
Inserts Tipping
Pressure Sensitive Labeling
Back Up Patching
Sealing
Bindery Hangers
Correctional Overlays
Polybagging
Credit Card Tipping

We found out that Inserts, Inc., of Burr Ridge, Illinois, also deals in backbone stripping and Scratch 'N Sniff fragrance tapes.

George Heppelle, of Eva-Tone Soundsheets, Inc., in Clearwater, Florida, was sitting beside this sign: "Guess how many Soundsheets Eva-Tone produced for the publishing industry in 1980 and win 10,000 free Soundsheets." He showed us a soundsheet, a paper-thin phonograph record, inside a magazine called *Nursing 81*. It accompanied an article called "Breath and Heart Sounds," and presumably it reproduced the sounds of breathing and heartbeats. "It's called editorial enhancement," George Heppelle said. "It can be used for sales promotion, fund-raising, Christmas cards, party invitations. It can be whatever you like it to be."

Rumford National Graphics, Inc., was handing out big Cortland apples accompanied by cocktail napkins with the Rumford logo. The Gould Paper Corporation was giving away laminated coffee-mug mats, each imprinted with a corollary of Murphy's Law, such as "Never play leapfrog with a unicorn." Some of the other freebies that people were stuffing into free plastic shopping bags: key chains, posters, a variety of 1982 production calendars, the Heinz Guide to Successful Pickling, the Hammond Road Atlas and Vacation Guide, some samples of Bible paper, jigsaw puzzles, boxes of tarot cards, plastic coin dispensers called Dash-Cash, white chrysanthemums, bananas.

Our favorite business card was from Scarlett Letters, Inc., which was operating a popcorn wagon. The card was oversized, and it said "Wonderful Typography" and "Julie Brumlik, Boss."

On the way out, we lingered by the Computer Fulfillment booth. The word "fulfillment" seemed appropriate—as though it should have a little sigh of contentment after it. At the booth was a snappy white Ford Model A roadster with a Massachusetts license plate, 495•GEE. James F. Lawson, Jr., the manager of client administration at Computer Fulfillment, in Winchester, Massachusetts, was photographing people with a Polaroid while they put on a touring cap and sat behind the wheel. James Lawson told us, "Actually, it's a 1980 car, a reproduction of a 1928 Model A roadster, made by Shay Reproductions. It's owned by the president of our company, but it has nothing to do with computers. Computer fulfillment doesn't seem exciting, so we have to attract attention."

## *Royal Wit*

We spent a few days in London recently, and one drizzly evening we set out to attend the annual awards-presentation ceremony of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom, which was held—because the club has no building of its own—in the Mountbatten Suite of the Royal Automobile Club. The R.A.C., as the automobile club is called, occupies a large gray edifice in Pall Mall. The Mountbatten Suite, which is one flight up, is a large, warm-looking three-section room with white Corinthian columns and pilasters, a blue-and-gold carpet, and golden chandeliers. Near the center of the suite, against a wall, was a dais covered with a purple fabric, and on a wall behind the dais was a portrait of a very young Queen Elizabeth II. The Royal Aero Club represents all the sporting-aviation disciplines in Britain—ballooning, sport parachuting, and the like—and for the past five years its president has been His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was to present the awards that evening. It would be Prince Charles' last appearance before the club as its president, however, since the evening would also mark his retirement from that post.

By five-forty-five, some three hundred people had gathered in the

Mountbatten Suite, most of the men wearing suits and most of the women wearing dinner dresses. Just before six, which was when Prince Charles was due to arrive, some dark-suited security men asked people to clear a space about twelve feet wide from the door to the dais, and at six His Royal Highness walked in. His face looked quite ruddy, as if he had just spent some time in the sun, and he was wearing a dark-blue suit with widely spaced white pinstripes, a pastel-striped shirt with a white collar, and a red necktie embroidered with tiny white-and-blue parachutes. The Prince's fondness for things aeronautical is well known—he has flown several types of planes and has had experience as a parachutist—and so is his reputation for having a hearty sense of humor. (He once broke into a spontaneous imitation of a comedy routine he had seen on the "Monty Python" television show, and during his days at Dartmouth Naval College he was not above handing out exploding cigars.)

While Prince Charles stood at one side of the dais, not far from two tables on which loving cups, medallions, scrolls, and other awards had been placed, Ian Scott-Hill, the Aero Club's chairman, spoke to the guests for several minutes, describing some outstanding aviation achievements that had taken place in the past year. During Mr. Scott-Hill's speech, Prince Charles looked over some printed material. The Prince is reputed to work very hard on his speeches—on all aspects of his public appearances, in fact—and is said not to like having to improvise. We noticed that he has a tendency to rock back and forth slightly while he thinks, now and then rising on his toes. When he had laid his text aside and was waiting his turn to speak, he occasionally tapped his knuckles together, with a studious expression on his face.

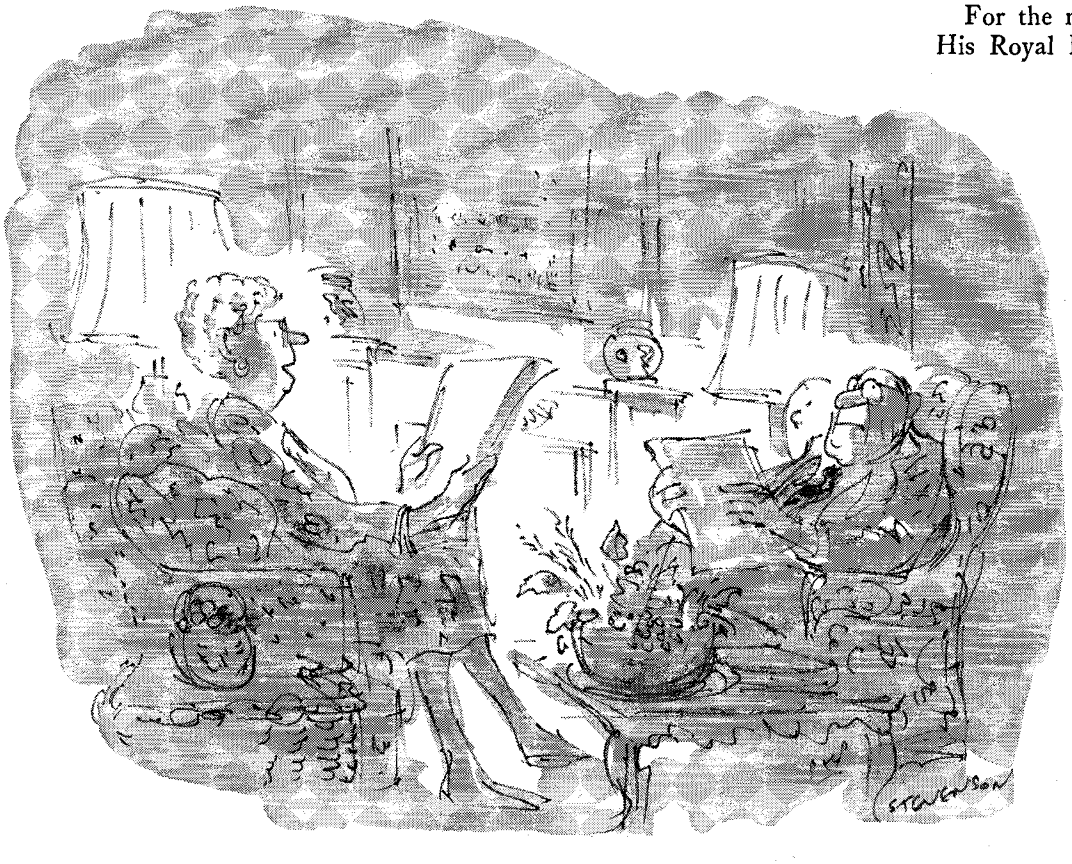
After about ten minutes, Mr. Scott-Hill turned to the Prince and said, "Your Royal Highness, President, ladies and gentlemen. At this occasion—your last, unhappily—we thought we ought to turn the tables on you and give you a prize."

He handed a small box to Prince Charles, and the Prince opened it and took out his prize—a crystal box about the size of a cigarette box, with an airplane engraved on its lid. The plane was a De Havilland Chipmunk, the craft in which Prince Charles had first soloed during his flight training, nine years ago. There was a great deal of applause, and then His Royal Highness stepped forward to speak.

"I must thank you very, very much for this splendid gift," Prince Charles said, in his familiar, well-modulated voice. "It's really a marvellous box. I don't know how many of you have seen it, but it is just what I needed." When the laughter had died down, the Prince continued, "You can see what might kill you when you smoke whatever it is." There was more laughter, and the Prince said, "But it's a considerably more useful present than many. To date, we have received some seven thousand nine hundred. One of them was a granite table." More laughter. "This will go very, very well on a table somewhere in the new house," the Prince went on. "And it also makes me feel much happier—although I'm very sad to be giving up as president. But it does make me feel happier that I've actually arrived at the stage where *I've* been given a small prize, because as president there's no way that I can compete—certainly not with all these intrepid, expert aviators who once again have achieved some astonishing feats. I do enjoy these occasions once a year very much indeed. And I shall be very sad not to continue. But I do feel that it's only right that somebody else should have a go at making a fool of himself as president."

For the next fifteen minutes or so, His Royal Highness brought forth a good deal of laughter, and he also lavished praise on the various people in the room who had set records or accomplished other notable things during the preceding year. Then he handed prizes to the winners, who came forward and shook his hand—the women also curtsied—in accepting them. The Prince spent some time talking with each prize-winner—asking questions, engaging in small talk, and appearing intensely interested in each person's achievements.

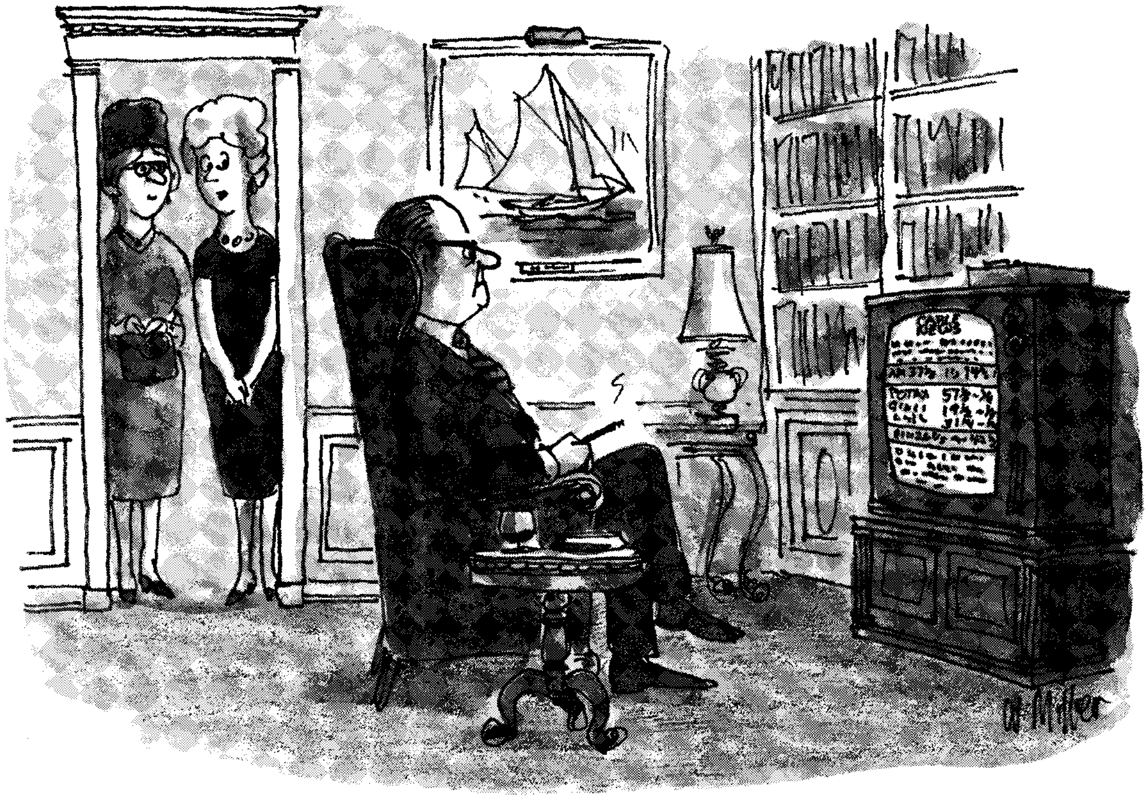
When the ceremonies had ended, Prince Charles joined the crowd of people, who were now sipping drinks and nibbling canapés—the whole thing had begun to look like a large



*"Do you realize, dear, that you're younger than Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, James Cagney, and Fred Astaire?"*

cocktail party—and strolled about talking with the club's members and their guests. Always, we observed, the Prince showed a readiness to listen and a continuing propensity for wit and humor. During our own conversation with Prince Charles, which dealt mainly with journalistic things, we found him to be just as poised, gracious, and affable as he had appeared to be on the television screen during the events surrounding his wedding four months earlier.

At about seven-thirty, flanked discreetly by his security people, Prince Charles headed for the door, and a man standing next to us said, "You know, he has so many official functions to attend, but he really *does* regret stepping down from a group like ours. He's made it clear that he feels at home with air-faring people like us. He's been an absolutely first-rate president, and we hate to see him go. On the other hand, of course, one understands that he has other things to do."



*"Sturgis is a 'no-nonsense' TV fan."*

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## *Mailbag*

THE following letter, stained with cranberry juice, arrived yesterday from a friend in the country:

November 26. At 6 A.M., Daughter Edwina, 17, is kneeling on kitchen floor in semidarkness, bent over cold, raw, corpulent, naked turkey, which she is trying to fit into a pan. Turkey weighs twenty-two pounds minus head, feathers, wattles, claws, and other such items, all of which were removed earlier by the butcher. (Thank God for dealer prep.) I am seated at table under hanging light, holding paperback editions of Rombauer-Becker "Joy of Cooking" (Signet) and "Craig Claiborne's Kitchen Primer" (Vintage), ready to field questions. First time either of us has dealt with a turkey at precooked stage. Both nervous. Oven is set at 350 degrees; one dozen guests due at noon.

"What am I supposed to do with the wings?" asks Edwina.

"What seems to be the problem?" I inquire calmly.

"They keep sticking up," says Edwina.

I check "Joy" index under "Turkey":

à la Campagne, 586
baked in foil, 575
broiled, 576
broth, 110
casseroles, 227, 586
Divan, 228
dressings, 560-566
Galantine of, 529 . . .
wild, 597

Nothing in index about wings and where to put them. Switch to Claiborne index:

RANK, OTTO. The Myth of the Birth of the Hero and Other Essays.
REDLICH, FRITZ, M.D. AND JUNE BINGHAM. The Inside Story: Psychiatry and Everyday Life . . .

This is not an index; this is a commercial—an alphabetical listing of other available Vintage Books. Flip forward. "Turkey, roast 162-9." No mention of wing question. Edwina stuffs them under the body again.

"Did you 'sprinkle the inside cavity of the turkey with salt and pepper,' the way Claiborne wants?" I ask.

"I tried," says Edwina, "but it probably all went to the bottom. It's too dark in there to tell."

"Hold it," I say a minute later. " 'Joy' says, 'Never salt the interior.' "

"Too late now," says Edwina. She implants stalks of celery and two halves of an onion. "Where did you put those little carrots?" she asks.

"Coming right up," I say. I get plastic bag of carrots from sink.

"What did you do to them?" she cries. Carrots are limp and wet, lying under water inside bag.

"I put them in the freezer two days ago," I reply, "and took them out last night to defrost. They looked fine."

Edwina drops entire bag into garbage can. "I guess we're about ready," she says. "Where's the butter?"

"I put it on top of the stove," I reply. What was formerly a stick of butter is now half a stick, sitting in a large golden puddle. (Heating the oven also seems to heat the top of the stove. Is this common knowledge?) Edwina shakes head, uses sponge to collect puddle, applies it to turkey, then "crayons" bird with remaining part of stick. Turn oven down to 325 degrees for straight roast. (We'd decided against "Wrap," "Leaf," "Foil," and "En Papillote.") Heave turkey into oven; slam door. Five and a half hours to go. Stare at inscrutable white face of oven door. Plan B is peanut-butter sandwiches.

"Hey," says Edwina, looking out the window. "The sun came up!"

# VISITORS

IT'S three o'clock in the morning. Bishop's daughter is ill, stomach pains. She's sleeping on the couch.

Bishop too is ill, chills and sweating, a flu. He can't sleep. In bed, he listens to the occasional groans from two rooms away. Katie is fifteen and spends the summer with him every year.

Outside on the street, someone kicks on a motorcycle and revs it unforgivingly. His bedroom is badly placed.

He's given her Pepto-Bismol, if she wakes again he'll try Tylenol. He wraps himself in the sheet, pulls his T-shirt away from his damp chest.

There's a radio playing somewhere in the building, big-band music, he feels rather than hears it. The steady, friendly air-conditioner hustling in the next room.

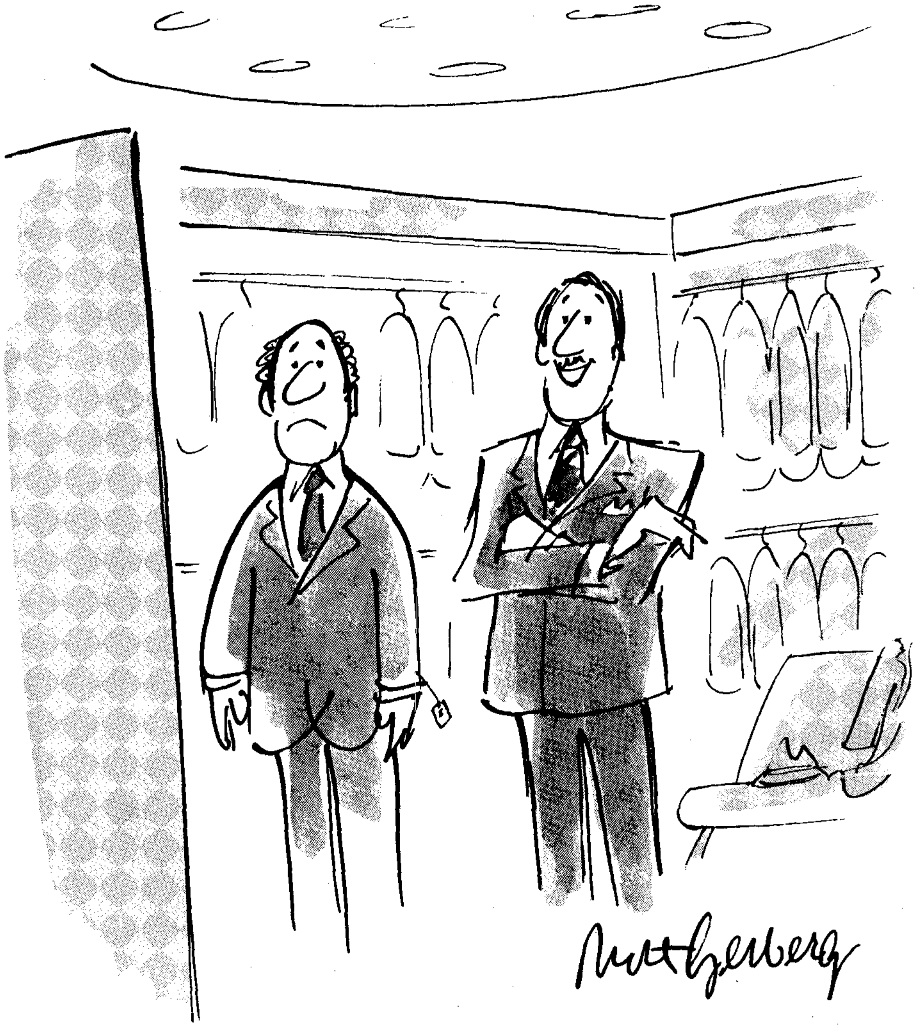
Earlier he'd taken her to a doctor, who found nothing. "You've got a bellyache," the doctor said. "Stick with fluids and call me if it doesn't go away." Katie is beautiful, tall with dark hair.

In the afternoon they'd gone, groaning, to a horror movie about wolves taking over the city. At vivid moments she jumped against him, pressing her breasts into his back. He moved away.

When they walk together on the street she takes his arm, holding on tightly (because, he figures, she spends so much of her time away, away). Very often people give them peculiar looks.

He's been picking up old ladies who've been falling down in front of him, these last few days. One sitting in the middle of an intersection waving her arms while dangerous Checkers curved around her. The old ladies invariably display a superb fighting spirit. "Thank you, young man!"

He's forty-nine. Writing a history of nineteenth-century American crackbrain painters, about which he knows a thing or two.



*"Oh, very contemporary. Notice how the shoulders have that depressed, saggy look you see everywhere today."*

*Not enough.*

A groan, heartfelt but muted, from the other room. She's awake.

He gets up and goes in to look at her. The red-and-white cotton robe she's wearing is tucked up under her knees. "I just threw up again," she says.

"Did it help?"

"A little."

He once asked her what something (a box? a chair?) was made of and she told him it was made out of tree.

"Do you want to try a glass of milk?"

"I don't want any milk," she says, turning to lie on her front. "Sit with me."

He sits on the edge of the couch and rubs her back. "Think of something terrific," he says. "Let's get your mind off your stomach. Think about fishing. Think about the time you threw the hotel keys out of the window." Once, in Paris, she had done just that, from a sixth-floor window, and Bishop had had visions of some Frenchman walking down the Quai des Grands-Augustins with a set of heavy iron hotel keys buried in his brain. He'd found the keys in a potted plant outside the hotel door.

"Daddy," she says, not looking at him.

"Yes?"

"Why do you live like this? By yourself?"

"Who am I going to live with?"

"You could find somebody. You're handsome for your age."

"Oh very good. That's very neat. I thank you."

"You don't try."

This is and is not true.

"How much do you weigh?"

"One eighty-five."

"You could lose some weight."

"Look, kid, gimme a break." He blots his forehead with his arm. "You want some cambric tea?"

"You've given up."

"Not so," he says. "Katie, go to sleep now. Think of a great big pile of Gucci handbags."

She sighs and turns her head away.

Bishop goes into the kitchen and turns on the light. He wonders what a drink would do to him, or for him—put him to sleep? He decides against it. He turns on the tiny kitchen TV and spends a few minutes watching some kind of Japanese monster movie. The poorly designed monster is picking up handfuls of people and, rather thoughtfully, eating them. Bishop thinks about Tokyo. He was once in bed with a Japanese girl during a mild earthquake, and he's never forgotten the feeling of the floor falling out from underneath him, or the woman's terror. He suddenly remembers her name: Michiko. "You no butterfly on me?" she had asked, when they met. He was astonished to learn that "butterfly" meant, in the patois of the time, "abandon." She cooked their meals over a charcoal brazier and they slept in a niche in the wall closed off from the rest of her room by sliding paper doors. Bishop worked on the copy desk at *Stars & Stripes*. One day a wire photo came in showing the heads of the four (then) women's services posing for a group portrait. Bishop slugged the caption "LEADING LADIES." The elderly master sergeant who was serving as city editor brought the photo back to Bishop's desk. "We can't do this," he said. "Ain't it a shame?"

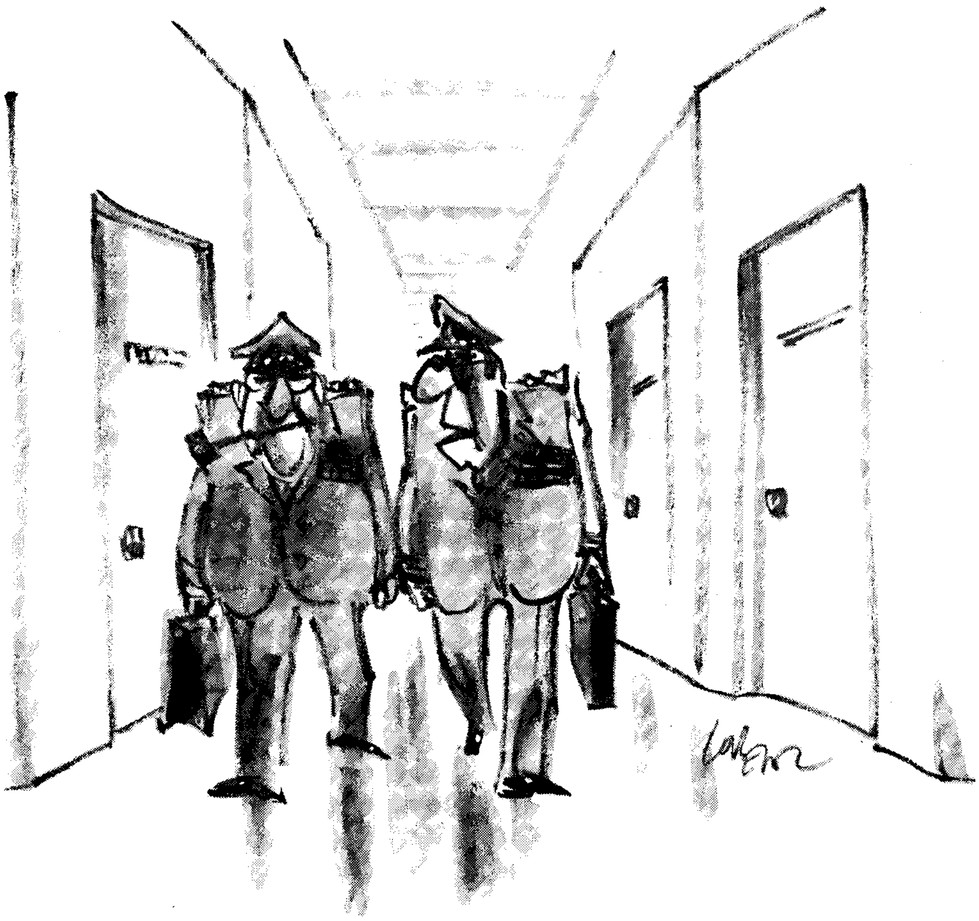
He switches channels and gets Dolly Parton singing, by coincidence, "House of the Rising Sun."

At some point during each summer she'll say, "Why did you and my mother split up?"

"It was your fault," he answers. "Yours. You made too much noise, as a kid, I couldn't work." His ex-wife had once told Katie this as an explanation for the divorce, and he'll repeat it until its untruth is marble, a monument.

His ex-wife is otherwise very sensible, and thrifty too.

Why do I live this way? Best I can do.



*"As I see it, our commitment to the peace process is only credible if our commitment to the war process is credible."*

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WALKING down West Broadway on a Saturday afternoon. Yapping art caged in the high white galleries, don't go inside or it'll get you, leap into your lap and cover your face with kisses. Some goes to the other extreme, snarls and shows its brilliant teeth. O art I won't hurt you if you don't hurt me. Citizens parading, plump-faced and bone-faced, lightly clad. A young black boy toting a Board of Education trombone case. A fellow with oddly cut hair the color of marigolds and a roll of roofing-felt over his shoulder.

Bishop in the crowd, thirty dollars in his pocket in case he has to buy a pal a drink.

Into a gallery because it must be done. The artist has hung twenty "EVERLAST" bags in rows of four. Heavy bags, you're invited to have a bash. People are giving the bags every kind of trouble. Bishop, unable to resist, bangs one with his fabled left, and hurts his hand.

Bloody artists.

Out on the street again, he is bumped into by a man, then another man, then a woman. And here's Harry in lemon pants with his Britisher friend, Malcolm.

"Harry, Malcolm."

"Professor," Harry says ironically (he is a professor, Bishop is not).

Harry's got not much hair and has lost weight since he split with Tom. Malcolm is the single most cheerful individual Bishop has ever met.

Harry's university has just hired a new president, who's thirty-two. Harry can't get over it.

"*Thirty-two!* I mean, I don't think the board's got both oars in the water."

Standing behind Malcolm is a beautiful young woman.

"This is Christie," Malcolm says. "We've just given her lunch. We've just eaten all the dim sum in the world."

Bishop is immediately seized by a desire to cook for Christie—either his Eight-Bean Soup or his Crash Cassoulet.

She's telling him something about her windows.

"I don't care but why under my windows?"

She's wearing a purple shirt and is deeply tanned, with black hair—looks like an Indian, in fact: the one who sells Mazola on TV.

Harry is still talking about the new president. "I mean he did his dissertation on *bathing trends*."

"Well, maybe he knows where the big bucks are."

There's some leftover duck in the refrigerator he can use for the cassoulet.

"Well," he says to Christie, "are you hungry?"

"Yes," she says, "I am."

"We just ate," Harry says. "You

can't be hungry. You can't possibly be hungry."

"Hungry hungry hungry," she says, taking Bishop's arm, which is, can you believe it, sticking out.

PUTTING slices of duck in bean water while Christie watches "The Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone, on the kitchen TV. At the same time Hank Williams, Jr., is singing on the FM.

"I like a place where I can take my shoes off," she says, as Errol Flynn throws a whole dead deer on the banquet table.

Bishop, chopping parsley, is taking quick glances at her to see what she looks like with a glass of wine in her hand. Some people look good with white wine, some don't.

He makes a mental note to buy some Mazola—a case, maybe.

"Here's sixty seconds on fenders," says the radio.

"Do you live with anybody?" Christie asks.

"My daughter is here sometimes. Summers and Christmas." A little tarragon into the bean water. "How about you?"

"There's this guy."

But there had to be. Bishop chops steadfastly with his Three Sheep brand Chinese chopper, made in gray Fusan.

"He's an artist."

As who is not? "What kind of an artist?"

"A painter. He's in Seattle. He needs rain."

He throws handfuls of sliced onions into the water, then a can of tomato paste.

"How long does this take?" Christie asks. "I'm not rushing you, I'm just curious."

"Another hour."

"Then I'll have a little vodka. Straight. Ice. If you don't mind."

Bishop loves women who drink.

*Maybe she smokes!*

"Actually I can't stand artists," she says.

"Like who in particular?"

"Like that woman who puts chewing gum on her stomach—"

"She doesn't do that anymore. And the chewing gum was not poorly placed."

"And that other one who cuts off parts of himself, *whittles* on himself, that fries my ass."

"It's supposed to."

## NO HARM

No harm would walk in and sit down,
I thought, this fifth time trying on
The passionate gloves, the wary shoes,

A sea oblique in the window shades,
And a distant phonograph's music sound
From the next or the next-after-that apartment.

But harm was already gloved and shod
In my feeling for what was never there,
Or was there in some illusionary life

Of the past, its shadow and its substance.
Here, on a strange coast, the foggy mornings
Lift predictably each day at noon,

The colored lights of the nighttime garden
Weaken and go out, the lukewarm pool
Has nothing of the swift embracing hum

Of a good cold sea. The future's apparition
Is here with me. Come closer, closer,
So we can play our roles—human, ghostly.

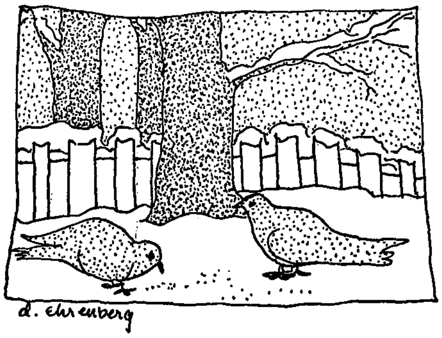
—HOWARD MOSS

• •

"Yeah," she says, shaking the ice in her glass. "I'm reacting like a bozo."

She gets up and walks over to the counter and takes a Lark from his pack.

Very happily, Bishop begins to talk. He tells her that the night before he had smelled smoke, had gotten up and checked the apartment, knowing that a pier was on fire over by the river and suspecting it was that. He had turned on the TV to get the all-news channel and while dialling had encountered the opening credits of a Richard Widmark cop film called "Brock's Last Case," which he had then sat down and watched, his faithful Scotch at his side, until five o'clock in the morning. Richard Widmark was one of his favorite actors in the whole world, he told her, because of the way in which Richard Widmark was able to convey, what was the word, resilience. You could knock Richard Widmark down, he said, you could even knock Richard Widmark down repeatedly, but you had better bear in mind while knocking Richard Widmark down that Richard Widmark was pretty damn sure going to bounce back up and batter your conk—



"Redford is the one I like," she says.

Bishop can understand this. He nods seriously.

"The thing I like about Redford is," she says, and for ten minutes she tells him about Robert Redford.

He tastes the cassoulet with a long spoon. More salt.

It appears that she is also mighty fond of Clint Eastwood.

Bishop has the sense that the conversation has strayed, like a bad cow, from the proper path.

"Old Clint Eastwood," he says, shaking his head admiringly. "We're ready."

He dishes up the cassoulet and fetches hot bread from the oven.

"Tastes like real cassoulet," she says.

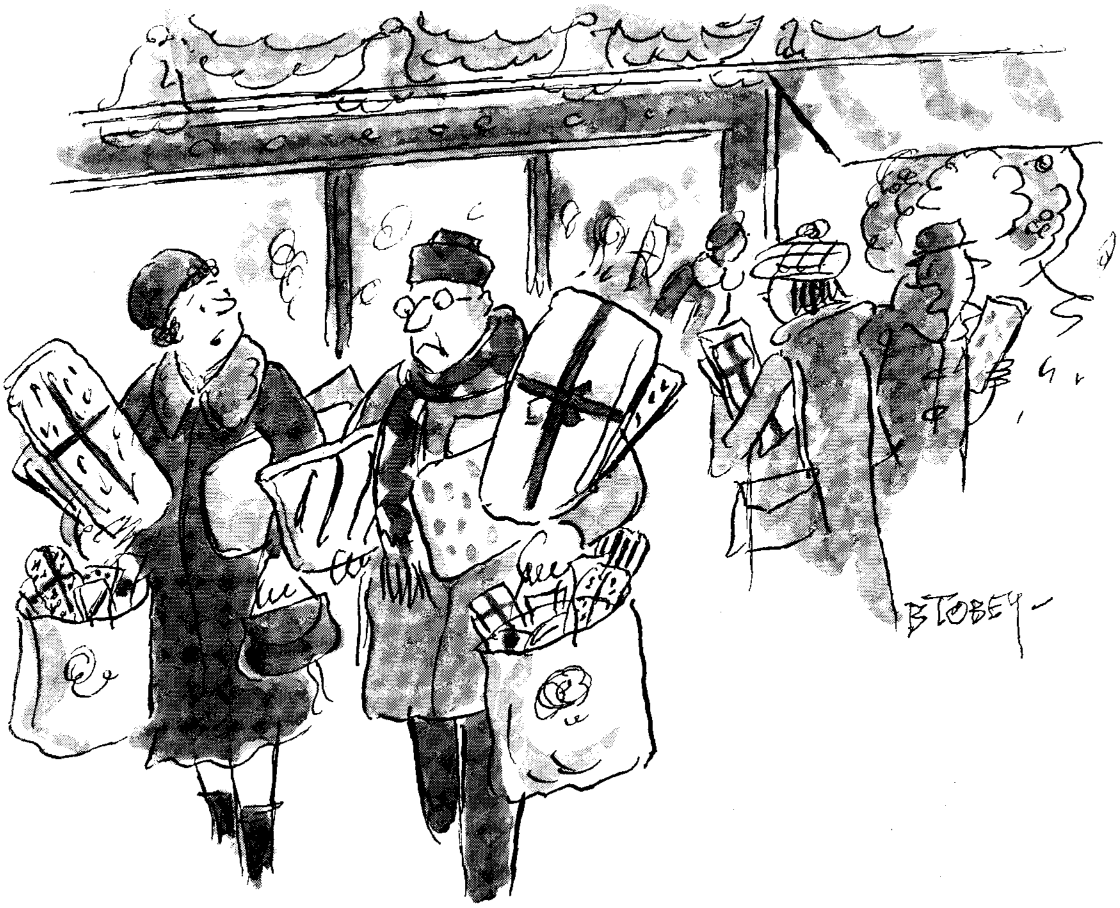
"That's the oxtail-soup mix." Why is he serving her cassoulet in summer? It's hot.

He's opened a bottle of Robert Mondavi table red.

"*Very* good," she says. "I mean I'm surprised. Really."

"Maybe could have had more tomato."

"No, really." She tears off a fistful



*"I keep feeling we forgot somebody."*

of French bread. "Men are quite odd. I saw this guy at the farmers' market in Union Square on Saturday? He was standing in front of a table full of greens and radishes and corn and this and that, behind a bunch of other people, and he was staring at this farmer girl who was wearing cutoffs and a tank top and every time she leaned over to grab a cabbage or whatnot he was getting a shot of her breasts, which were, to be fair, quite pretty—I mean how much fun can that be?"

"Moderate amount of fun. Some fun. Not much fun. What can I say?"

"And that plug I live with."

"What about him?"

"He gave me a book once."

"What was it?"

"Book about how to fix home appliances. The dishwasher was broken. Then he bought me a screwdriver. This really nice screwdriver."

"Well—"

"I *fixed* the damned dishwasher. Took me two days."

"Would you like to go to bed now?"

"No," Christie says, "not yet."

Not yet! Very happily, Bishop pours more wine.

NOW he's sweating, little chills at intervals. He gets a sheet from the bedroom and sits in the kitchen with the sheet draped around him, guru style. He can hear Katie turning restlessly on the couch.

He admires the way she organizes her life—that is, the way she gets done what she wants done. A little wangling, a little nagging, a little let's-go-take-a-look and Bishop has sprung for a new pair of boots, handsome ankle-height black diablo numbers that she'll wear with black ski pants . . .

Well, he doesn't give her many presents.

Could he bear a Scotch? He thinks not.

He remembers a dream in which he dreamed that his nose was as dark and red as a Bing cherry. As would be appropriate.

"Daddy?"

Still wearing the yellow sheet, he gets up and goes into the other room.

"I can't sleep."

"I'm sorry."

"Talk to me."

Bishop sits again on the edge of the couch. How large she is!

He gives her his Art History lecture.

"Then you get *Mo*-net and *Ma*-net, that's a little tricky, *Mo*-net was the one did all the water lilies and shit, his colors were blues and greens, *Ma*-net was the one did Bareass on the Grass and shit, his colors were browns and greens. Then you get Bonnard, he did all the interiors and shit, amazing light, and then you get van Guk, he's the one with the ear and shit, and Say-zanne, he's the one with the apples and shit, you get Kandinsky, he's badass, all them pick-up-sticks pictures, you get my man Mondrian, he's the one with the rectangles and shit, his colors were red-yellow and blue, you get Moholy-Nagy, he did all the plastic thingummies and shit, you get Mar-cel Duchamp, he's the devil in human form . . ."

She's asleep.

Bishop goes back into the kitchen and makes himself a drink.

It's five-thirty. Faint light in the big windows.

Christie's in Seattle, and plans to stay.

Looking out of the windows in the early morning, he can sometimes see the two old ladies who live in the apartment whose garden backs up to his building having breakfast by candlelight. He can never figure out whether they are terminally romantic or whether, rather, they're trying to save electricity.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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### CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Blotter in Greenwich Time*]

Someone apparently fired at least seven shots Saturday from a 10-gauge shotgun, damaging the fifth green at Milbrook Country Club, police reported.

# CAMPING OUT

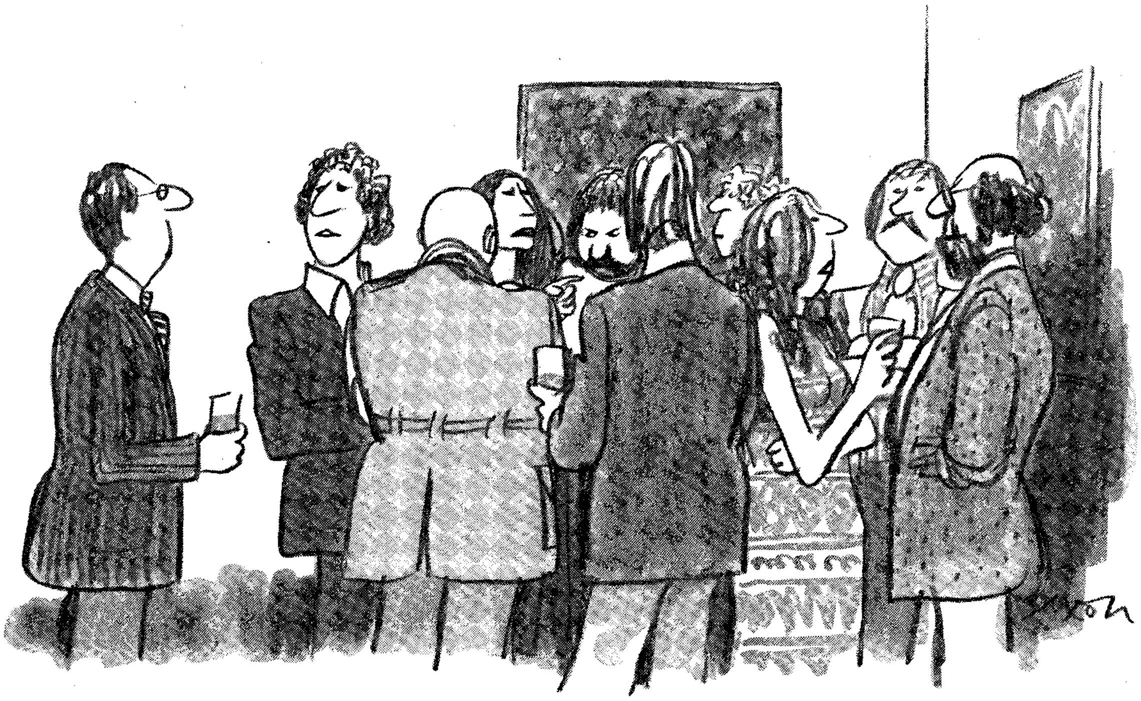
Donna Lee and Mrs. Norris went first; behind them in the green, dented eighteen-footer were Donna Lee's father, her brother-in-law, and her nephew, Ralph. Tula Creek was high, and the canoes glided silently, like awkward, heavy-laden clouds, over uprooted trees and clay mounds big as the humped, gray backs of Brahma bulls. Donna Lee was the most experienced canoeist, Mrs. Norris the least, which was the reason they were paired. In the other canoe seven-year-old Ralph was the only one who had mastered the J-stroke, a paddling technique that kept the boat in line from the stern. Donna Lee had tried to teach her father and Henry, her brother-in-law, the J-stroke, but they claimed they already knew.

When they passed the place where the gravel works cut a chunk out of the vine-tangled banks of river birch, Donna Lee looked over her shoulder and shouted back to Ralph that they were out of Mississippi now, in Louisiana. The overloaded green canoe was sliding along sideways, and Ralph's face was red with the effort of trying to get it straightened out. Donna Lee began yelling instructions to her brother-in-law, who was in the stern of the green canoe. Henry was big—six feet eight, a former L.S.U. basketball star—but he didn't know what "draw" meant, which was what Donna Lee was yelling at him. The shouting woke Donna Lee's father, who had been snoozing in the middle of the green canoe with his legs draped over the ice chest, as if the river were his living room. Mr. Keely grabbed a paddle and started churning up the tea-brown water with intense, futile strokes.

Donna Lee couldn't take any more for now. They had been on the river only three hours, including a stop for lunch, but it seemed like days. She was worried about her father—he was overweight and had high blood pressure—and she herself was freezing to death. As she sat in the stern trying to compensate for Mrs. Norris's erratic strokes—they were feathery, artistic, frosting-smoothing strokes—the cold went right through Donna Lee's ancient raccoon coat and lumberjack shirt. The long underwear that she had borrowed from her father hung too loosely on her tall, gangly frame to be any help.

When the bow of the canoe grated on the sandy peninsula where Donna Lee planned to make camp for the night, Mrs. Norris just sat there. Donna Lee politely asked her to try to get out of the canoe. Mrs. Norris, who seemed fairly competent on dry land, had to be told *everything* on the river, as if she had just landed on another planet with a whole new set of physical laws.

Climbing out of the stern, Donna Lee smiled at Mrs. Norris's back. They had met only two weeks ago, in Mr. Herbert's law office in Tula Springs, where Donna Lee, a year out of law school, worked as a junior partner. Mrs. Norris's landlady was trying to evict her. It wasn't a clear-cut case, and Donna Lee had already spent an inordinate amount of time on it, which Mr. Herbert thought unwise. Donna Lee was not concerned; she had decided she wanted to make Mrs. Norris her friend. In her early sixties, Mrs. Norris looked very commonplace, with a bland, weary face and stiff, dyed red hair. But her life had been far from ordinary. Born and raised in South Africa, Mrs. Norris married a French physician who ran a small clinic in Léopoldville specializing in rare tropical diseases. For years she worked alongside him as a nurse, until one day one of the experimental monkeys went berserk—"clear off its rocker," as she had told Donna Lee—and bit the doctor. It was only a minor injury, but he was never the same afterward, and sank into a morose obsession with his stamp collection. They were divorced, and she married her English lover, Mr. Norris, who took her to Bolton, England. Twenty-five years her senior, Mr. Norris died a few weeks later of a heart attack while sparring in an amateur boxing match for a local charity. Next came a Montana ranch, owned by the late Mr. Norris's sister. There, the newly widowed Mrs. Norris was thrown from a snowmobile during a blizzard and nearly froze to death; luckily, all she lost was a big toe. She decided she wanted to live where it was warm, so she moved to New Orleans and had a long, happy affair with a Peruvian who was involved in smuggling something. When New Orleans began to seem too big for her, she moved eighty miles north, to Tula Springs, where she



*"I'm sorry. We're all theatre people. We don't have any small talk."*

worked as a nurse for a chiropractor and studied acupuncture.

Donna Lee told Mrs. Norris to sit down and rest while she unloaded the canoe. Mrs. Norris found a driftwood log and sat down on it. "Can't I help?" she called out, but the green canoe had just pulled up, and Donna Lee didn't hear her.

Ralph clambered out of the canoe, with tears making his large dark-brown eyes look even larger. He hurried past his aunt and disappeared into the woods at the end of the peninsula.

"He's too sensitive," Mr. Keely said, lugging the ice chest out of the canoe. "Henry didn't even raise his voice to him."

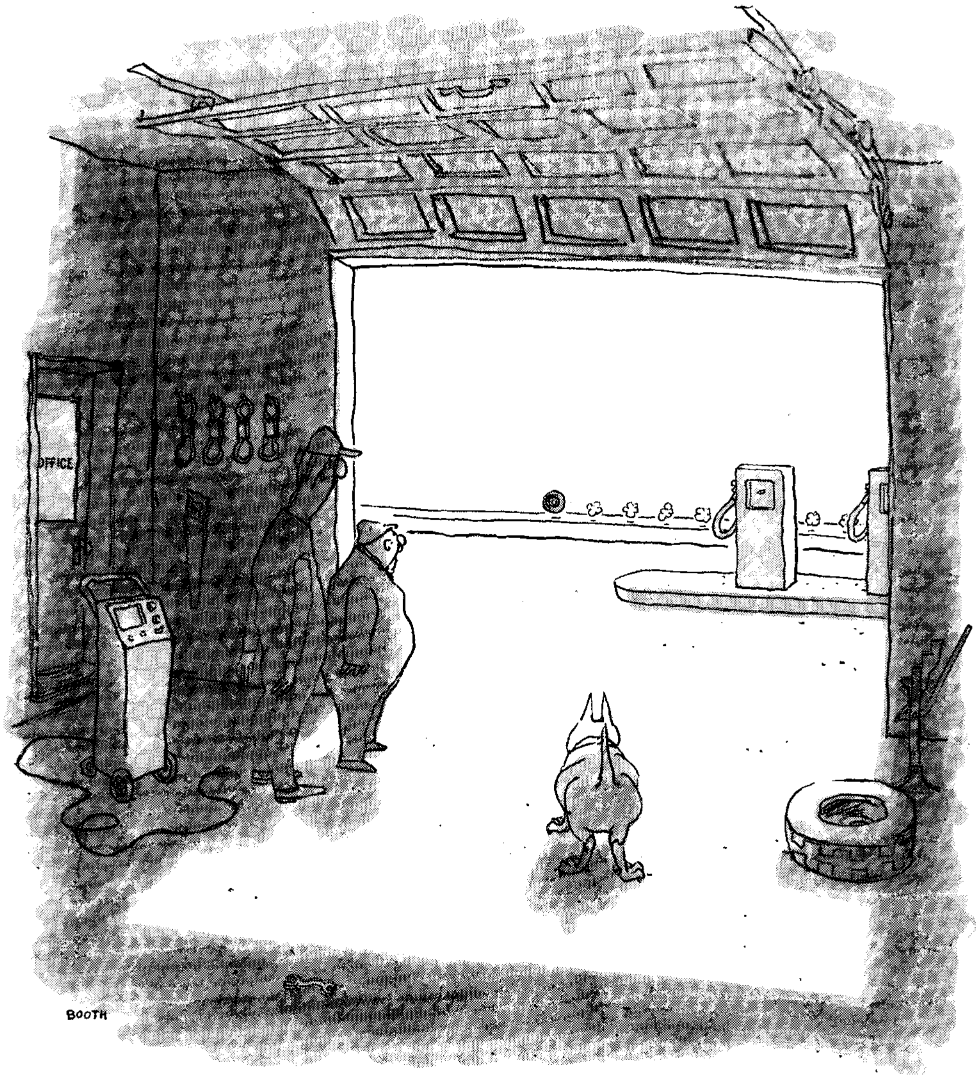
"Dad, be careful," Donna Lee said. She took the ice chest from him. She didn't want to get into a big discussion now about Ralph. Donna Lee thought it was the nuns who made Ralph so sensitive. Henry was Catholic, and Ralph had to go to catechism on Sundays. He had shown her what he was learning about making his first confession, and Donna Lee did not like it one bit.

After they unloaded both canoes, Ralph emerged from the woods with an armload of kindling and set it down in front of Mrs. Norris, who was smiling absently at the river. "That's my man," Donna Lee said, putting a hand on his shoulder. Ralph was big for his age and exceptionally well coordinated. His father had high hopes for him as an athlete. "Now listen, everyone," she said, keeping her hand on the boy, "the first thing we've got to do is get a fire started. Dad, don't try to put up that tent yourself. Help Henry find some wood. And get a whole lot; it's going to get real cold tonight."

The men trudged off through the sand, followed by Ralph. "I'll go, too," Mrs. Norris said, getting off her log.

"That would be nice," Donna Lee said. Although she was only twenty-six years old, Donna Lee was determined not to let age create a barrier between her and Mrs. Norris. She wanted to treat her like any other girl friend.

Donna Lee unpacked the Coleman stove and lit the colorless gas flame, then noticed that Mrs. Norris was still standing right behind her. "I believe Ralph went over there," Donna Lee said, pointing to a thicket of river birch and sycamore. "Honey?"



*"Jesse, isn't that one of Mr. Ferguson's wheels?"*

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"Oh, yes," Mrs. Norris said.

"You can stay here, of course. But I think you'd be warmer if you moved around a little."

"I'll help Ralph; lovely idea." She set off rather mechanically for the woods, like one of "Star Wars" ' genteel, battered robots. Donna Lee sighed and shook her head.

After unpacking the food from the ice chest, Donna Lee took a swig of Jack Daniel's to warm herself up. She was sure she was going to get a terrible cold from this camp-out and would spend the rest of the Christmas holidays in bed. She was not happy here, but she couldn't have stood another day with the family milling around the house in Tula Springs. She had her own little apartment a mile from the house, but she felt guilty staying there during the holidays, especially after Henry, Ralph, and Sister, Donna Lee's sister, had come all the way from Houston for Christmas. Sister was at home now with Mrs. Keely. They thought Donna Lee was crazy for making everyone go out in freezing weather, and dragging along poor Mrs. Norris to boot. Mr. Keely tried to explain: "How can you appreciate a nice warm home if you don't rough it?" Donna Lee's mother replied, "You birds—you just don't know when you got it good." But that wasn't it; Donna Lee was not trying to help anybody appreciate a nice warm home. She wanted to make her family experience Reality; Reality to Donna Lee was something like going to the dentist—it was difficult and it sometimes hurt, but it was necessary if you wanted to stay healthy.

Henry and Mr. Keely broke through the undergrowth at the edge of the woods with an impossibly large water oak. Its branches were tangled in python-thick rattan, which Mr. Keely began hacking at with Ralph's Boy Scout hatchet. Donna Lee went over to take a look; the wood was wet and rotted. "Henry, you think it's worth it?" she asked.

"Watch out," he said. Small brown sticktights clung to his salmon cashmere sweater. He had taken off his down vest and jacket. "Dad," he said to his father-in-law, "go up a little further and get that big branch loose."

"Be careful," Donna Lee said, as Mr. Keely inched himself along the trunk, the hatchet drooping from his back pocket. "I really think—"

"What's for dinner?" Henry asked, giving her a tight smile.

"Mama packed some leftover turkey gumbo, and there's that carrot cake Sister made."

"Is that all?"

Glancing anxiously at her father, Donna Lee said, "Well, Henry, if you ask me, Americans eat too much," and walked into the woods to check on Ralph and Mrs. Norris.

THEY were sitting around a fire waiting for dinner. The tents were set up, the air mattresses blown up, the sleeping bags unrolled. Donna Lee looked at her watch; it was only three-thirty. She turned down the Coleman stove as low as it would go.

"It's so lovely," Mrs. Norris said. She blew into her hands to warm them.

Donna Lee smiled encouragingly at her.

"The trees, the flowing water," Mrs. Norris went on. "It makes me feel like God is so near."

Henry cleared his throat and hugged Ralph closer to him. Ralph's nose was running, and his eyes were bleary. They had already moved twice to escape the heavy smoke from the water-oak fire, which was not very warm. Mr. Keely was practically sitting in it, trying to keep his teeth from chattering.

"I feel like God is near, too," Donna Lee said from her perch on the water oak. They hadn't bothered to chop the trunk up. They just fed it to the fire little by little, root-end first.

"I thought you didn't believe in God," Henry said through a stuffed-up nose. Smoke rose from the rubber soles of his size-12 shoes.

"I believe, but not in your God." Donna Lee's long, big-knuckled fingers clasped the tin cup from which

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# TALKING THE FIRE OUT

1
The stanchioned cows behind him,
the assembled odors,
the dwindling closets of hay . . .

a farmer stands at the door of the barn—
when to plant, when to harvest;

he studies the remedial clouds,
the rehearsed fields,
red, ridged, and the air
palpable with rain.

2
In that latitude, *Come look*
might mean the long bellpull swaying
from a rafter of the barn—two snakes
mating, blacksnakes, barn snakes,
a farmer's charm;
might mean
bring a chair to the field and watch
a king snake, wrapped around a moccasin,
squeezing it like a stopped heart,
finally unwind, unhinge its jaws,
and swallow the jewelled head,
the rest of it shuddering in all day
until the king sidles down the furrow
with an extra tongue.
Nothing is learned
by turning away. Indian summer,
when we harvested the deathweed
or cut and bound the yellow loaves of hay,
the boys brought every species
to the ninth-grade lab—king snake,
blacksnake, copperhead, cottonmouth—
and jar after jar of hazardous yield
struck at the glass.

3
My father in the doorway
with his usual semaphore—

why is it always the same gesture
for *hello* and *goodbye*?
He keeps his elbow tucked,
like a cop,
or does he only want to ask a question?

Away from home,
I take it as a blessing,
the vertical forearm,
the seamed, outfacing palm.

4
If you have the call,
you cradle the injured limb
and lean over the burn
as though kneeling,

but do you talk to the flesh
to provide its deep revulsion?
Or must you sing directly
to the fire, soothing the beast
of the fire, calling it
out of the hand,
a poultice of words
drawing off the sultry residue
until the flush recedes,
leaving original flesh,
no blister, no scar.

5
Who can distinguish knowledge
from belief? Against
the dangers in your own house,
you take up every weapon—

Listen:
my father killed a copperhead
with a switch. Out fishing,
coming on it by the pond, knowing
the exact angle and trusting it,
he flicked the weed against its back
as he had often cast his lean line
over secretive waters.

6
*Nothing is learned by turning away,*
*nothing surmounted.*

Scattering its wise colors everywhere,
over the red barn, the red fields,
the sun is going down,
and due east, parallel on the horizon,
one of its children up-
rising catches the light
in a round bucket,

as I bend to my work, Father,
crooning over the hurt bodies,
muttering on the page.

—ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU, BOB.
O.K., CHARLIE. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
CHARLIE'S FRIENDLY BAR
WOODMAN

she sipped bourbon, lemon juice, and hot water. "To me, God is that sumac over there, that piece of driftwood, that Chinese tallow."

"That beer can," Henry continued, pointing toward the water's edge.

"Dad!" Ralph said, twisting his head around so he could see his father's face. Henry winked at him.

Donna Lee stood up and walked over to the beer can, which she hadn't noticed before. As she stuffed it into their garbage bag, another shot rang out in the woods. The shooting had started half an hour ago with muffled blasts from what must be deer hunters' guns. They sounded closer now.

"Well, Mrs. Norris," Mr. Keely said, running a freckled hand through his white hair, "how did you like the canoe?"

"Frightfully nice," she replied, sounding a little more British than usual. She plucked a sprig of dewberry from the black leotards she wore under her tweed skirt. "Donna Lee is a smashing conductor. I feel so very safe on the waters."

"Canoeing is really not that hard, is it, Mrs. Norris?" Donna Lee said, sitting down again. "The main thing is, you got to be aware. You can't dream. For instance, remember when we came to that little patch of white water just before lunch?"

"Oh, yes. You told me to stop paddling, didn't you?"

"That's correct. If needs be, only one person should paddle. The bow and stern must be coördinated. You should never fight against each other's efforts." She was looking at Mrs. Norris, but everybody except Mrs. Norris knew she was talking to Henry, who had his eyes closed. "Canoeing should be as effortless as possible. You should always know exactly what you're doing and why."

"Very nice, yes," Mrs. Norris said.

"I think Mrs. Norris is catching on," Mr. Keely said innocently. "A few more times and she'll be—"

"Now, Dad," Donna Lee said, "tell me why you started paddling from the middle of the canoe. You only made things difficult for poor Ralph."

"It wasn't Grandpa's fault," Ralph said, peering out from a moth-eaten army blanket that covered his head like a cowl.

"Maybe not," Donna Lee said.

"Well, it wasn't *my* fault," Henry said, his eyes still closed. "I had a splinter in my hand. And everyone knows that aluminum canoe is harder to steer." His eyes opened. "In any case, I'm sure Mrs. Norris isn't interested in a post mortem. Are you, Mrs. Norris?"

"Oh, don't mind me," she replied. Another shot rang out. It was definitely closer. "But, speaking of post mortems, are we safe here?"

"Of course," Donna Lee said, pulling her raccoon coat tighter about her.

"Well, I must say," Mrs. Norris went on in her mild, singsong voice, "just a few moments ago, when you were down at the river picking up that beer can—why, Donna Lee, with that ridiculous coat of yours on, you looked just like a very tempting big deer."

Ralph laughed, and everybody, including Donna Lee, smiled, because Ralph did not laugh as often as a little boy should. "A beer deer," Mr. Keely said, reaching around and tickling Ralph.

Ralph squirmed in his father's arms. "More Kool-Aid, please," he said.

Donna Lee poured some into his Daniel Boone canteen as her father gave out some annoyingly fake barks of glee. "I hate to sound preachy, but I do think we should all be more careful tomorrow," she said. "We've got about four hours to go before we get to the cars, and there's some pretty tricky bends up ahead. The main thing is, you got to be aware."

"You got to be *aware*," Ralph mimicked, astonishingly well. Everyone except Donna Lee laughed.

THEY held out as long as they could, but it was still light when they ate. Although Donna Lee thought it was silly, her father tied an orange tarpaulin to a pine near the woods, assuring Mrs. Norris that this would tell the hunters that humans were nearby. She thanked him, then gazed up and admired aloud the big birds that were soaring in the thermal drafts.

"Turkey vultures," Donna Lee said.

"How dreadful," Mrs. Norris muttered. She tossed an acorn into the fire and then made a vague gesture toward the white sky. "They don't *eat* turkeys, do they?" she asked.

"They'll eat anything," Donna Lee said. Reality.

"Mrs. Norris, did a monkey really bite off your big toe?" Ralph asked solemnly.

Donna Lee went crimson. She had told Ralph never to mention Africa or monkeys or toes to Mrs. Norris unless Mrs. Norris happened to talk about them herself.

"More Kool-Aid?" Donna Lee said, holding out the plastic pitcher to Ralph.

"No, Ralph dear, I lost my toe in Montana, during a blizzard," Mrs. Norris said.

"Ralph is going to be in third grade next year," Donna Lee said.

"How nice," Mrs. Norris said. "And what do you want to be when you grow up, Ralph?"

"A priest," the boy said happily.

"A what?" Henry frowned at his son. "You don't want to be a priest, boy."

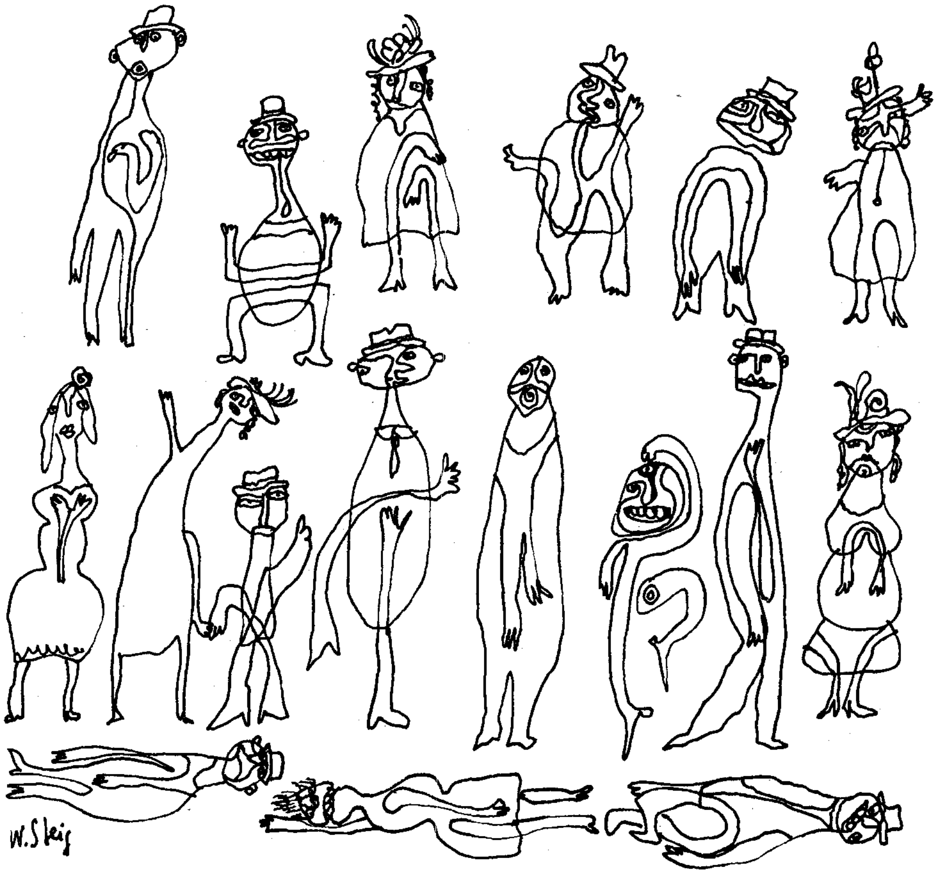
"I made up my mind. I'm going to be a priest in Africa, a missionary like Mrs. Norris."

"How lovely," Mrs. Norris said. "Of course, Ralph, I was just a nurse, you know—nothing very religious."

"I'll be a nurse priest, then."

Donna Lee glared across the fire at Henry.

Mr. Keely cleared his throat. "Now, Ralph," he said in a hoarse, raspy voice, "you mean you'd like to be a doctor, don't you? Everyone likes doctors."



*Body Language*

"No, Grandpa. I have a vocation."

This was too much for Donna Lee. "Here, drink this Kool-Aid," she said, holding out the plastic pitcher again. "Finish it up for me."

"I don't want any more."

"It's fun, you'll like it," she said sternly, pouring from the pitcher into his canteen.

Ralph took the canteen from her, but when he put it to his mouth his eyes welled up with tears. The next thing Donna Lee knew, he was gone, running across the sand to the tent the men would share that night.

"Here we go again," Henry said, sighing as he stood up. He walked off slowly, a little stiffly, toward the tent.

Mrs. Norris pulled the woollen stocking cap Donna Lee had lent her over her ears and moved closer to the fire. "What happened?" she asked. "Is it time for bed?"

"Henry is too soft on him," Donna Lee said, glancing over at their tent. "He's just reinforcing that kind of behavior."

"Donna Lee, let Henry alone," her father said.

"Well, I just can't stand to see poor Ralph get so misguided."

"Misguided?" Mrs. Norris put in. "But he's an angel."

"A little boy should be carefree and obnoxious and dirty and go his own way," Donna Lee said. "There'll be plenty of time to feel guilty when he grows up, don't you think?"

"Ralph can be obnoxious," Mr. Keely said, jiggling a pine branch in the fire. He smiled at Mrs. Norris. "You live way out on Sibley Street, don't you, Mrs. Norris? Those freight trains ever bother you?"

"You have no idea," she replied, shaking her head. "Every night it's the same thing—miles and miles of boxcars. I don't know; somehow it seems so vulgar." She sighed. "Donna Lee tells me you work at the Savings and Loan."

"Yes, Ma'am, I do."

"I hope I'm not being impertinent, but I've always wondered why your office is in a mobile home."

"Oh, the trailer's just a temporary setup, till we get our new office finished. It's that brick building going up by the upholstery shop."

"Of course." She winced as another shot rang out.

*"Whit and I never go to museums, art galleries, concerts, theatre, opera, ballet, sporting events, bars, restaurants, or night clubs, but it's nice to know they're all there."*

• •

Exasperated by this small talk, Donna Lee got up and carried the plates and a few pots to the river. She rinsed them and scrubbed them with sand, the water numbing her fingers and seeping into her jogging shoes. She could hear her father and Mrs. Norris discussing the strawberry wine you could buy at the discount fireworks stand near the Savings and Loan trailer. Donna Lee scoured the plates so hard that a few roses in the dime-store pattern faded away.

"What's become of Ralph and Henry?" Mrs. Norris asked as Donna Lee packed the clean plates into a picnic hamper.

"Want me to go see?" Mr. Keely asked, getting to his feet.

"Oh, I wish you would. Tell Ralph I've got a surprise for him."

"Sure thing." Mr. Keely crunched through the sand to the tent near the woods.

"Margaret—you don't mind if I call you that, do you?" Donna Lee asked. Mrs. Norris smiled. "Margaret, I hope you didn't mind Ralph bringing up your—the blizzard. I must confess, I told him about you. He must have got things a little mixed up—I mean about the monkey and all. But you understand, don't you—you understand why I told him? I thought it was important that Ralph know about these things—the starvation you saw, the leprosy and all that, what life is really like for most of the people on earth. . . ." She faltered. "I mean, you just can't imagine how parochial some people can be. Henry, for instance. His whole world is the Super Bowl and condominiums—he's in real estate. It's really sad. Anyway, I thought Ralph should know that life can be filled with adventure, that there are people like you who aren't content to just drift along, people who have *seen* things and *done* things. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Norris kept her eyes averted, as if Donna Lee were not properly dressed and there was too much showing. "Of course, dear."

Donna Lee was not reassured. "You're not mad at me?" she asked, squeezing her friend's arm.

"Don't be silly."

"You're having a good time, aren't you? I mean, you don't think I've been too bossy, do you? Henry thinks I am; I can tell. I suppose he's right, too." She paused so that Mrs. Norris could contradict her. She didn't. "But I'm working on it, I'm trying to change. And anyway, *someone* has to be responsible, don't you think?"

"You fret so. Really, Donna Lee, stop worrying."

The men were now returning from the tent, with Ralph between them. Frustrated by the remote look in Mrs. Norris's eyes, Donna Lee suddenly reached out and took the older woman's mittened hands. “We will be good friends, won't we?” Donna Lee said as another shot rang out.

“Of course, of course,” Mrs. Norris said faintly, freeing her hands. “Oh, I do wish Ralph had something orange to wear.”

“WELL, here's your surprise, dear.” Mrs. Norris handed Ralph a package she had pulled out of her vinyl suitcase. They were all standing around the fire, which had been revived by some fatty pine Donna Lee had found.

Ralph opened the package and took out four long, pointed tubes with strings hanging out one end.

“What in . . .” Henry said, taking the tubes from his son. “Rockets?”

“Fireworks!” Mrs. Norris exclaimed.

Donna Lee began to frown but stopped when she saw Henry's face cloud over. “How wonderful!” she said. “Isn't this exciting, Ralph? Thank Mrs. Norris, Ralph.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Norris,” Ralph said. He looked over at his father.

“Yes—thank you,” Henry said. “Ralph will have a good time with these once we get home.”

“Oh, but my dears,” Mrs. Norris said, clasping her hands together, “I thought we could celebrate tonight.”

“Well, I don't know.” Henry scratched his head. “These things can be dangerous. You got to know what you're doing.”

“Oh, Henry,” Donna Lee said. “There's nothing to it. All you do is light one end and run. Right, Mrs. Norris?”

“Precisely.”

Mr Keely took a rocket from Henry and turned it over in his hands. “Henry is right. This thing looks pretty powerful.”

“You babies,” Donna Lee said, winking conspiratorially at Mrs. Norris.

“I'm just saying we'll have to be careful,” Mr. Keely said. He patted Ralph on the back.

“It's not just that.” Henry took the rocket from his father-in-law. “I didn't tell anyone earlier, because I thought it didn't matter so much. But when I was back in the woods getting firewood I saw a no-trespassing sign. We're on private property.”

“So?” Donna Lee said.

Henry reached over and took the package of fireworks from Ralph. “So? Well, honey, it just doesn't make sense to attract attention to ourselves. There might be a farmhouse or something on the other side of the woods. And those hunters . . .”

“He's got a point there,” Mr. Keely said, rubbing his chin.

“Are we illegal?” Mrs. Norris asked, her smile fading.

Annoyed by the “honey”—after all, Henry was only five years older than she was—Donna Lee knelt beside Ralph and tousled his black hair. “Really, Henry, do you think someone's going to shoot us for camping one night on his beach? What do you say, Ralph?”

Ralph shrugged.

“Oh, please,” Mrs. Norris said, “it's too much bother. Take them home with you, Ralph.”

“Now, Margaret,” Donna Lee said, “it's Ralph's present. We should let him decide. Ralph, look at me.” She swivelled him around. “Tell me if you want to have fun tonight or if you'd *rather be a stick-in-the-mud like your* daddy.”

“Donna Lee,” her father said.

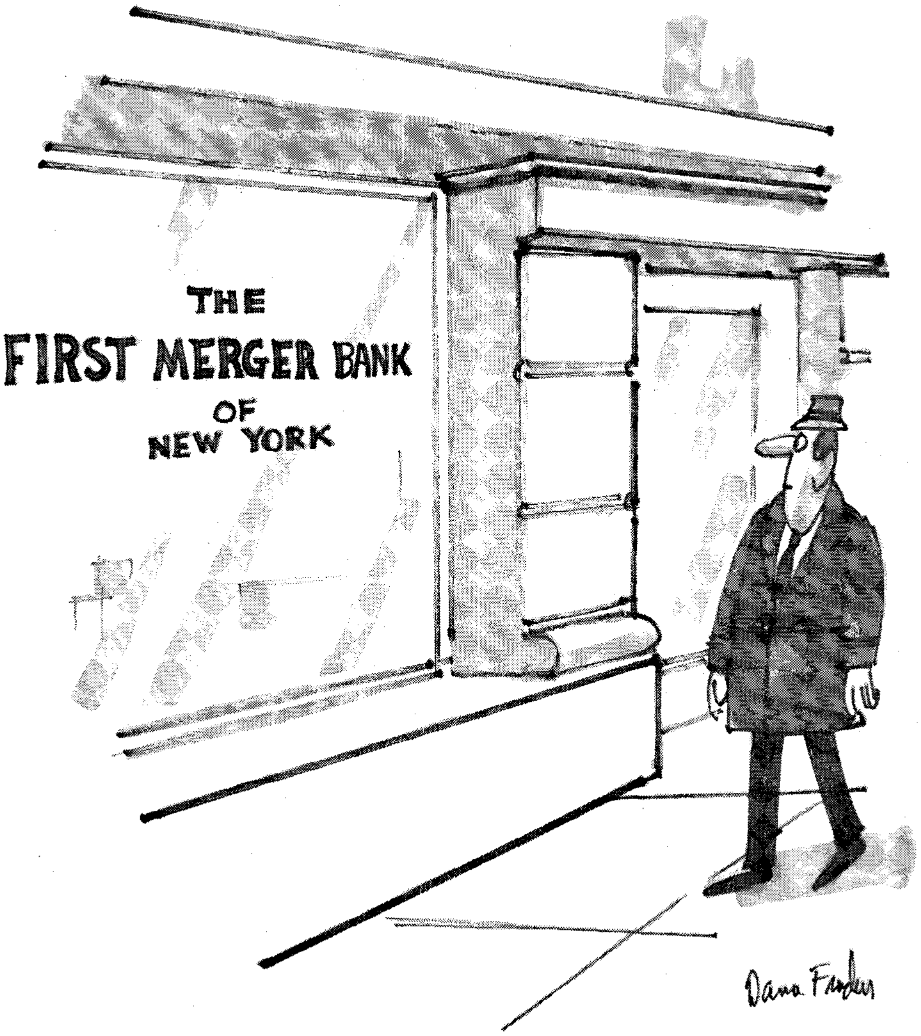
Donna Lee laughed. “Come on with me, Ralph. You and Mrs. Norris and I will go have ourselves some fun.”

“You're too much,” Henry said, trying to sound lighthearted. “First you're lecturing us on water safety, and next you're trying to blow us all up.”

“Please, Donna Lee,” Mrs. Norris said, “we'll do it some other time.”

“Ralph?” Donna Lee looked him square in the eyes.

“I think if it's all right,” the boy replied, turning to Mrs. Norris, “I'd like to do it at home. Thank you very much.”



DONNA LEE lay wide awake in the greenish dark of the tent. Beside her, Mrs. Norris tossed fitfully, muttering some sort of nonsense about oleomargarine. Squinting at her watch, Donna Lee saw that it was only eight-fifteen. She decided to try to sleep outside the tent. It would be a little colder, of course, but at least she would have some peace.

"No!" Mrs. Norris cried out. She sat up and looked wide-eyed at Donna Lee, who was struggling to get her inflated air mattress through the tent's narrow opening. "Don't, please don't."

"Margaret, it's just me, Donna Lee," she said, a little frightened by Mrs. Norris's own fright. "I'm just moving my stuff outside."

Mrs. Norris rubbed her lumpy face. Her red hair was matted on one side, making her head look lopsided. "Oh dear," she moaned. A wide yawn. "Is it morning already? I haven't slept a wink."

Donna Lee gave the mattress a final shove. "It's still night," she said, rolling up her sleeping bag. "I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"Why are you going outside?"

"It's a little stuffy in here. I can't sleep."

"Let's talk, then. I'm not really tired, either." She put her hand on Donna Lee's arm. "You know, dear, you've never told me what my chances are."

"What chances?"

"Of being evicted. All day long it's been preying on my mind. I just don't know what I'll do if I'm tossed out. I love that little apartment so much, and it costs hardly anything."

"I thought the trains drove you crazy."

"I'm used to that by now. So tell me, dear, what do you think? I want to know."

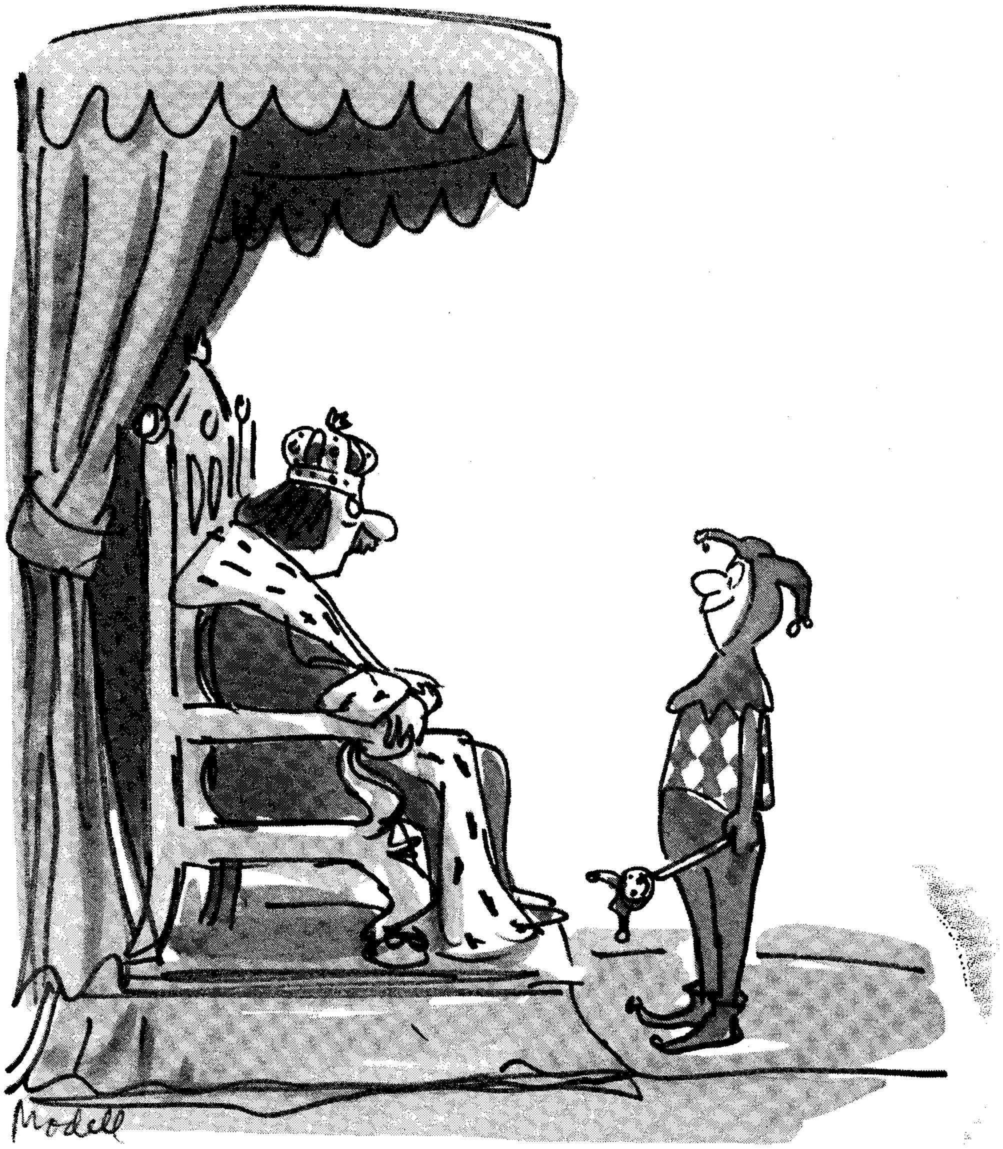
Pettiness, Donna Lee thought. No matter where she went she would be surrounded by pettiness. She felt weary and old, old as the cranky old landlady who was squabbling about the eviction. "I'm going outside, Mrs. Norris. We'll talk about it later—at the office."

LYING alone by the river in her sleeping bag, Donna Lee watched the white moon rise over the river birches. She was a little nervous at first. There were strange noises all around her—a splash, a thump, and, farther away, the squeal of tires, a horn blaring. But she was determined not to be afraid.

She must have drifted off, for when she opened her eyes all the way she saw that the woods were not on fire. It had only been a dream. But that rustling, that strange stir coming from the edge of the woods—that was definitely real. Her heart pounding, Donna Lee propped herself up on her elbows for a better look. The canoes, the picnic hamper, the canteen by the ashes of the campfire—everything was visible in the brilliant moonlight. And beyond, only a few feet from Ralph's tent, what looked like a single flame danced wildly, convulsively atop a sumac.

"Damn that tarp," Donna Lee said when she finally realized what it was. Getting up, she stole across the campsite to the pine from which the orange tarpaulin dangled, brushing the leaves of the sumac. Another strong gust from the river shook the tarpaulin as she untied a halfhearted granny knot; the other knots, which had held the tarpaulin still, had already worked loose in the wind. Then, half frozen but no longer afraid, she went back for her sleeping bag and dragged it, along with the tarpaulin, to the sagging, mildewed tent, where, oleomargarine or no oleomargarine, she would ride out the night with Mrs. Norris—Margaret.

—JAMES WILCOX



*"Thanks for asking, but I assure you that you are not going too fast for me."*

• •

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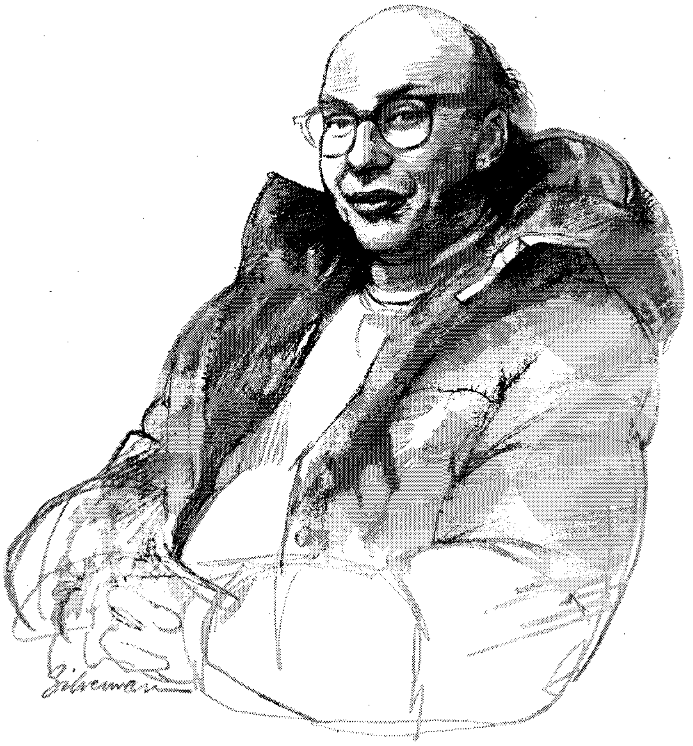
# PROFILES

## A.I.

IN July of 1979, a computer program called BKG 9.8—the creation of Hans Berliner, a professor of computer science at Carnegie-Mellon University, in Pittsburgh—played the winner of the world backgammon championship in Monte Carlo. The program was run on a large computer at Carnegie-Mellon that was connected by satellite to a robot in Monte Carlo. The robot, named Gammonoid, had a visual-display backgammon board on its chest, which exhibited its moves and those of its opponent, Luigi Villa, of Italy, who by beating all his human challengers a short while before had won the right to play against Gammonoid. The stakes were five thousand dollars, winner take all, and the computer won, seven games to one. It had been expected to lose. In a recent *Scientific American* article, Berliner wrote:



*Marvin Minsky*

> Not much was expected of the programmed robot. . . . Although the organizers had made Gammonoid the symbol of the tournament by putting a picture of it on their literature and little robot figures on the trophies, the players knew that existing microprocessors could not give them a good game. Why should the robot be any different?
>
> This view was reinforced at the opening ceremonies in the Summer Sports Palace in Monaco. At one point the overhead lights dimmed, the orchestra began playing the theme of the film "Star Wars," and a spotlight focused on an opening in the stage curtain through which Gammonoid was supposed to propel itself onto the stage. To my dismay the robot got entangled in the curtain and its appearance was delayed for five minutes.

This was one of the few mistakes the robot made. Backgammon is now the first board or card game with, in effect, a machine world champion. Checkers, chess, go, and the rest will follow—and probably quite soon. But what does this mean for us, for our sense of uniqueness and worth—especially as machines evolve whose output we can less and less distinguish from our own? Some sense of what may be in store is touched on in Berliner's article:

> I could hardly believe this finish, yet the program certainly earned its victory. There was nothing seriously wrong with its play, although it was lucky to have won the third game and the last. The spectators rushed into the closed room where the match had been played. Photographers took pictures, reporters sought interviews, and the assembled experts congratulated me. Only one thing marred the scene. Villa, who only a day earlier had reached the summit of his backgammon career in winning the world title, was disconsolate. I told him that I was sorry it had happened and that we both knew he was really the better player.

My own involvement with computers has been sporadic. I am of a generation that received its scientific education just before the time—the late nineteen-fifties—when the use of computers in scientific work became pervasive. I own and can operate one of the new, programmable pocket calculators. I once took a brief course in FORTRAN programming, and the ten-year-old son of a colleague of mine once gave me an afternoon's worth of instruction in BASIC programming language, which he uses to operate a typewriter-size computer in his father's study. But, as a theoretical physicist, I have avoided physics problems that have to be run off on large machines. Even so, I have read a great deal over the years about the new computer revolution and the age of the microprocessor: an age in which circuits with thousands of elements can be packed into a computer chip—a silicon wafer—so small that it can be inserted in the eye of a needle; in which the speed of machine operations is measured in billionths of a second; and in which the machines' limitations resulting from the fact that electromagnetic signals propagate at only the speed of light are beginning to manifest themselves. There are so many books and articles on this subject and its implications that it is hard to distinguish one voice from another. But in all this computer literature I have constantly been delighted by what I have read by Marvin Minsky, who since 1974 has been the Donner Professor of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In a paper entitled "Matter, Mind, and Models," Minsky comments on free will:

> If one thoroughly understands a machine or a program, he finds no urge to attribute "volition" to it. If one does not understand it so well, he must supply an incomplete model for explanation. Our everyday intuitive models of higher human activity are quite incomplete, and many notions in our informal explanations do not tolerate close examination. Free will or volition is one such notion: people are incapable of explaining how it differs from stochastic caprice but feel strongly that it does. I conjecture that this idea has its genesis in a strong primitive defense mechanism. Briefly, in childhood we learn to recognize various forms of aggression and compulsion and to dislike them, whether we submit or resist. Older, when told that our behavior is "controlled" by such-and-such a set of laws, we insert this fact in our model (inappropriately) along with other recognizers of compulsion. We resist "compulsion," no matter from "whom." Although resistance is logically futile, the resentment persists and is rationalized by

defective explanations, since the alternative is emotionally unacceptable.

Later in the paper, Minsky writes:

> When intelligent machines are constructed, we should not be surprised to find them as confused and as stubborn as men in their convictions about mind-matter, consciousness, free will, and the like. For all such questions are pointed at explaining the complicated interactions between parts of the self-model. A man's or a machine's strength of conviction about such things tells us nothing about the man or about the machine except what it tells us about his model of himself.

I have known Minsky for more than thirty years. When I first met him, in the late nineteen-forties, at Harvard, it was not entirely clear what his major academic field was—or, perhaps, what it wasn't. He was taking courses in musical composition with the composer Irving Fine. Although he was an undergraduate, he had his own laboratories—one in the psychology department and one in the biology department—and he was writing what turned out to be a brilliant and original senior mathematics thesis on a problem in topology. For all his eclecticism, however, his basic interest seemed to be in the workings of the human mind. When he was a student, he has said, there appeared to him to be only three interesting problems in the world—or in the world of science, at least. "Genetics seemed to be pretty interesting, because nobody knew yet how it worked," he said. "But I wasn't sure that it was profound. The problems of physics seemed profound and solvable. It might have been nice to do physics. But the problem of intelligence seemed hopelessly profound. I can't remember considering anything else worth doing."

In later years, I had not been in touch with Minsky, but about a year ago, when I realized that something very new in the way of technology was engulfing us, I decided to look him up and ask him about it. I knew that he had been in the field of what is now called artificial intelligence, or A.I., even before it had a name. (The term "artificial intelligence" is usually attributed to John McCarthy, a former colleague of Minsky's at M.I.T. McCarthy, a mathematician and now a professor of computer science at Stanford, coined the phrase in the mid-nineteen-fifties to describe the ability of certain machines to do things that people are inclined to call intelligent. In 1958, McCarthy and Minsky created the Artificial Intelligence Group at M.I.T., and it soon became one of the most distinguished scientific enterprises in the world.) During our talks, Minsky proved to be a fascinating conversationalist, with an engaging sense of humor and a luminous smile. He has one of the clearest minds I have ever encountered, and he is capable of elucidating the most complicated ideas in simple language—something that is possible only if one has a total mastery of the ideas. Our conversations took place both at his M.I.T. office and at his home, near Boston. He lives in a sprawling house with his wife, Gloria Rudisch, who is a prominent Boston pediatrician, and two of their children—Julie and Henry, eighteen-year-old twins. The Minskys' oldest child, Margaret, who is twenty-three, graduated from M.I.T. and is now studying astronautics and designing educational programs for home computers.

That a doctor lives in the Minsky house one might deduce from various books and medical supplies at hand, but the interests of the other residents would be a real challenge to figure out. On a table during one of my visits I noticed a fireman's hat with a red light on it, and, on another table, a sizable plastic shark. Mounted on a wall was a wrench so large that at first I took it for a playful sculpture of a wrench. On the wall near the wrench was what appeared to be a brass alpenhorn—one of several musical instruments in the house, the others being three pianos, two organs, and a Moog synthesizer. Minsky spends many hours composing and improvising, and hopes to make a record of some fugues he has composed in the baroque style. There were also innumerable recording instruments and a huge jukebox—a present from Minsky to his wife.

Minsky's study, a crowded place, contains a computer terminal; a number of researchers in A.I. all around the country can exchange messages with one another over a computer net-

*"Season's greetings from Slug Wassleman, on forklift twenty-seven, Container Division, Fulton, New York, plant."*

Bernard Schoenbaum

• •

work they established in 1969. Several times while I was there, Minsky paused to read his "mail"—messages on the terminal's printout system. Near the telephone is a machine that I naïvely thought might be a stereo set. When Minsky saw me looking at it, he asked if I would like to listen to it. He flipped a few switches, and the machine began to make an uncanny series of ever more complex musical sounds. Minsky told me that some years ago he had taken a box of computer modules home to use in constructing logic circuits. He was having trouble debugging the circuits, because he did not have an oscilloscope—an instrument that renders the behavior of the circuits visible on a screen—and it occurred to him that if he ran computing circuits very fast and wired them to a loudspeaker he might be able to listen to them and tell by the sound if something was wrong. "I connected a couple of speakers to the circuits," Minsky told me. "And I found that by listening to them I could tell if any of the flip-flops were dead." Flip-flops are electronic components that can take one of two stable positions. "The machine was making all those sounds, and I started to like them. So I set up various circuits to make little chords and tunes. This thing was going one day when a friend of mine named Edward Fredkin, who's a professor of computer science at M.I.T., came in, and he said, 'That sounds pretty good. How did you get it to make those sounds?' I showed him, and we spent the afternoon making more sounds. Fredkin formed a company to manufacture the machines as toys."

Minsky's office in the Artificial Intelligence Laboratory at M.I.T. is equally crowded. There is a plastic statue of a robot. There is a surprisingly lifelike cloth plant. There is also the inevitable computer terminal. The lab has its own large computer, which, over the years, has been rigged with just about every bit of programming anyone could think of. It can open doors in the lab and summon the elevators in the building; it has had mechanical arms attached to it, and special television cameras, to simulate vision, and a radio transmitter, to operate remote-controlled robots. There is also a trophy on it for a chess tournament it once won. Initially, the laboratory was in a ramshackle building that housed a Second World War electronics laboratory, but since 1963 it has been housed on three floors of a modern nine-story building overlooking Technology Square, just across the street from the main M.I.T. campus. About a hundred people work in it, including seven professors, most of them former students of Minsky's; some twenty-five graduate students; and a corps of people whom Minsky refers to affectionately as hackers. These hackers—computer scientists call an elegant bit of programming a hack—are mostly people who entered M.I.T. and became infatuated with computers. Some never bothered to get their bachelor's degree, but several have gone on to acquire advanced degrees.

One day, Minsky took me on a tour of the A.I. Laboratory, and explained something of its evolution. When he and McCarthy formed the Artificial Intelligence Group, it consisted only

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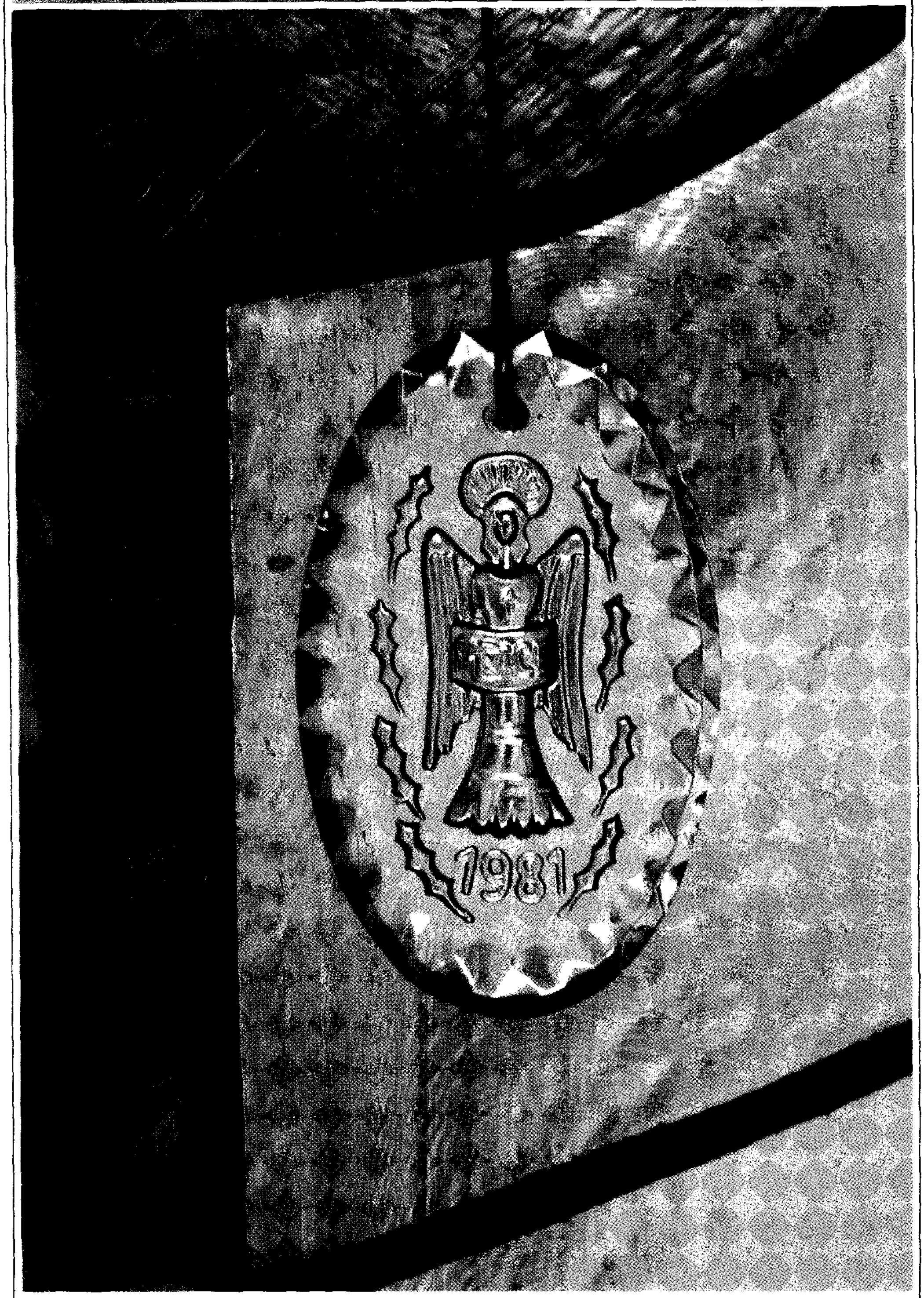

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*"So many of the problems between generations come from not keeping lines of communication open."*

of them and a couple of students. About a year later, when Minsky and McCarthy were talking in a hallway at M.I.T., Jerome Wiesner, who was then directing the school's Research Laboratory of Electronics, happened by and asked them what they were working on. He found their answers so interesting—McCarthy was initiating a system of time-sharing for computers and was also creating a new and extremely sophisticated computer language, and Minsky was beginning his attempts to get computers to do non-numerical things, such as reasoning by analogy—that he asked them if they needed money for their work. They said they could use a little money for equipment and for students. Not long before, Wiesner had received a joint grant from the armed services to do scientific research, so he was able to provide the money they needed. For some years, they never once had to write a research proposal. Things changed, though, and the laboratory now gets its money—some two and a half million dollars a year—from various government agencies, which require written proposals. In 1968, when the group formally became the Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, Minsky became its director—a job he held until 1973, when he got tired of writing the funding proposals and turned the directorship over to Patrick Winston, one of his former students.

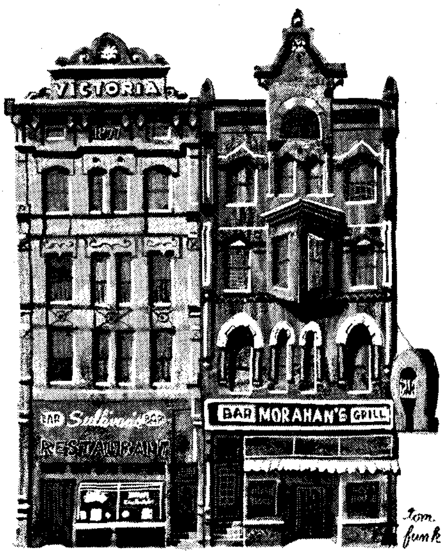
On my tour of the lab, I noticed a giant drawing—perhaps six feet by fifteen—of what I thought at first might be the street plan of a large city. The drawing was taped to a wall on the eighth floor. Minsky told me that it was an engineering drawing of a computer chip, and that the lines were circuits that were photoengraved on the wafer. In fact, the drawing was of the circuitry on a chip that was an essential part of the first microcomputer designed expressly for artificial-intelligence work. That computer was designed by Gerald Sussman—a former student of Minsky's, who is now a professor of electrical engineering at M.I.T.—and some of his students. Minsky then took me down to the third floor to see the actual chip. It was less than half an inch square, or roughly a hundred thousand times smaller than its circuitry diagram, and we had to put it under a microscope just to see the circuitry lines. On computer chips, a transistor exists where two circuitry lines cross; each transistor is about seven micrometres across—about the size of a red blood cell. The next generation of transistors will be only a fourth as large.

While we were on the third floor, Minsky also showed me a computer that he had designed and built. In 1970, he became convinced that a computer that could produce animated visual displays would be an extremely valuable aid in schools. "Even young children become deeply engaged with ideas about computers when they can literally see what they are doing by creating moving pictures on a screen," Minsky told me. "So I designed this computer capable of making two million dots a second on the screen—enough for realistic animation effects." By comparison, typical hobby computers can draw only a few thousand dots a second. Moreover, they cannot display a whole book-size page of text, so Minsky included a second screen on his computer which had room for six thousand alphabetical characters, so that children could edit their compositions on it. One fifth grader in Lexington, Massachusetts, programmed a garden of flowers that appeared on the screen and grew according to laws that the child wrote into his program.

Minsky called his computer the 2500, because he thought that its price for schools would be twenty-five hundred dollars. For a year, he immersed himself in its design, and learned to read circuit diagrams as if they were novels. "By the time I finished, I knew what happened in about two hundred different kinds of computer chips," he told me. His work was helped along by the work of the Artificial Intelligence Laboratory at Stanford, which John McCarthy had formed in 1963: it had developed programs that automatically analyzed circuit diagrams for short circuits and other flaws. Using these programs on his own computer console, Minsky sat in his office and designed his machine. It needed some three hundred chips, which he ordered from the Texas Instruments catalogue. Its circuits required twenty-four pages of drawings. "Wiring a computer used to be a huge task," Minsky noted. "But in this case my son, Henry, and I were able to do it ourselves by making use of a computer program that some of my friends at Stanford had written. It automatically did the most repetitive parts of the design and checked for mistakes. The best part was that we could put the whole thing on magnetic tape, which could be read by an automatic wiring machine that actually made the connections on the back of a huge panel of chip sockets. When that was done, we had to plug the three hundred chips in and attach power supplies, keyboards, and television screens. It wasn't all that easy, but it did prove that a small group of people—together with a helpful computer-design program—could do better than a large industrial-design division." By this time, Seymour Papert, a South African mathematician, had come to the A.I. Laboratory. In the late fifties, Papert had been working in Jean Piaget's renowned child-psychology laboratory, in Geneva, and he had a professional interest in the education of children. He made a special mathematical language for the machine—one that he and Minsky thought children might like—called the LOGO language. Minsky showed me how to use it to get the machine to draw all sorts of polygons on its display screen and make some of them rotate like propellers. He hadn't used the program for a while, and at one point he was stopped by a display that read, "POLY WANTS MORE DATA." The data were supplied.

In the early seventies, Minsky and Papert formed a small company to market the machines, but within a few years it went broke. "Seymour and I weren't very good at getting people to part with their money," Minsky said. Many schools seemed to like the machine, but they often took as long as three years to come up with the money, and the company was hurt by the delays. "Our company ran out of money, because we had not realized how much time it would take for teachers to persuade school boards to plan budgets for such things," Minsky told me. "Finally, we gave the company to a Canadian friend, who found that business people could learn Papert's LOGO language as easily as children could. His company became successful—but in the field of business-data processing. Seymour and I went back to being scientists." In the past year, the people working on LOGO have managed to find ways of programming it into some of the popular home computers, and Minsky and Papert are again trying to make it available to children, since the machines have now become cheap enough for schools to buy. In a few years, Minsky thinks, they should become as powerful as his original 2500.

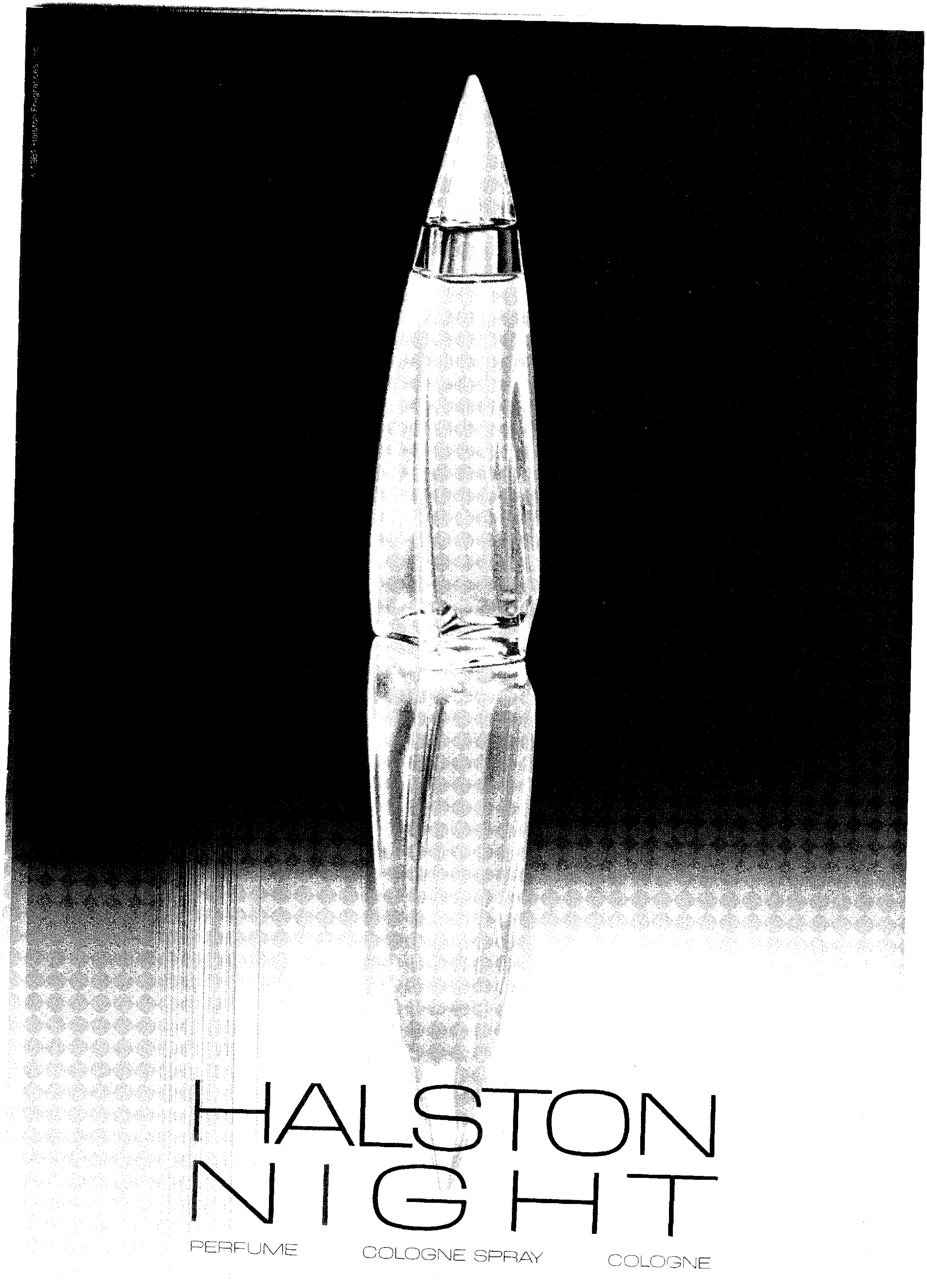
Minsky was born in New York City on August 9, 1927. His father, Henry Minsky, was an eye surgeon who was also a musician and a painter, and he became head of the department of ophthalmology at Mount Sinai Hospital; his mother, Fannie, has been active in Zionist affairs. Minsky has two sisters—Ruth, who is younger, and Charlotte, who is older. Charlotte is an architect and a painter, and Ruth is a genetics counsellor for the Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease. Minsky is like many other gifted mathematicians in that he can find no trace of a mathematical bent in his background, and also in that he has mathematical memories that go back to his earliest childhood. He recalls taking an intelligence test of some sort when he was about five. One of the questions was what the most economical strategy was for finding a ball lost in a field where the grass was so tall that the ball could not be seen immediately. The standard answer was to go to the center of the field and execute a spiral from the center until the ball was found. Minsky tried to explain to the tester that this was not the best solution, since, because you would have had to cross part of the field to get to the center in the first place, it would involve covering some of the area twice. One should start from the outside and spiral in. The memory of being unable to convince the tester of what appeared to Minsky to be an obvious logical point has never left him. "Everyone remembers the disillusion he experienced as a child on first discovering that an adult isn't perfect," he said recently. The five-year-old Minsky must have made a favorable impression nonetheless, since on the basis of the test results he was sent to an experimental public school for gifted children. He hated the school, because he was required to study tap dancing. Soon after his enrollment, however, his parents moved from Manhattan to Riverdale, in the Bronx, and he entered a public school there. He also disliked that one. "There were bullies, and I was physically terrorized," Minsky told me. "Besides, a teacher wanted me to repeat the third grade because my handwriting was bad. My parents found this unreasonable, so in 1936, when I was in the fourth grade, I was sent to Fieldston—a progressive private school."



J. Robert Oppenheimer had graduated from Fieldston (the branch on Central Park West, then named the Ethical Culture School) in 1921, and while Minsky was there the memory of Oppenheimer's student days was still fresh. "If you did anything astonishing at Fieldston, some teacher would say, 'Oh, you're another Oppenheimer,' " Minsky recalled. "At the time, I had no idea what that meant. Anyway, at Fieldston I had a great science teacher—Herbert Zim. Later on, he wrote a whole series of science books for children. He lives in Florida now, and I call him up every once in a while to chat."

By the time Minsky was in the fifth grade, he had become interested in both electronics and organic chemistry. "I had been reading chemistry books, and I thought it would be nice to make some chemicals," he told me. "In particular, I had read about ethyl mercaptan, which interested me because it was said to be the worst-smelling thing around. I went to Zim and told him that I wanted to make some. He said, 'Sure. How do you plan to do it?' We talked about it for a while, and he convinced me that if we were going to be thorough we should first make ethanol, from which we were to make ethyl chloride. I did make the ethanol and then the ethyl chloride, which instantly disappeared. It's about the most volatile thing there is. I think Zim had fooled me into doing this synthesis knowing that the product would evaporate before I actually got to make that awful mercaptan. I remember being sort of mad, and deciding that chemistry was harder than it looked on paper, because when you synthesize something it can just disappear."

Minsky finished the eighth grade at Fieldston in 1941, and in the fall of that year he entered the Bronx High School of Science. Bronx Science had been created just three years before to attract and train young people interested in the sciences. (Two of the 1979 Nobel laureates in physics—Steven Weinberg and Sheldon Glashow—were classmates at Bronx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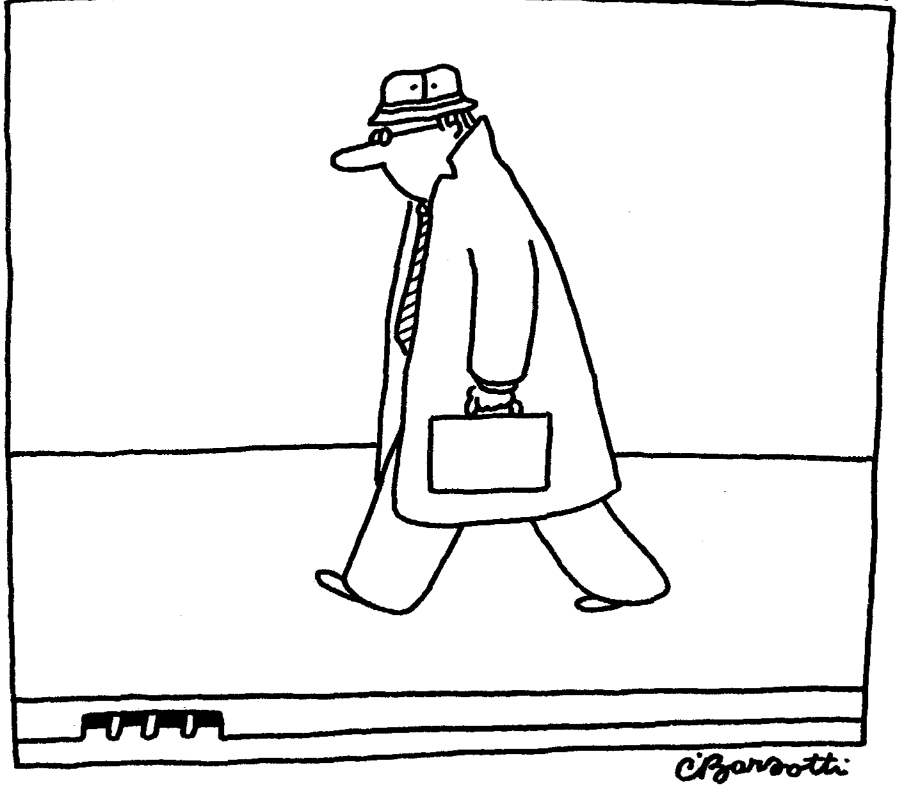
Science in the late forties, along with Gerald Feinberg, who is now the chairman of the physics department at Columbia, and during their senior year there the three taught themselves quantum mechanics.) "The other kids were people you could discuss your most elaborate ideas with and nobody would be condescending," Minsky said in recalling his experience there. "Talking to people in the outside world was always a pain, because they would say, 'Don't be so serious—relax.' I used to hate people saying 'Relax.' I was a hyperactive child—always zipping from one place to the next and doing things very fast. This seemed to bother most adults. But no one at Science felt that way. Later, when I went to Harvard, I was astonished at how much easier the course work was there than it had been at Science. I keep running across people I knew at Science—including Russell Kirsch, a computer pioneer who's now at the National Bureau of Standards, and Anthony Oettinger, who's a professor of applied mathematics and information-resources policy at Harvard. He was one of the first people to get a computer to learn something and to use computers for language translation. Frank Rosenblatt, who was tragically drowned in a boating accident in 1971, was also one of my classmates at Science." Rosenblatt, who was a pioneer in artificial intelligence, became a researcher at the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, where he invented what was called the Perceptron. In the early nineteen-sixties, the Perceptron became the prototypical artificial-intelligence machine for a generation of young computer scientists.

In 1944, Minsky's parents decided to send him to Andover for his senior year, reasoning that it would be easier for him to get into college as an Andover graduate. The year at Andover left Minsky with mixed feelings, because he found he was not permitted to devote himself exclusively to science. When he finished his year there, it was June of 1945 and he was seventeen. The war was still on, and he enlisted in the Navy. He had been told that if he enlisted in a particular Navy program he would be sent to electronics school. "Everybody was a bit suspicious about such a promise, since we felt that you couldn't trust the government in something like that," he recalled. "But it turned out to be true, and I was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, north of Chicago, to start my training. There were about a hundred and twenty people in my company, and most of them seemed very alien and rather scary. They were regular recruits from the Midwest and places like that. I could hardly understand what they said, and they certainly couldn't understand what I was talking about. They provided my first—and, essentially, my last—contact with nonacademic people. But about forty of the people in my company were enrolled in the same sort of electronics program that I was. After we completed basic training, which involved firing rifles and anti-aircraft guns, we were going to be sent to radar school. There were maybe four people in my company who were really remarkable, including a mathematician, an astronomer, and a young musician named David Fuller. Fuller had been at Harvard for a year and was an organist. He took my music very seriously. By this time, I had sort of drafted a piano concerto, which Fuller liked a lot and said I should finish. I never did, though. Our little group was a strange kind of mini-Harvard in the middle of the Navy. Everything seemed very unrealistic. I practiced shooting down planes on an anti-aircraft simulator. I held the base record. I 'shot down' a hundred and twenty planes in a row. I realized that I had memorized the training tape and knew in advance exactly where each plane would appear. But I must have some odd skill in marksmanship. Many years later, my wife and I were in New Mexico on a trip. We came across some kids shooting at things with a rifle. I asked them if I could try it, and I hit everything. It seems that I have a highly developed skill at shooting things, for which there is no explanation."

Minsky had been at the training center only two months when the war ended. "There really wasn't anything for us to do, so we just spent a couple of months chatting. I finished up my term of enlistment at a naval base in Jacksonville, Florida, and then I was discharged—in time for me to go to Harvard as a freshman," he told me.

Minsky entered Harvard in September of 1946 and found the place a revelation—a sort of intellectual garden salad, "a whole universe of things to do." He said, "The only thing I was worried about was English, because there was a required English-composition course. The thing I had always disliked most of all in school was writing. I could never think of anything to write about. Now I love to write. Anyway, they had a test that, if you passed, could get you out of the required course. I passed, and it was one of the best things that happened to me. I felt that I would not have to do the one thing I hadn't liked in high

MAN WITH THE SAME BIRTH DATE AS MICK JAGGER



school. In this test, we were supposed to interpret a couple of passages from Dostoevski, and in a perfectly straightforward way I explained what they were about. Apparently, whoever was reading all those things was tired of reading the long ones that the other students had done, and he passed me. I always enjoyed the challenge of school tests, but I never liked the *idea* of tests, so, as a professor, I have never given any. I make all my students write a paper instead. I don't care how long it takes them. If they take a year or two, so much the better. Anyway, I took freshman physics and advanced calculus at Harvard—I had learned elementary calculus at Andover. I was nominally a physics major, but I also took courses in sociology and psychology. I got interested in neurology. Around the end of high school, I had started thinking about thinking. One of the things that got me started was wondering why it was so hard to learn mathematics. You take an hour a page to read this thing, and still it doesn't make sense. Then, suddenly, it becomes so easy it seems trivial. I began to wonder about the learning process and about learning machines, and I invented some reinforcement theories. I came across the theories of B. F. Skinner, which I thought were terrible, because they were an attempt to fit curves to behavior without any internal ideas. Up until this time, I had been almost pathologically uninterested in how minds work. I wasn't at all good at guessing how people felt. I think I was generally insensitive—almost intentionally insensitive—to people's feelings and thoughts. I was interested only in what I was doing. But in my freshman year I began to get interested in psychological issues. After I had done some reading in neurology, I talked a professor of zoology, John Welsh, into letting me do some laboratory work on my own. For some reason, he gave me a huge room with a lot of equipment all to myself."

Welsh told Minsky that one unsolved problem was how the nerves in a crayfish claw worked. "I became an expert at dissecting crayfish," Minsky said. "At one point, I had a crayfish claw mounted on an apparatus in such a way that I could operate the individual nerves. I could get the several-jointed claw to reach down and pick up a pencil and wave it around. I'm not sure that what I was doing had much scientific value, but I did learn which nerve fibres had to be excited to inhibit the effects of another fibre so that the claw would open. And it got me interested in robotic instrumentation—something that I have now returned to. I am trying to build better micromanipulators for surgery, and the like. There hasn't been much progress in that field for decades, and I'm determined to make some."

When Minsky was not doing physics or working on his crayfish project, he began hanging around the psychology laboratory, which was then in the basement of Memorial Hall. "The people down in that basement fascinated me," Minsky said. "There were Skinner and his people at the western end. While the theory that they were working with was of no interest to me, they *had* been able to optimize the training of animals—get them to do things in a shorter time and with less reward than anyone else could. Clearly, there was something in their technique that should be understood. At the other end of the basement were people who were also called psychologists, and who were totally removed from the sort of thing that Skinner did. For example, there was a man who was trying to show that the sensitivity of the ear operated according to a power law rather than a logarithmic one. I could never make any sense of why that was so important, and still can't; presumably, both theories are false. In the middle of the basement were some young assistant professors who were new kinds of people. There were young George Miller—now a professor of psychology at Princeton—who was trying to make some mathematical theories of psychology, and with whom I spent lots of time, and J. C. R. Licklider, with whom I later worked. He ran a wonderful seminar at that time, mostly of graduate students, with a few undergraduates. I worked with Miller on theories of problem-solving and learning, and with Licklider on theories of perception and brain models. Many years later, I had a chance to work with Licklider again on designing computer programs. It was a whole universe in that basement, but the things that affected me most were the geometry of it and the fact that it was underground and away from the world. On the west were the behaviorists, who were trying to understand behavior without a theory; on the east were the physiological psychologists, who were trying to understand some little bit of the nervous system without any picture of the rest; and in the middle were these new people who were trying to make little theories that might have something to do with language and learning and the like but weren't really getting anywhere. Even farther underground was the physicist Georg von Békésy. He was in the subbasement. He didn't bother anyone but just worked on the *real* problem of how the ear functions." In 1961, von Békésy became the first physicist to win a Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, for his work on the ear."

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Minsky paused, and then continued, "What bothered me most about the whole situation was the graduate students who were trying to learn from these people. They would gather in the middle of the basement and argue about one doctrine or another—the politics of the situation and the merits of the different schools. They never seemed to have any good ideas. There was something terrifying about this clash of two different worlds—the physiological and the behaviorist. There were no psychoanalytically oriented people around them. If there had been, the situation would have been even worse. I couldn't fathom how these people could live down there arguing about personalities, with no methodology, no ideas about what to do, and no real theories of what was happening deep inside the mind. So I tried to make one up. I imagined that the brain was composed of little relays—the neurons—and each of them had a probability attached to it that would govern whether the neuron would conduct an electric pulse; this scheme is now known technically as a stochastic neural network. I tried to explain Skinner's results by finding some plausible way for a reward

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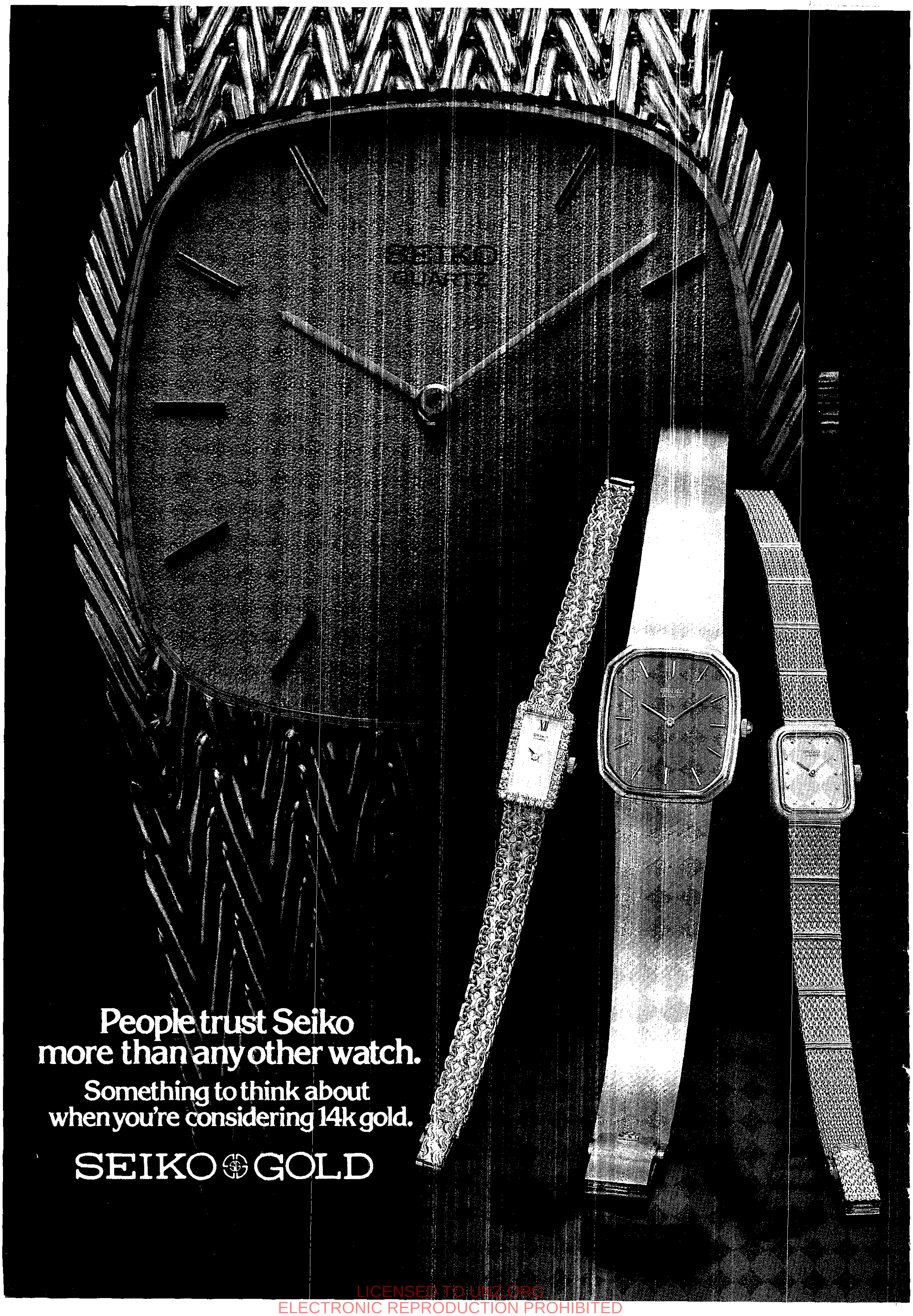
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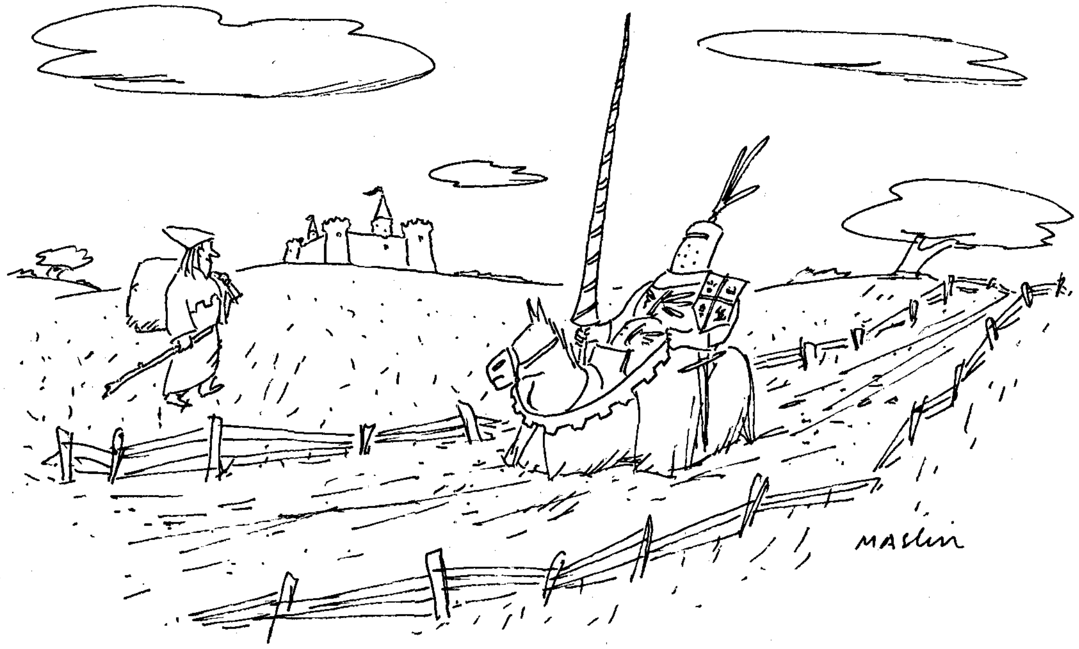
sensor to change the probabilities to favor learning. It turned out that a man in Montreal named Donald Hebb had come up with a similar theory, but at the time, luckily or unluckily, I didn't know of his work, which he described soon afterward in a seminal book, "The Organization of Behavior," published in 1949. So I had a laboratory in the psychology department and one in the biology department and I was doing experimental work, mostly in physical optics, in the physics department, where I was nominally majoring. My grades were fairly low. I had also taken a number of music courses with Irving Fine. He usually gave me C's or D's, but he kept encouraging me to come back. He was a tremendously honest man. I think the problem was that I was basically an improviser—one of those people who can occasionally improvise an entire fugue in satisfactory form without much conscious thought or plan. The trouble is that the more I work on a piece deliberately, the worse it gets. I tried learning to write scores, but I guess I never committed myself to the effort it takes. During most of this time at Harvard, I didn't very much care what would happen to me in the future, but then, in my senior year, I began to worry about graduate school. I thought that what I would do would be to write a nice undergraduate thesis to make up for my grades. I discovered that at Harvard you couldn't do an undergraduate thesis in physics, so in my last semester I switched to the mathematics department, where you could do a thesis. This was not a problem, since I had taken enough mathematics courses to qualify me as a math major."

*"A light and libertarian waltz for me, or a conservative and authoritarian military march for you?"*

• •

Early in his college days, Minsky had had the good fortune to encounter Andrew Gleason. Gleason was only six years older than Minsky, but he was already recognized as one of the world's premier problem-solvers in mathematics; he seemed able to solve any well-formulated mathematics problem almost instantly. Gleason had served in the Navy, in cryptanalysis, during the war, and then had become a junior fellow at Harvard. (The fellowships allowed unlimited freedom for a small number of creative people in various fields.) Gleason made a tremendous impression on Minsky. "I couldn't understand how anyone that age could know so much mathematics," Minsky told me. "But the most remarkable thing about him was his plan. When we were talking once, I asked him what he was doing. He told me that he was working on Hilbert's fifth problem."

In 1900, David Hilbert, who is generally regarded as the greatest mathematician of the twentieth century, delivered a paper entitled "Mathematical Problems" to the Second International Congress of Mathematicians, in Paris, in which he presented a list of what he believed to be the most important unsolved problems in mathematics. (Hilbert's full list consisted of twenty-three problems, but he presented only ten in his talk.) This list has all but defined mathematics for much of this century. Many of the problems have now been solved. At least one of them has been shown to be insoluble in principle; it falls into Gödel's category of formally undecidable mathematical propositions. The sixth problem—"To axiomatize those physical sciences in which mathematics plays an important role"—is probably too vague to have a real solution. Some have not yet been solved. Most of the twenty-three problems have opened up entirely new fields of mathematics. In his lecture, Hilbert said, "This conviction of the solvability of any mathematical problem is a strong incentive in our work; it beckons us: *This is the problem, find its solution. You can find it by pure thinking, since in mathematics there is no Ignorabimus!*" Hilbert's fifth problem was a deep conjecture in the theory of topological groups. In mathematics, a group is a collection of abstract objects that can be combined by some operation to make a sort of multiplication table; a topological group has in addition a "topology"—a kind of generalized geometry. Minsky recalls his conversation with Gleason vividly. "First, I managed to understand what the problem was," he told me. "Then I asked Gleason how he was going to solve it. Gleason said he had a plan that consisted of three steps, each of which he thought would take him three years to work out. Our conversation must have taken place in 1947, when I was a sophomore. Well, the solution took him only about five more years, with Deane Montgomery, of the Institute



*Stuck in the Muck in Full Regalia*

• •

for Advanced Study, and Leo Zippin, of Queens College, contributing part of the proof. But here I was, a sophomore, talking to this man who was only slightly older than I was, and he was talking about a plan like that. I couldn't understand how anyone that age could understand the subject well enough to have such a plan and to have an estimate of the difficulty in filling in each of the steps. Now that I'm older, I still can't understand it. Anyway, Gleason made me realize for the first time that mathematics was a landscape with discernible canyons and mountain passes, and things like that. In high school, I had seen mathematics simply as a bunch of skills that were fun to master—but I had never thought of it as a journey and a universe to explore. No one else I knew at that time had that vision, either."

Inspired by Gleason, Minsky began work the fall of his senior year on an original problem in topology. Early in this century, the great Dutch mathematician L. E. J. Brouwer proved the first of what are known as fixed-point theorems. Imagine that one attempts to rearrange the surface of an ordinary sphere by taking each point on it and moving it somewhere else on the sphere. This is what mathematicians call a mapping of the surface of the sphere onto itself. Under very general assumptions, Brouwer managed to show that in any such mapping there would be at least one point that would necessarily remain fixed—it would necessarily be mapped onto itself. One example of a fixed-point theorem is the rigid rotation of a sphere—for example, the surface of the earth. In this case, there are two fixed points—the north and south poles—around which the rotation takes place. Over the years, mathematicians have generalized this theorem in all sorts of surprising ways. For instance, one can use similar ideas to show that at any time there must be two points at opposite ends of the globe which have exactly the same temperature and humidity. Minsky happened to read that Shizuo Kakutani, a mathematician at Yale, had proved, essentially, that at each moment there are three points on the earth situated at the vertices of an equilateral triangle at which the temperature is the same. "I became convinced that Kakutani had not got the most general result out of his logic," Minsky recalled. "So I proved it first for three of the four corners of a square and then for any three points of a regular pentagon. This required going into a space of a higher dimension. So I went into this higher dimension for a couple of months, living and breathing my problem. Finally, using the topology of knots in this dimension, I came out with a proof. I wrote it up and gave it to Gleason. He read it and said, 'You are a mathematician.' Later, I showed the proof to Freeman Dyson, at the Institute for Advanced Study, and he amazed me with a proof that there must be at least one square that has the same temperature at all four vertices. He had found somewhere in my proof a final remnant of unused logic."

I asked Minsky if he had published his proof.

"No," he replied. "At the time, I was influenced by the example of my father. When he made a surgical discovery, he would take six or seven years to write it up—correcting it and doing many more operations to make sure that he was right. I felt that a successful scientist might publish three or four real discoveries in his lifetime, and should not load up the airwaves with partial results. I still feel that way. I don't like to take some little discovery and make a whole paper out of it. When I make a little discovery, either I forget about it or I wait until I have several things that fit together before I write them up. In any case, at the time Gleason said 'You are a mathematician,' he also said 'Therefore you should go to Princeton.' At first, I felt rejected. I was perfectly happy at Harvard, and I didn't see why I should go somewhere else for graduate school. But Gleason insisted that it would be wrong for me to stay in one place. So I presented myself at Princeton, to the mathematics department, the next year."

MINSKY found the mathematics department at Princeton to be another perfect world. "It was like a club," he told me. "The department admitted only a handful of graduate students each year, mostly by invitation. It was run by Solomon Lefschetz. He was a man who didn't care about anything except quality. There were no exams. Once, I got a look at my transcript. The graduate school required grades. Instead of the usual grades, all the grades were A's—many of them in courses I had never taken. Lefschetz felt that either one was a mathematician or one wasn't, and it didn't matter how much mathematics one actually knew. For the next three years, I hung around a kind of common room that Lefschetz had created for the graduate students, where people came to play go and chess as well

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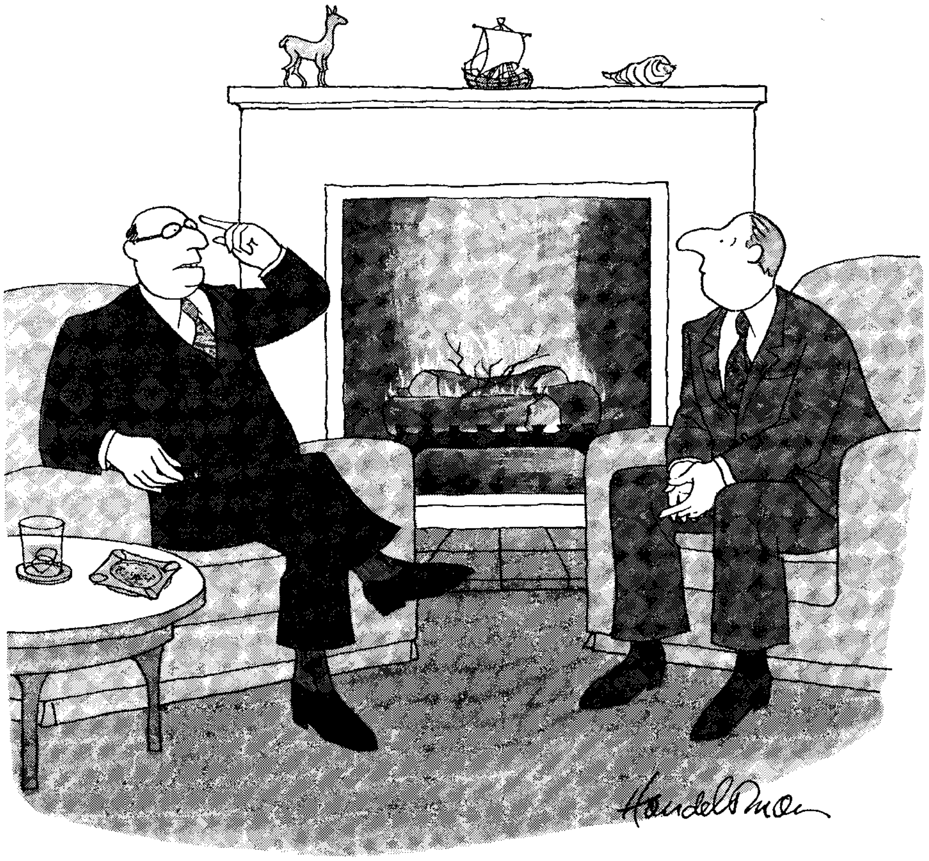
as new games of their own invention, and to talk about all sorts of mathematics. For a while, I studied topology, and then I ran into a young graduate student in physics named Dean Edmonds, who was a whiz at electronics. We began to build vacuum-tube circuits that did all sorts of things."



*"I'd like to advise you in this matter, Morton, but there seems to be nothing left in the old noggin but former girlfriends' telephone numbers."*

As an undergraduate, Minsky had begun to imagine building an electronic machine that could learn. He had become fascinated by a paper that had been written, in 1943, by Warren S. McCulloch, a neurophysiologist, and Walter Pitts, a mathematical prodigy. In this paper, McCulloch and Pitts created an abstract model of the brain cells—the neurons—and showed how they might be connected to carry out mental processes such as learning. Minsky now thought that the time might be ripe to try to create such a machine. "I told Edmonds that I thought it might be too hard to build," he said. "The one I then envisioned would have needed a lot of memory circuits. There would be electronic neurons connected by synapses that would determine when the neurons fired. The synapses would have various probabilities for conducting. But to reinforce 'success' one would have to have a way of changing these probabilities. There would have to be loops and cycles in the circuits so that the machine could remember traces of its past and adjust its behavior. I thought that if I could ever build such a machine I might get it to learn to run mazes through its electronics—like rats or something. I didn't think that it would be very intelligent. I thought it would work pretty well with about forty neurons. Edmonds and I worked out some circuits so that—in principle, at least—we could realize each of these neurons with just six vacuum tubes and a motor."

Minsky told George Miller, at Harvard, about the prospective design. "He said, 'Why don't we just try it?' " Minsky recalled. "He had a lot of faith in me, which I appreciated. Somehow, he managed to get a couple of thousand dollars from the Office of Naval Research, and in the summer of 1951 Dean Edmonds and I went up to Harvard and built our machine. It had three hundred tubes and a lot of motors. It needed some automatic electric clutches, which we machined ourselves. The memory of the machine was stored in the positions of its control knobs—forty of them—and when the machine was learning it used the clutches to adjust its own knobs. We used a surplus gyropilot from a B-24 bomber to move the clutches."

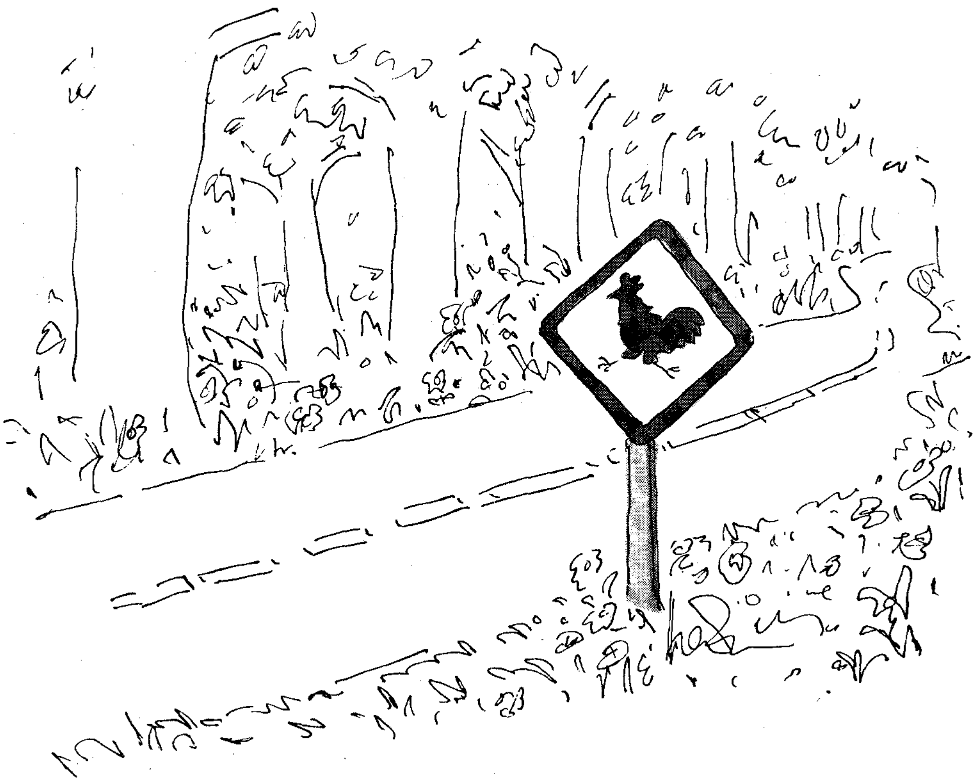
Minsky's machine was certainly one of the first electronic learning machines, and perhaps the very first one. In addition to its neurons and synapses and its internal memory loops, many of the networks were wired at random, so that it was impossible to predict what it would do. A "rat" would be created at some point in the network and would then set out to learn a path to some specified end point. First, it would proceed randomly, and then correct choices would be reinforced by making it easier for the machine to make this choice again—to increase the probability of its doing so. There was an arrangement of lights that allowed observers to follow the progress of the rat—or rats. "It turned out that because of an electronic accident in our design we could put two or three rats in the same maze and follow them all," Minsky told me. "The rats actually interacted with one another. If one of them found a good path, the others would tend to follow it. We sort of quit science for a while to watch the machine. We were amazed that it could have several activities going on at once in its little nervous system. Because of the random wiring, it had a sort of fail-safe characteristic. If one of the neurons wasn't working, it wouldn't make much of a difference—and, with nearly three hundred tubes and the thousands of connections we had soldered, there would usually be something wrong somewhere. In those days, even a radio set with twenty tubes tended to fail a lot. I don't think we ever debugged our machine completely, but that didn't matter. By having this crazy random design, it was almost sure to work, no matter how you built it."

Minsky went on, "My Harvard machine was basically Skinnerian, although Skinner, with whom I talked a great deal while I was building it, was never much interested in it. The unrewarded behavior of my machine was more or less random. This limited its learning ability. It could never formulate a plan. The next idea I had, which I worked on for my doctoral thesis, was to give the network a second memory, which remembered *after* a response what the stimulus had been. This enabled one to bring in the idea of prediction. If the machine or animal is confronted with a new situation, it can search its memory to see what would happen if it reacted in certain ways. If, say, there was an unpleasant association with a certain stimulus, then the machine could choose a different response. I had the naïve idea that if one could build a big enough network, with enough memory loops, it might get lucky and acquire the ability to envision things in its head. This became a field of study later. It was called self-organizing random networks. Even today, I still get letters from young students who say, 'Why are you people trying to program intelligence? Why don't you try to find a way to build a nervous system that will just spontaneously create it?' Finally, I decided that either this was a bad idea or it would take thousands or millions of neurons to make it work, and I couldn't afford to try to build a machine like that."

I asked Minsky why it had not occurred to him to use a computer to simulate his machine. By this time, the first electronic digital computer—named ENIAC, for "electronic numerical integrator and calculator"—had been built, at the University of Pennsylvania's Moore School of Electrical Engineering; and the mathematician John von Neumann was completing work on a computer, the prototype of many present-day computers, at the Institute for Advanced Study.

"I knew a little bit about computers," Minsky answered. "At Harvard, I had even taken a course with Howard Aiken"—one of the first computer designers. "Aiken had built an electromechanical machine in the early forties. It had only about a hundred memory registers, and even von Neumann's machine had only a thousand. On the one hand, I was afraid of the complexity of these machines. On the other hand, I thought that they weren't big enough to do anything interesting in the way of learning. In any case, I did my thesis on ideas about how the nervous system might learn. A couple of my fellow graduate students—Lloyd Shapley, a son of the astronomer Harlow Shapley, and John Nash—helped out with a few points, and occasionally I talked to von Neumann. He was on my thesis committee, along with John W. Tukey and A. W. Tucker, who had succeeded Lefschetz as chairman of the mathematics department. Later, Tucker told me that he had gone to von Neumann and said, 'This seems like very interesting work, but I can't evaluate it. I don't know whether it should really be called mathematics.' Von Neumann replied, 'Well, if it isn't now, it will be someday—let's encourage it.' So I got my Ph. D."

That was in 1954. "I hadn't made any definite plans about what to do after I got the degree, but, the year before, some interesting people had come along and said that they were starting a new kind of department at Tufts, which was to be called systems analysis, and that if I came I could do anything I wanted to," Minsky said. "I wanted to get back to Boston, so I had joined them, and I finished my doctoral thesis up there. Soon afterward, Senator Joseph McCarthy made a vicious attack on several members of the group, and its funding vanished. But then Gleason came to me and said that I should be a junior fellow at Harvard. He nominated me, and my nomination was supported by Claude Shannon, von Neumann, and Norbert Wiener. The only obligation I had was to dine with the other junior fellows on Monday evenings. It was a welcome opportunity for me, because I was trying to make general theories about intelligence—in men or machines—and I did not fit into any department or profession. I began to think about how to make an artificial intelligence. I spent the next three years as a junior fellow. There were about thirty of us, sort of one from each field—thirty gifted children."



TWO years after Minsky began his fellowship, one of the more important events in the history of artificial intelligence occurred. This was the Dartmouth Summer Research Project on Artificial Intelligence, which took place in the summer of 1956. Earlier that year, Minsky and three colleagues—John McCarthy, who had been one of Minsky's fellow graduate students at Princeton and was now a professor of mathematics at Dartmouth; Nathaniel Rochester, who was manager of information research at the I.B.M. laboratory in Poughkeepsie; and Claude Shannon, a mathematician at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, New Jersey, for whom Minsky had worked in the summer of 1952—submitted a proposal to the Rockefeller Foundation for a conference on what McCarthy called artificial intelligence; their proposal suggested that "every aspect of learning or any other feature of intelligence" could be simulated. The Rockefeller Foundation found the proposal interesting enough to put up seventy-five hundred dollars for the conference. Needless to say, twenty-five years later the several participants in the conference have different ideas of what its significance was. Minsky told

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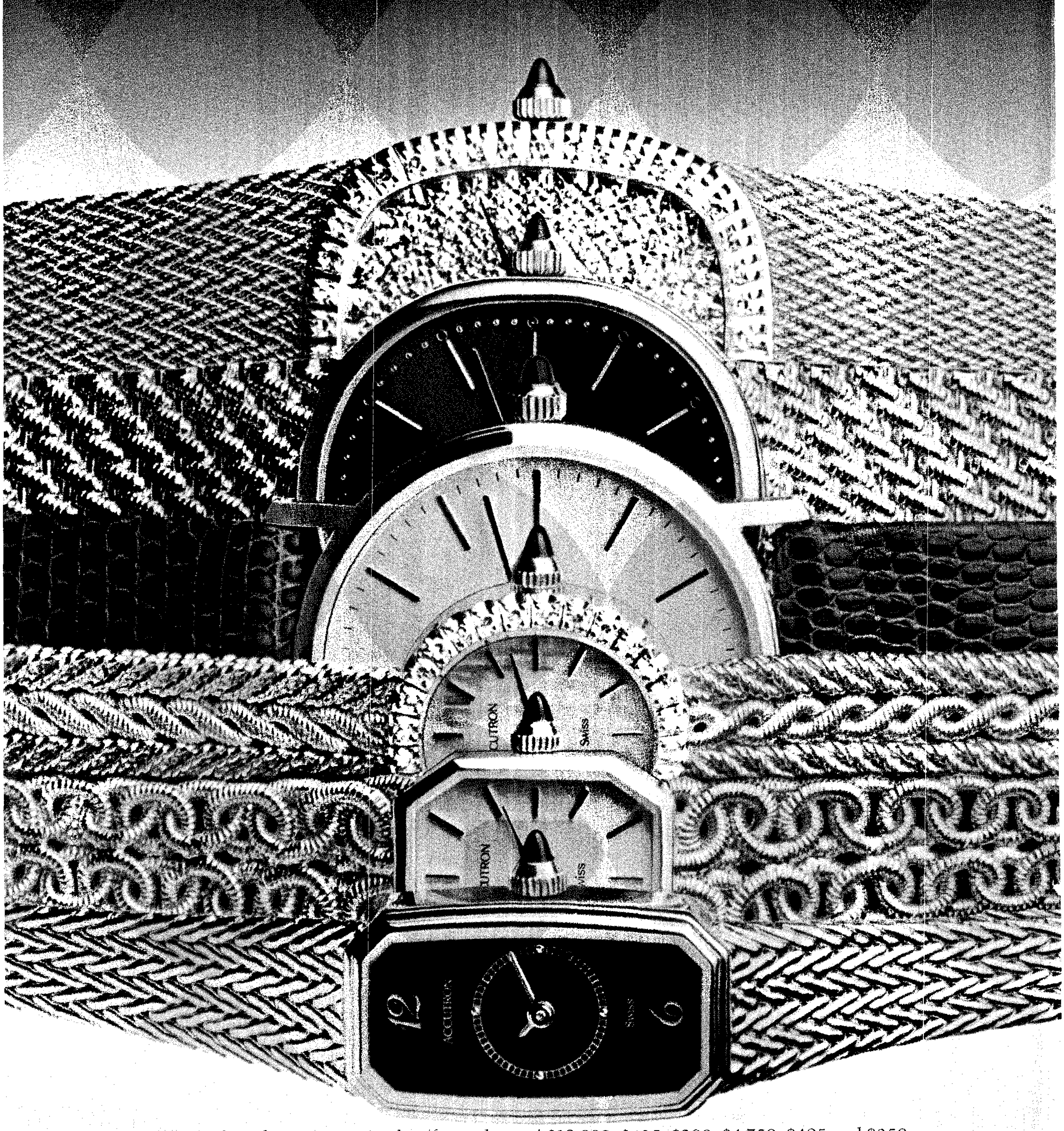
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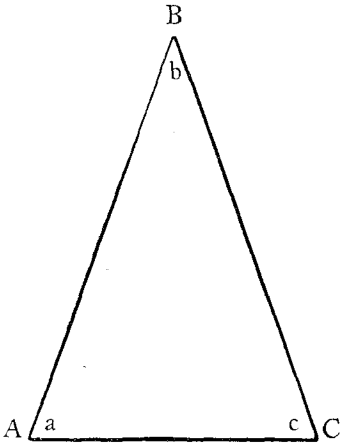
me a few of the things that struck him. "My friend Nat Rochester, of I.B.M., had been programming a neural-network model—I think he got the idea from Donald Hebb's book 'The Organization of Behavior,' and not from me—on the I.B.M. 701 computer," Minsky recalled. "His model had several hundred neurons, all connected to one another in some terrible way. I think it was his hope that if you gave the network some simultaneous stimuli it would develop some neurons that were sensitive to this coincidence. I don't think he had anything specific in mind but was trying to discover correlations—something that could have been of profound importance. Nat would run the machine for a long time and then print out pages of data showing the state of the neural net. When he came to Dartmouth, he brought with him a cubic foot of these printouts. He said, 'I am trying to see if anything is happening, but I can't see anything.' But if one didn't know what to look for one might miss any evidence of self-organization of these nets, even if it did take place. I think that that is what I had been worried about when I decided not to use computers to study some of the ideas connected with my thesis." The other thing that struck Minsky at Dartmouth has by now become one of the great legends in the field of artificial intelligence. It is the sequence of events that culminated when, in 1959, for the first time, a computer was used —by Herbert Gelernter, a young physicist with I.B.M.—to prove an interesting theorem in geometry.

I had come across so many versions of this story that I was especially interested in hearing Minsky's recollection. Sometime in the late spring of 1956, Minsky had become interested in the idea of using computers to prove the geometric theorems in Euclid. During that spring, he began to reread Euclid. "If you look through Euclid's books, you find that he proves hundreds of theorems," he told me. "I said to myself, 'There are really only a small number of types of theorems. There are theorems about proving that angles are equal, there are theorems about circles intersecting, there are theorems about areas, and so forth.' Next, I focussed on the different ways Euclid proves, for example, that certain angles are equal. One way is to show that the angles are in congruent triangles. I sketched all this out on a few pieces of paper. I didn't have a computer, so I simulated one on paper. I decided to try it out on one of Euclid's first theorems, which is to prove that the base angles of an isosceles triangle are equal. I started working on that, and after a few hours—this was during the Dartmouth conference—I nearly jumped out of my chair."

To understand Minsky's excitement, one must look at an isosceles triangle:



We are given that the line segments AB and BC are equal; the problem is to show that the base angles *a* and *c* are equal. To prove this, one has to show that the angles *a* and *c* are in congruent triangles. Minsky recalled saying to himself, "My problem is to design a machine to find the proof. Any student can find a proof. I mustn't tell the machine exactly what to do. That would eliminate the problem. I have to give it some general techniques that it can use for itself—ways that *might* work. For example, I could tell it that the angles *a* and *c* might lie in congruent triangles. I would also have to tell it how to decide if two triangles *were* congruent. I made a diagram of how the machine could use them by trying new combinations when old ones failed. Once I had this set up, I pretended I was the machine and traced out what I would do. I would first notice that the angle *a* is in the triangle BAC but the angle *c* is in the triangle BCA. My machine would be able to figure this out. Next, it would ask if these two triangles were congruent. It would start comparing the triangles. It would soon notice that these were the *same* triangle with different labellings. Its techniques would lead it to make this identification. That's when I jumped out of my chair. The imaginary machine had found a proof, and it wasn't even the same proof that is given in Euclid. He constructed two new triangles by dropping a perpendicular from B to the line AC. I had never heard of this proof, although it had been invented by Pappus, a Greek geometer from Alexandria, who lived six hundred years after Euclid. It is sometimes credited to Frederick the Great. I thought that my program would have to go on a long logical search to find Euclid's proof. A human being—Euclid, for example—might have said that before we prove two triangles are congruent we have to make sure that there *are* two triangles. But my machine was perfectly willing to accept the idea that BAC and BCA *are* two triangles, whereas a human being feels it's sort of degenerate to give two names to the same object. A human being would say, 'I don't have two houses just because my house has a front door and a back door.' I realized that, in a way, my machine's originality had emerged from its ignorance. My machine did not realize that BAC and BCA are the same triangle—only that they have the same shapes. So this proof emerges because the machine doesn't understand what a triangle is in the many deep ways that a human being does—ways that might inhibit you from making this identification. All it knows is some logical relationships between parts of triangles—but it knows nothing of other ways to think about shapes and space."

Minsky smiled and went on, "For me, the rest of the summer at Dartmouth was a bit of a shambles. I said, 'That was too easy. I must try it on more problems.' The next one I tried was 'If the bisectors of two of a triangle's angles are equal in length, then the triangle has two equal sides.' My imaginary machinery couldn't prove this at all, but neither could I. Another junior fellow at Harvard, a physicist named Tai Tsun Wu, showed me a proof that he remembered from high school, in China. But Nat Rochester was very impressed by the first proof, and when he went back to I.B.M. after the summer he recruited Gelernter, who had just got his doctorate in physics and was interested in computers, to write a program to enable a computer to prove a geometric theorem. Now, a few months earlier, a new computer language called I.P.L. —for 'information-processing language'—had been invented by Allen Newell, J. C. Shaw, and Herbert Simon, working at the Rand Corporation and the Carnegie Institute of Technology." Newell and Shaw were computer scientists, both of whom worked for Rand, but Newell was getting his doctorate at Carnegie Tech with Herbert Simon, who was in fact a professor at the Graduate School of Industrial Administration. In 1978, Simon was awarded the Nobel Prize in Economic Science. "It was John McCarthy's notion to combine some of I.P.L.'s ideas with those of FORTRAN—the I.B.M. programming language that was in the process of being developed—to make a new language in which the geometry program would be written," Minsky went on. "Gelernter found ways of doing this. He called his new language FLPL, for 'FORTRAN List-Processing Language.' FORTRAN, by the way, stands for 'formula translation.' Well, FLPL never got much beyond I.B.M. But a couple of years later McCarthy, building on I.P.L. and Gelernter's work and combining this with some ideas that Alonzo Church, a mathematician at Princeton, had published in the nineteen-thirties, invented a new language called LISP, for 'list-processing,' which became our research-computer language for the next generation." By 1959, Gelernter had made his program work. Having done that, he gave it the job of proving that the base angles of an isosceles triangle are equal. The computer found Pappus' proof.

IN 1957, Minsky became a member of the staff of M.I.T.'s Lincoln Laboratory, where he worked with Oliver Selfridge, one of the first to study computer pattern-recognition. The following year, Minsky was hired by the mathematics department at M.I.T. as an assistant professor, and that year he and McCarthy, who had come to M.I.T. from Dartmouth the year following the conference, started the A.I. Group. McCarthy remained at M.I.T. for four more years, and during that time he originated or completed some developments in computer science that have since become a fundamental part of the field. One of these was what is now universally known as time-sharing. "The idea of time-sharing was to arrange things so that many people could use a computer at the same time instead of in the traditional way, in which the computer processed one job after another," Minsky explained to me. "In those days, it usually took a day or two for the computer to do anything—even a job that needed just two seconds of the computer's time. The trouble was that you couldn't work with the computer yourself. First, you'd write your program on paper, and then punch holes in cards for it. Then you'd have to leave the deck of cards for someone to put in the computer when it finished its other jobs. This could take a day or two. Then, most programs would fail anyway, because of mistakes in concept—or in hole punching. So it could take ten such attempts to make even a small program work—an entire week wasted. This meant that weeks could pass before you could see what was wrong with your original idea. People got used to the idea that it should take months to develop interesting programs. The idea of time-sharing was to make the computer switch very quickly from one job to another. At first, it doesn't sound very complicated, but it turned out that there were some real problems. The credit for solving them goes to McCarthy and to another M.I.T. computer scientist, Fernando Corbató, and to their associates at M.I.T."

Minsky went on, "One of the problems was that if you want to run several jobs on a computer, you need ways to change quickly what is in the computer's memory. To do that, we had to develop new kinds of high-speed memories for computers. One trick was to develop ways to put new information into the memories while taking other information out. That doubled the speed. A more basic problem was something that we called memory protection. One had to arrange things so that if there were several pieces of different people's programs in a computer one piece could not damage another one by, say, erasing it from the main memory. We introduced what we called protection registers to prevent this from happening. Without them, the various users would have interacted with one another in unexpected ways. One of the most interesting aspects of all this was that for a long time we couldn't convince the computer manufacturers that what we were doing was important. They thought that time-sharing was a waste of time, so to say. I think that many of them were confused about the difference between what is called time-sharing and what is called multiprocessing, which means having different parts of the computer running different parts of someone's program at the same time—something totally different from the idea of many people sharing the same computer nearly simultaneously, with each user getting a fraction of a second on the machine. I.B.M., for example, was working on a system in which a program was being run, another one was being written on tape, and a third one was being prepared—all simultaneously. That was not what we had in mind. We wanted, say, a hundred users to be able to make use of the hardware at once. It took several years before we got a computer manufacturer to take this seriously. Finally, we got the Digital Equipment Corporation, in Maynard, Massachusetts, to supply the needed hardware. The company had been founded by friends of ours from M.I.T., and we collaborated with them to make their little computer—the PDP-1—into a time-sharing prototype. Soon, they had the first commercial versions of time-sharing computers. Digital Equipment eventually became one of the largest computer companies in the world. Then we decided to time-share M.I.T.'s big I.B.M. computer. It worked so beautifully that on the basis of it M.I.T. got three million dollars a year for a long time for research in computer science from the Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Defense Department."

Time-sharing is now used universally. It is even possible to hook up one's home computer by telephone to, for instance, one of the big computers at M.I.T. and run any problem one can think of from one's living room.

THE computer revolution in which people like Minsky and McCarthy have played such a large role has come about in part because of the invention of the transistor and in part because of the development of higher-level computer languages that have become so simple that even young children have little trouble learning to use them. The transistor was invented in 1948 by John Bardeen, Walter H. Brattain, and William Shockley, physicists then at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and in 1956 they were awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for their work. The transistor has evolved in many different ways since the days of the original invention, but, basically, it is still made of a material in which the electrons have just the right degree of attachment to nearby atoms. When the electrons are attached too loosely, as in a metal, they are free to move anywhere in the material. Hence, metals conduct electricity. Attached too tightly, as in an elec-

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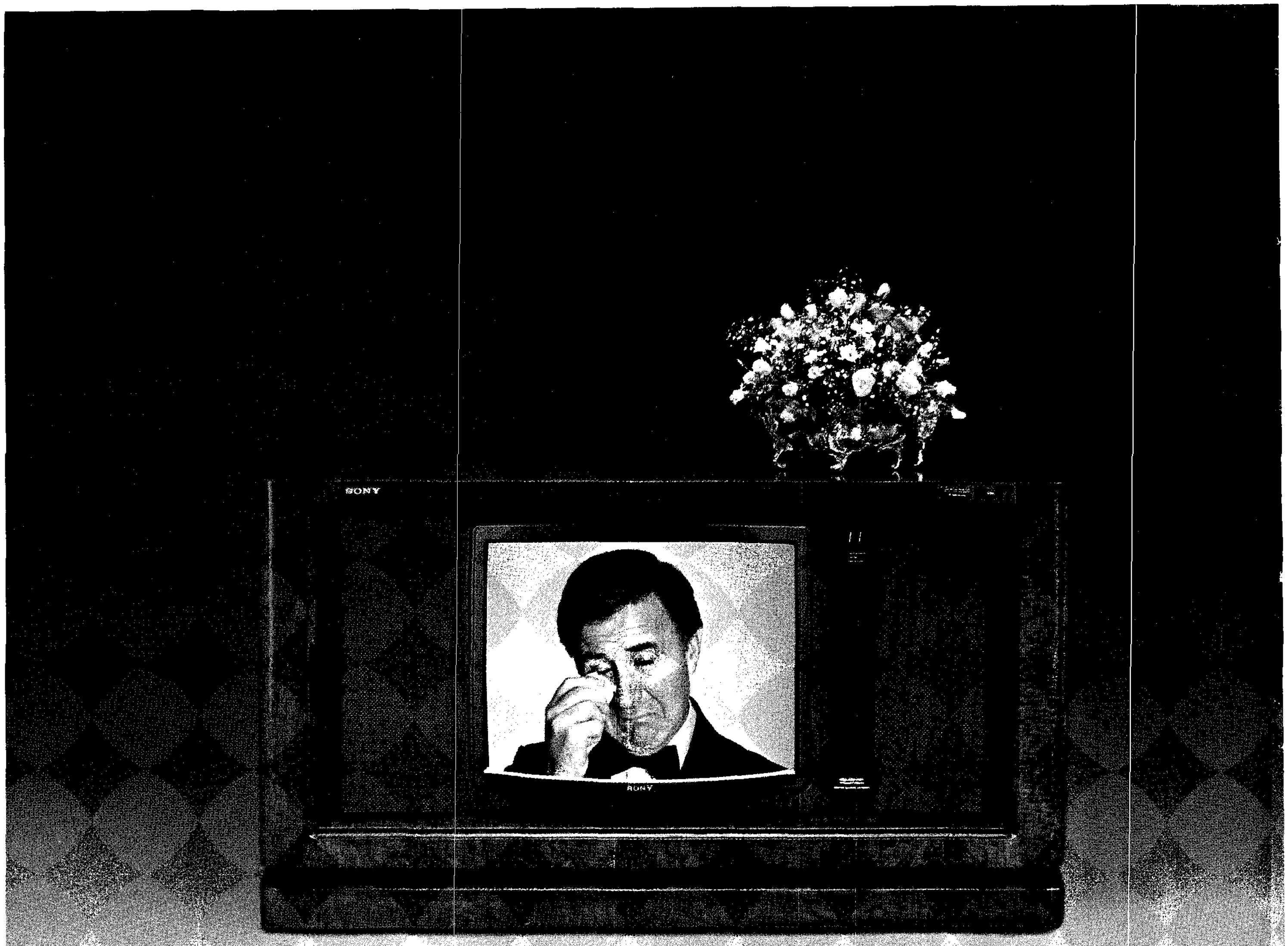

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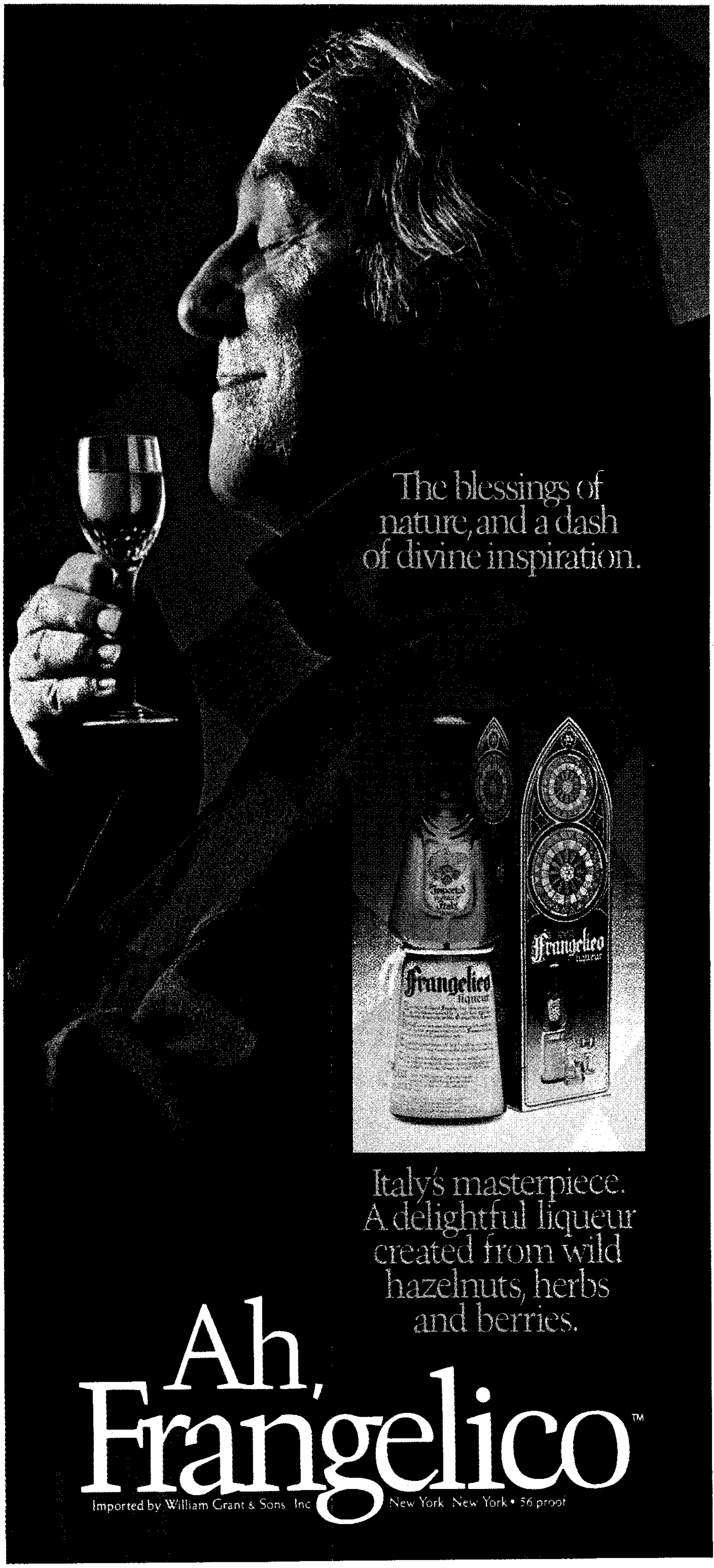
trical insulator, the electrons cannot move freely; they are stuck. But in pure crystalline silicon and a couple of other crystalline substances the electrons are bound just loosely enough so that small electrical force fields can move them in a controllable way. Such substances are called semiconductors. The trick in making a transistor is to introduce an impurity into the crystal—a process known as doping it. Two basic types of impurities are introduced, and scientists refer to these as *n* types and *p* types—negative and positive. One substance used for doping the crystal is phosphorus, an *n* type. The structure of phosphorus is such that it contains one electron more than can be fitted into the bonds between the phosphorus atoms and the atoms of, say, silicon. If a small voltage is applied to a silicon crystal doped with phosphorus, this electron will move, creating a current of negative charges. (The charge of an electron is, by convention, taken as negative.) Conversely, if an element like boron is inserted into the silicon lattice, an electron deficiency is created—what is known as a hole. When a voltage is applied, an electron from an atom of silicon will move to fill in the hole, and this will leave yet another hole. This progression of holes cannot be distinguished in its effects from a current of positive charges. To make transistors, one constructs sandwiches of *n*-type and *p*-type doped crystals. The great advantage of the transistor is that the electrons will respond to small amounts of electric power. In the old vacuum tubes, it took a lot of power to get the electrons to move, and a lot of waste heat was generated. Moreover, the transistor can be miniaturized, since all of its activity takes place on an atomic scale.

The first commercial transistor radios appeared on the market in 1954. They were manufactured by the Regency division of Industrial Development Engineering Associates, Inc., of Indianapolis (and were not, as it happened, a commercial success). By 1959, the Fairchild Semiconductor Corporation had developed the first integrated circuit. In such a circuit, a chip of silicon is doped in certain regions to create many transistors, which are connected to one another by a conducting material like aluminum, since aluminum is easier than, say, copper to attach to the silicon. In 1961, the Digital Equipment Corporation marketed the first minicomputer, and in 1963—first in Britain and then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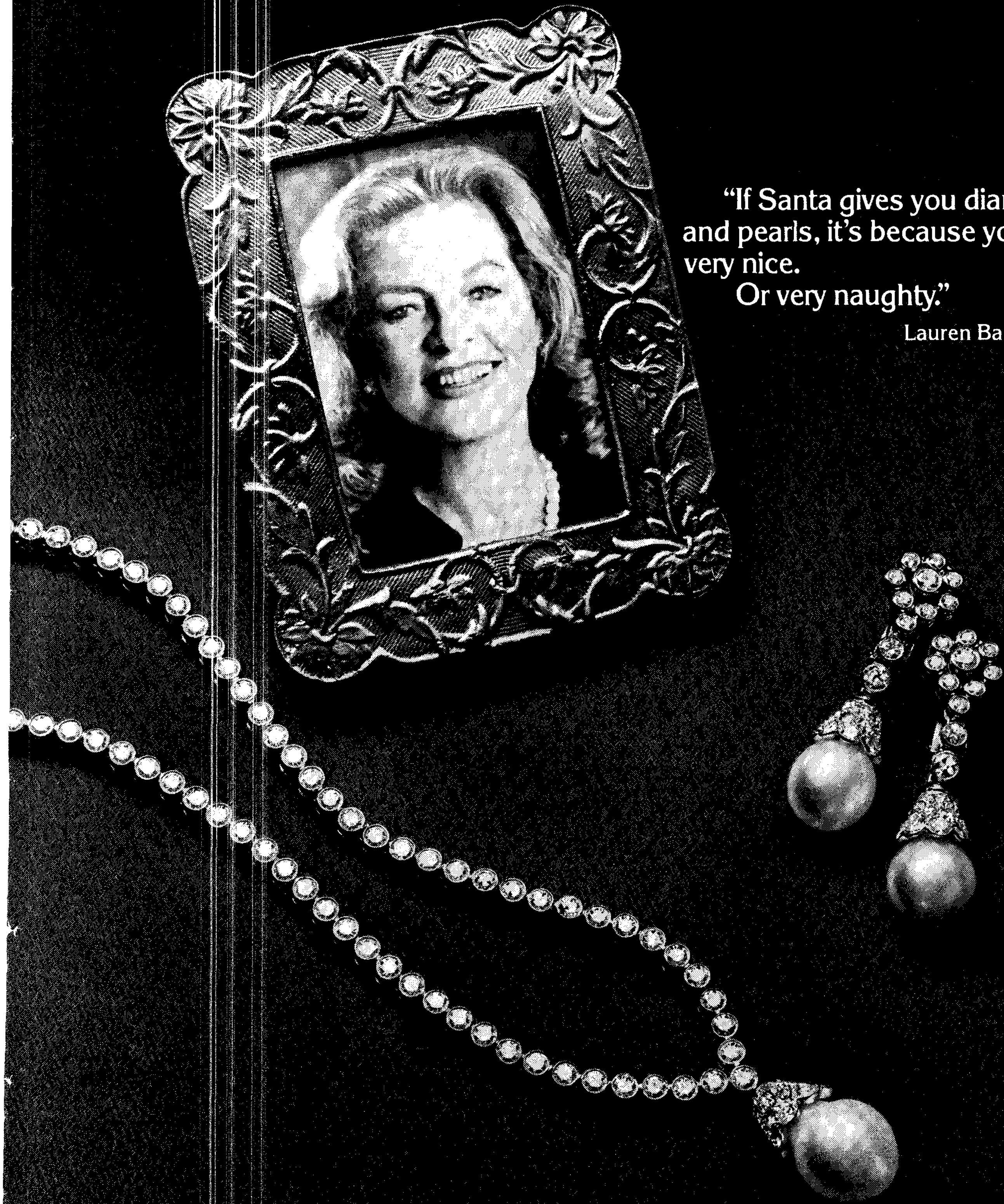

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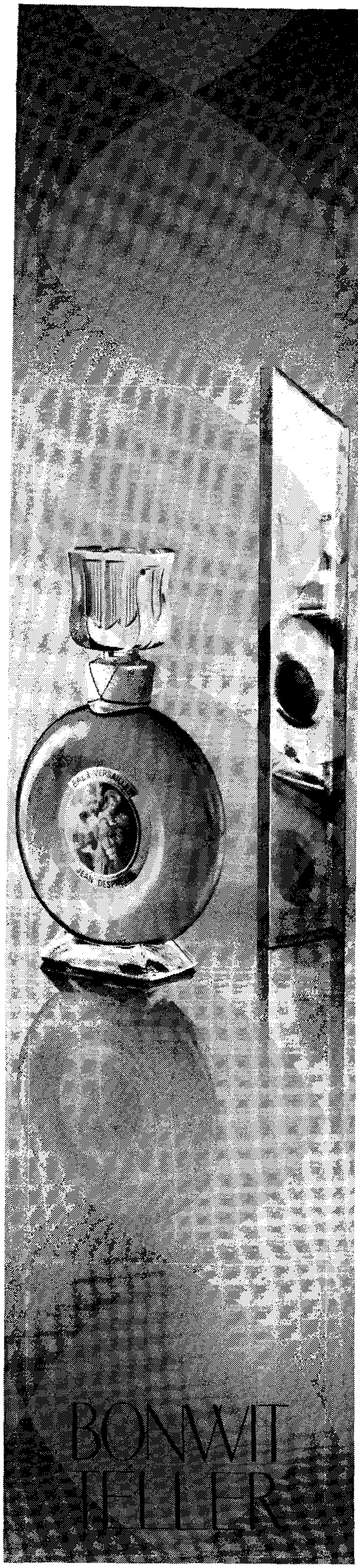

in the United States—electronic pocket calculators with semiconductor components were being manufactured, although it was not until the nineteen-seventies that mass production brought the costs down to where they are now.

Still, the developments in computer hardware do not in themselves account for the ubiquity of computers in contemporary life. Parallel to the creation of this technology has been a steady evolution in the way people interact with machines. Herman Goldstine, who helped to design both the ENIAC, at the University of Pennsylvania, and the von Neumann computer, at the Institute for Advanced Study, points out in his book "The Computer from Pascal to von Neumann" that the von Neumann computer had a basic vocabulary of twenty-nine instructions. Each instruction was coded in a ten-bit expression. A bit is simply the information that, say, a register is on or off. There was a register known as the accumulator in the machine, and it functioned like a scratch pad. Numbers could be brought in and out of the accumulator and operated on in various ways. The instruction "Clear the accumulator"—that is, erase what was on the register—was, to take one example, written as the binary number 1111001010. Each location in the machine's memory had an "address," which was also coded by a ten-digit binary expression. There were a thousand and twenty-four possible addresses ($2^{10}=1,024$), which meant that the Institute's machine could label, or address, a thousand and twenty-four "words" of memory.

Hence a typical "machine language" phrase on the Institute computer might be:

00000010101111001010

This meant "Clear the accumulator and replace what had been stored in it by whatever number was at the address 0000001010." Obviously, a program written for this machine would consist of a sequence of these numerical phrases, and a long—or even not so long—program of this sort would be all but impossible for anyone except, perhaps, a trained mathematician to follow. It is also clear that if this situation had not changed drastically few people would have learned to program computers.

By the early nineteen-fifties, the first attempts to create the modern programming languages were under way. In essence, these attempts and the later ones have involved the development of an understanding of what one does—the steps that one follows—in trying to solve a problem, and have led the workers in this field to a deeper and deeper examination of the logic of problem-solving. Initially, the concentration was on the relatively simple steps that one follows in doing a fundamental arithmetic problem, like finding the square root of a number. It became clear that certain subroutines or subprograms—such as a routine for addition—came into play over and over. Once these subroutines were identified, one could make a code—what is called a compiler—that would automatically translate them into machine language every time they were needed in a computation. J. Halcombe Laning and Neal Zierler, at M.I.T., and, independently, Heinz Rutishauser, of the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule (Albert Einstein's alma mater), in Zurich, were among the first to attempt this. Their work did not gain wide acceptance, however, and it was not until the late fifties, after a group led by John Backus, a computer scientist with I.B.M., had developed FORTRAN, that computers became widely accessible. Some years ago, I had an opportunity to discuss the development of FORTRAN with Backus. He told me that he and his group had proceeded more or less by trial and error. A member of the group would suggest a small test program, and they would use the evolving FORTRAN system to translate it into machine language to see what would happen. They were constantly surprised by what the machine did. When the system was fairly well advanced, they began to race their FORTRAN-made programs against machine-language programs produced for the same job by a human programmer. They used a stopwatch to see which program was faster. If the FORTRAN-made programs had turned out to be substantially slower, they could not have become a practical alternative to their man-programmed machine-language competitors. It took Backus and his group two and a half years to develop FORTRAN; it was completed in 1957.

In a 1979 *Scientific American* article, Jerome A. Feldman, chairman of the computer-science department at the University of Rochester, noted that in the United States alone there were at that time more than a hundred and fifty programming languages used for various purposes. For simple nu-

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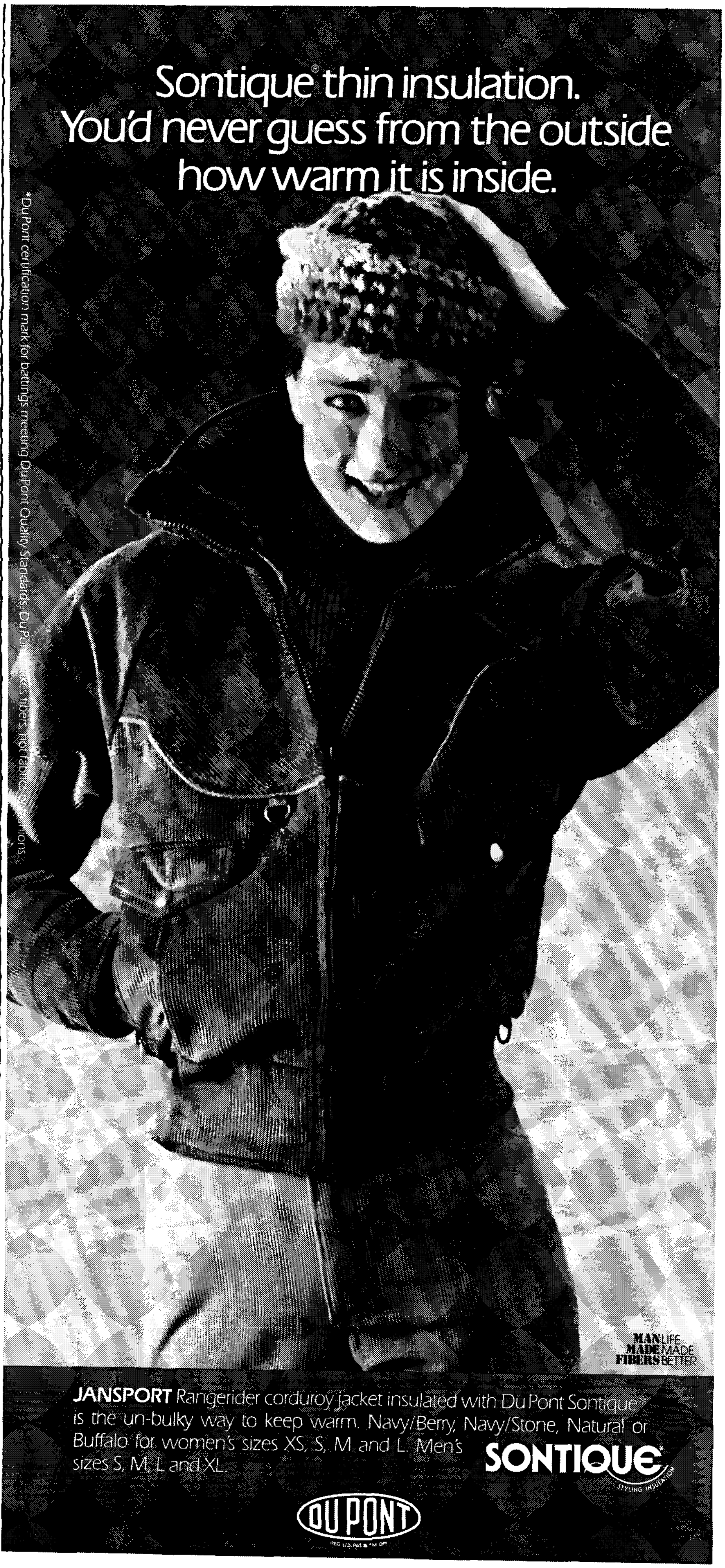
merical computations, most of these languages work almost equally well; in fact, BASIC (for "beginner's all-purpose symbolic instruction code"), which was developed by a group at Dartmouth in 1963-64, is the most widely available language for small home computers, and will enable people to do about anything that they want to do with such a computer. (What most people seem to want to do with these computers is play games on them, and the programs for games come ready-made.) These small computers have very little memory—at most, sixty-five thousand eight-bit words—and so cannot fully exploit the most advanced computer languages, although simplified versions of some high-level languages are available. The differences begin to be felt in the complex programs needed in the field of artificial intelligence. For these programs, FORTRAN and BASIC are simply not sophisticated enough. When FORTRAN was first invented, computer memory cost over a dollar per memory bit. Today, one can buy a sixty-five-thousand-bit memory-circuit chip for around six dollars—so memory is about ten thousand times as cheap now. The next generation of personal computers should give their users the most advanced computer languages. But someday, according to Minsky, the most useful programs for personal computers will be based on artificial-intelligence programs that write programs of their own. The idea is for an ordinary person—not a programmer—to describe what he wants a program to do in informal terms, perhaps simply by showing the program-writing program some examples. Then it will write a computer program to do what was described—a process that will be much cheaper than hiring a professional programmer.

Between machine language and compilers, there is another level of computer-language abstraction—assemblers—which was developed even before the compilers. In an assembly-language instruction, instead of writing out a string of binary digits that might tell the machine to add two numbers one can simply write "ADD" in the program, and this will be translated into machine language. FORTRAN is one step up from this in sophistication. In any computation, the next step will often depend on the result of a previous step. If one number turns out to be larger than another, one will want to do one thing, and in the opposite case another thing. This



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can be signalled in a FORTRAN program by the instruction "IF" followed by instructions for what to do in either of the alternative cases—a marvellous simplification, provided that one knows in advance that there *are* two cases. In a chess-playing program, one might well get into a situation in which the number of cases that one would like to examine would depend on one's position on the board, which cannot be predicted. One would thus like the machine to be able to reflect on what it is doing before it proceeds. In the late nineteen-fifties, a new class of languages was developed to give computers the capacity for reflection. The instructions in these languages interact creatively with the machine.

When I asked Minsky about these languages, he said, "In an ordinary programming language, like FORTRAN or BASIC, you have to do a lot of hard things to get the program even started—and sometimes it's impossible to do these things. You must state in advance that in the computer memory certain locations are going to be used for certain specific things. You have to know in advance that it is going to use, say, two hundred storage cells in its memory. A typical program is made up of a lot of different processes, and in ordinary programs you must say in advance how each of these processes is to get the information from the others and where it is to store it. These are called declarations and storage allocations. Therefore, the programmer must know in advance what processes there will be. So you can't get a FORTRAN program to do something that is essentially new. If you don't know in advance what the program will do, you can't make storage allocations for it. In these new languages, however, the program system automatically creates space for new things as the program creates them. The machine treats memory not as being in any particular place but, rather, as consisting of one long string, and when it needs a new location it just takes it off the beginning of the string. When it discovers that some part of the program is not being used, it automatically puts it at the end of the string, where it can be used again if it is needed—a process that is known in the computer business as garbage collection. The machine manipulates symbols, and not merely numbers. It is much closer to using a natural language." One remarkable feature of these new list-processing languages is

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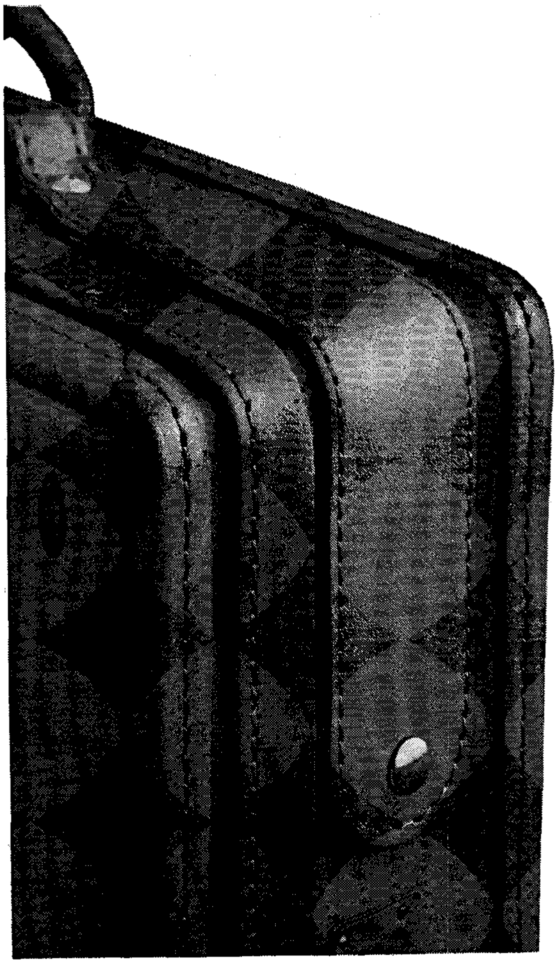
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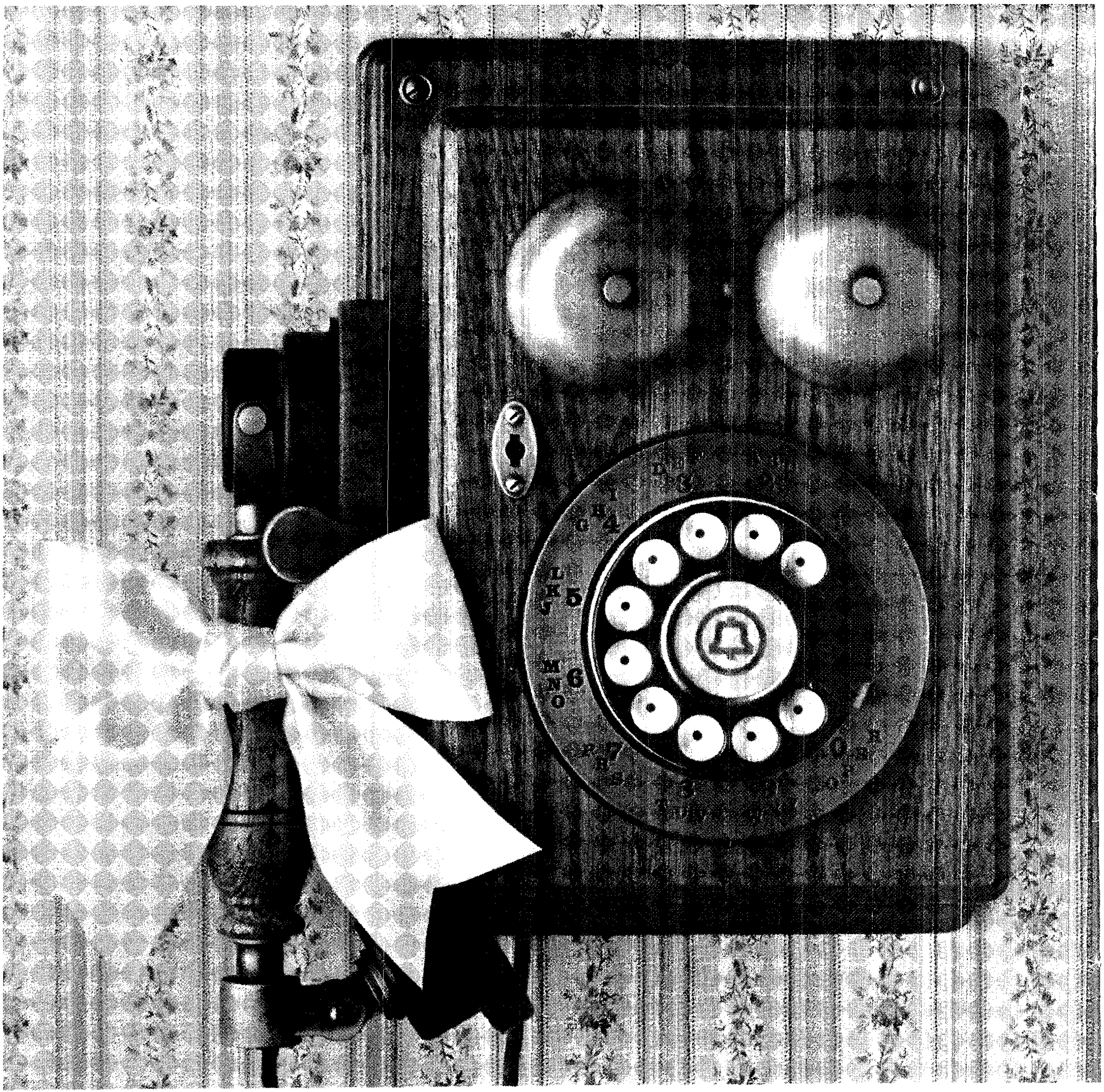

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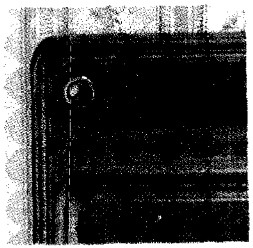

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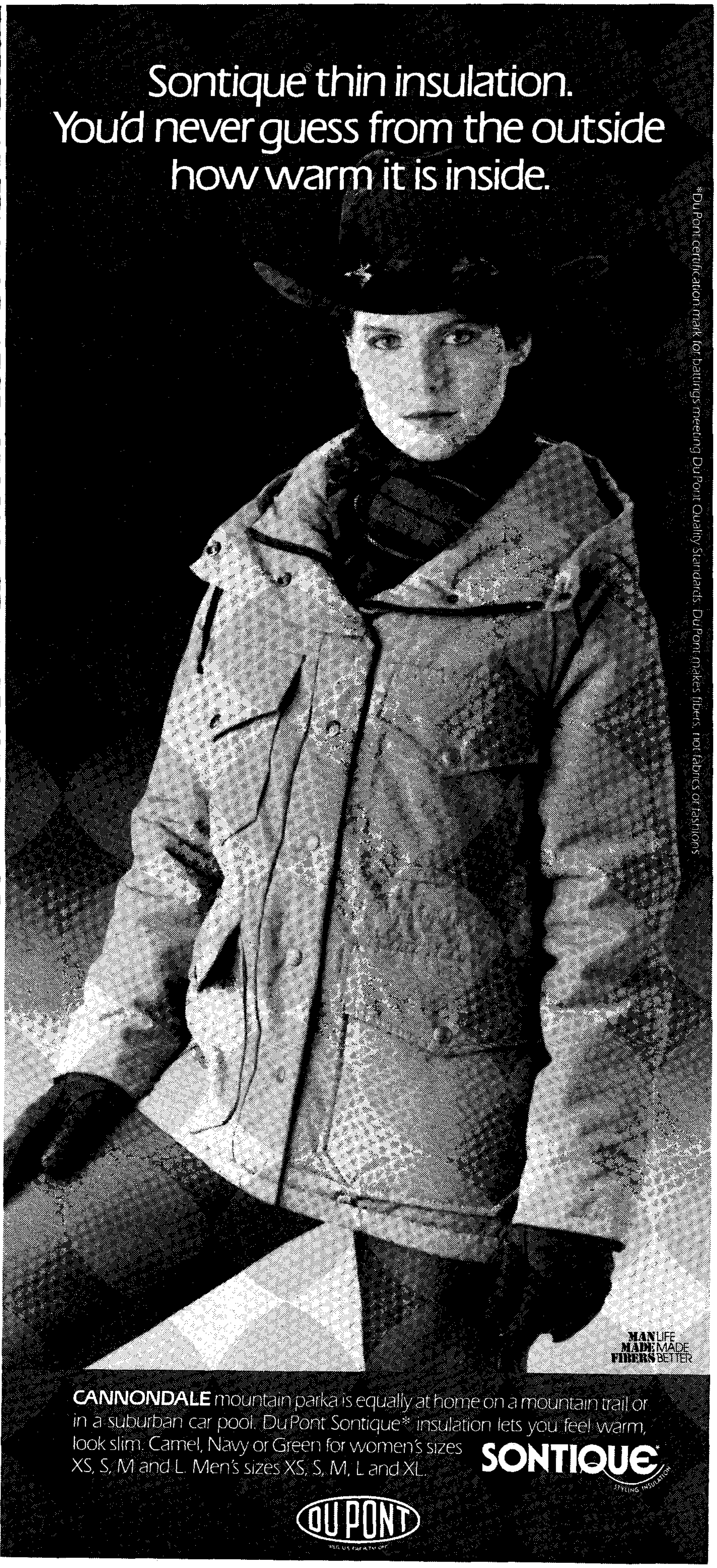
that they can be used to design other new languages. A list-processing program can be designed to read and write list-processing programs, and so generate new programs of essentially limitless complexity.

The development of the list-processing languages derived from attempts to carry out two of the classic problems in artificial intelligence: the use of machines to play games like chess and checkers, and the use of machines to prove theorems in mathematics and mathematical logic. Many of the programming ideas in the two domains are the same. The first significant modern paper on chess-playing programs was written in 1950 by Claude Shannon, then at the Bell Labs, who later, in the sixties and early seventies, preceded Minsky as the Donner Professor at M.I.T. The basic element in Shannon's analysis—and in all subsequent analyses, including those that have made possible the commercially available chess-playing machines—is a set of what scientists call game trees; each branching of a game tree opens up new possibilities, just as each move in a chess game creates more possible moves. A player opening a chess game has twenty possible moves. On his second play he can have as many as thirty. As play progresses, the number of possible combinations of moves expands enormously. In a typical game, all future possible positions would be represented by a number on the order of $10^{120}$—an absurdly large number. If a computer could process these possibilities at the rate of one per billionth of a second, it would take $10^{111}$ seconds to run the entire game tree for a single chess game. But the universe is only about $10^{17}$ seconds old, so this is not the way to go. (In checkers, there are only $10^{40}$ possible positions, which at the same rate would take $10^{22}$ centuries—or $10^{31}$ seconds—to consider.) Obviously, the human player can consider only a minute fraction of the branches of the tree of continuations resulting from any given chess move, and the computer must be programmed to do the same. While Shannon did not actually write a computer program for making such considerations, he did suggest a framework for a program. First, one would choose a depth—two or three moves—to which one would analyze all legal moves and their responses, and one would evaluate the position at the end of each of these moves. On the basis of evaluations, one would choose the move that led to the "best" final con-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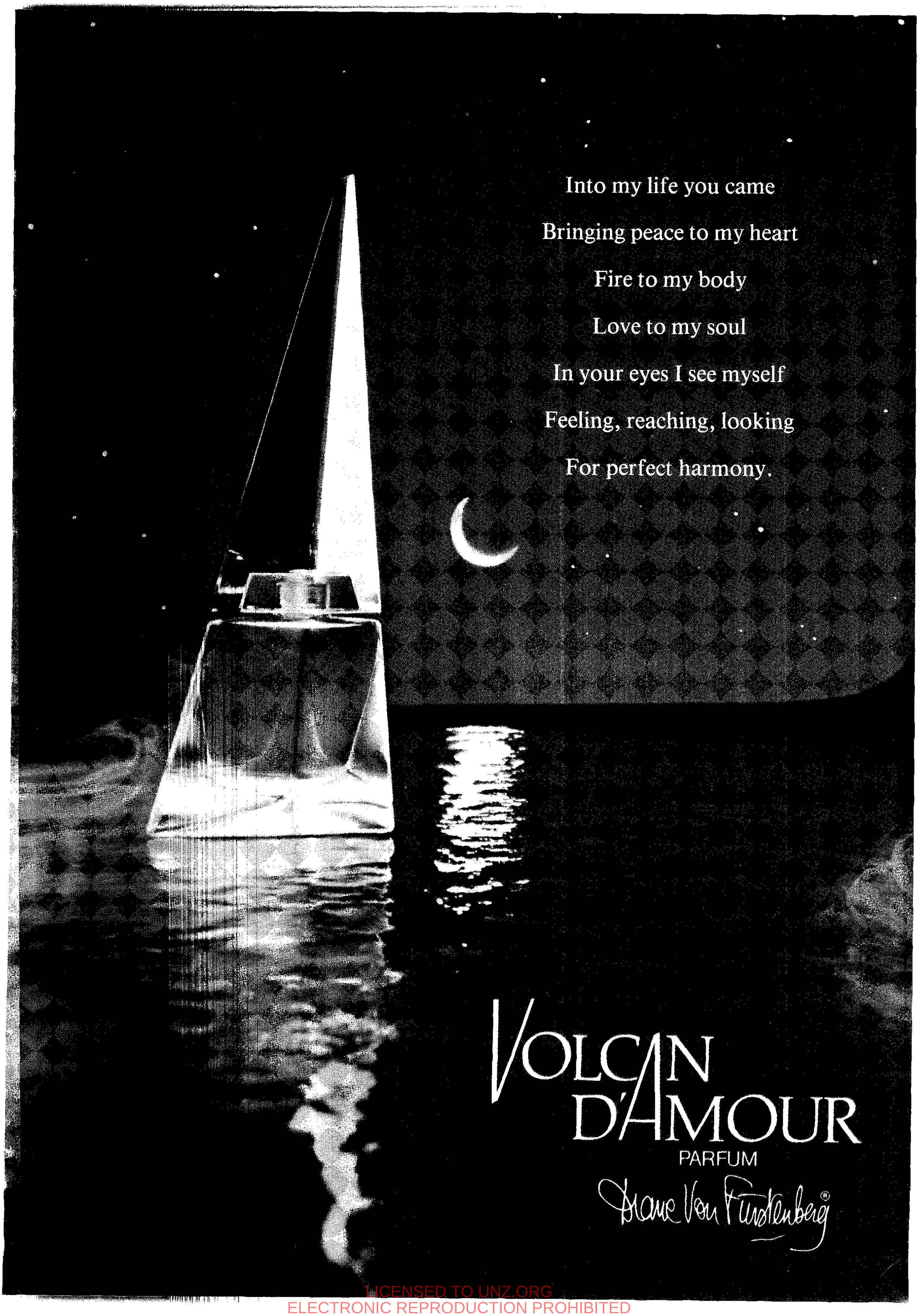
figuration. In a position where there are, say, three legal moves, white may find that one move will lead to a draw if black makes his best move; in another of the three moves, white will lose if black does what he is supposed to do; and in the third possible move white will win if black misplays but will lose if black plays correctly. In such a situation, Shannon's procedure would call for white to make the first of the three moves—an assumption that would guarantee a draw. In reality, matters are rarely as cut and dried as this, so more complicated criteria, such as material mobility, king defense, and area control, have to be introduced and given numerical weights in the calculation, and Shannon suggested procedures for this. In 1951, the British mathematician Alan Turing—who after von Neumann was probably the most influential thinker of this century concerning the logic of automata—developed a program to carry out Shannon's scheme. Since he did not have a computer to try it on, it was tried in a game in which the two players simulated computers. It lost to a weak player. In 1956, a program written by a group at Los Alamos was tried on the MANIAC-I computer. Their program, which involved a game tree of much greater depth, used a board with thirty-six spaces (the bishops were eliminated) instead of the board of sixty-four spaces that is used in real chess. The computer beat a weak player. The first full chess-playing program to be run on a computer was devised by Alex Bernstein, a programmer with I.B.M., in 1957. Seven plausible moves were examined to a depth of two moves each, and the program played passable amateur chess. It ran on the I.B.M. 704 computer, which could execute forty-two thousand operations a second, compared with eleven thousand operations a second by the MANIAC-I.

In 1955, Newell, Shaw, and Simon began work on a chess program. In a paper published in 1958 in the *IBM Journal of Research and Development*, they wrote: "In a fundamental sense, proving theorems [in symbolic logic] and playing chess involve the same problem: reasoning with heuristics that select fruitful paths of exploration in a space of possibilities that grows exponentially. The same dilemmas of speed versus selection and uniformity versus sophistication exist in both problem domains." The three also invented what they called the Logic Theorist, which was a program designed to prove certain theorems in symbolic logic. In a 1957 paper on this, published in the *Proceedings of the Western Joint Computer Conference*, they wrote:

> The reason why problems are problems is that the original set of possible solutions given to the problem-solver can be very large, the actual solutions can be dispersed very widely and rarely throughout it, and the cost of obtaining each new element and of testing it can be very expensive. Thus the problem-solver is not really "given" the set of possible solutions; instead he is given some process for generating the elements of that set in some order. This generator has properties of its own, not usually specified in stating the problem; *e.g.*, there is associated with it a certain cost per element produced, it may be possible to change the order in which it produces the elements, and so on. Likewise the verification test has costs and times associated with it. The problem can be solved if these costs are not too large in relation to the time and computing power available for solution.

The Logic Theorist was run on a computer at Rand that was a copy of the von Neumann machine at the Institute for Advanced Study and that Rand had named, over the objections of von Neumann, the JOHNNIAC. The program was able to supply proofs of some fairly complex theorems, though it failed with others. To program the JOHNNIAC, Newell, Shaw, and Simon used their newly invented I.P.L., which was the forerunner of the list-processing languages. In 1958, they wrote their chess program in a later model of this language called I.P.L.-IV for the JOHNNIAC, and they subsequently described its performance as "good in spots." However, most current chess programs are written in machine language rather than in any of the list-processing languages (including LISP), for reasons of speed and economy of memory.

Chess players who compete in tournaments are given a numerical point rating. At present, the mean rating of all the United States tournament players is 1,500. Anatoly Karpov, who is the world champion, is rated by the World Chess Federation at 2,700. The best current chess program is Belle, which was developed by Ken Thompson and Joe Condon, of the Bell Labs, followed closely by the chess programs of Northwestern University—Chess 4.9, designed by David Slate and Lawrence Atkin, and Nuchess, designed by Slate and William Blanchard. Belle is rated at about 2,200, and Chess 4.9 at about 2,050; Nuchess has not yet played in enough tournaments to receive a rating. The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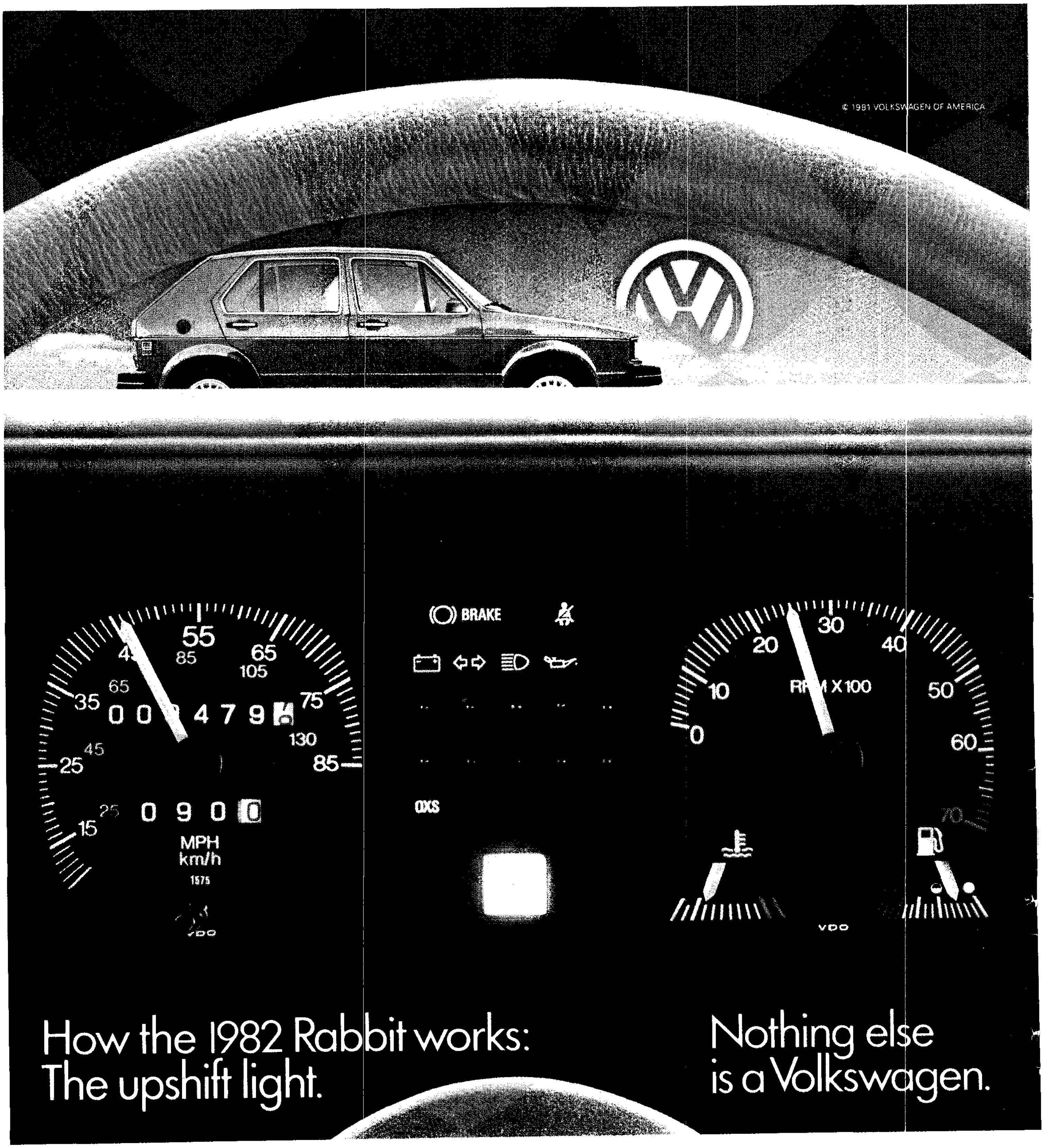

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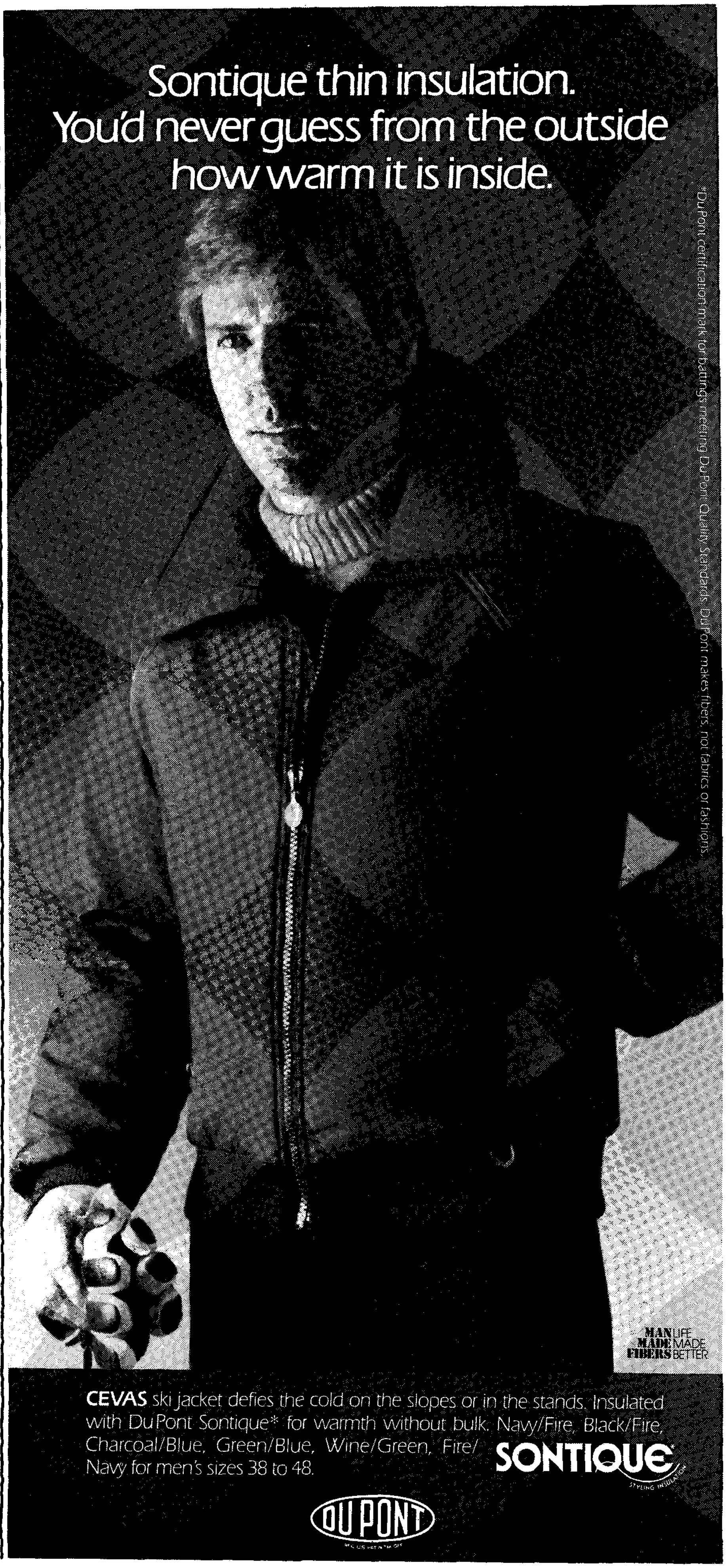
microcomputer chess-playing machines that are available commercially, for between one hundred and four hundred dollars, can be set to play at various levels (some up to 1,800), but at the higher levels they take an eternity to decide on a hard move. In general, these programs do not really mimic what a human chess master can do. The human chess master can take in more or less at a glance the general structure of a position and then analyze a limited number of moves—three or four—to depths that vary greatly depending on the position. To give a famous example, when Bobby Fischer was thirteen he played a tournament game against the master Donald Byrne—a game that some people have called the greatest chess game played in this century. On the seventeenth move, Fischer sacrificed his queen, for reasons apparent at the time to no one but him. The resulting combination was so profound that it was not until twenty-four moves later that Fischer executed the mate he must have seen from the beginning. This game convinced many people—including, no doubt, Fischer—that it was only a matter of time before he became chess champion of the world. It would be fascinating to replay this game with, say, Belle taking Fischer's role, to see if by using its methods, which could be quite different, it would have found this mate. That seems unlikely. Still, Belle now plays chess better than all but five per cent of the American tournament chess players, and there is every reason to believe that in the near future it, or some similar program, will beat all of them.

At present, something of a debate is raging both within the artificial-intelligence community and outside it about what the enterprise of "artificial intelligence" really is. The most commonly accepted idea among workers in the field is that it is the attempt to produce machines whose output resembles, or even finally cannot be distinguished from, that of a human mind. The ultimate machine might by itself be able to perform all the cognitive functions, or, more modestly, many kinds of machines might be needed to perform such functions. The first question that this goal raises is what is meant by a machine. Nearly all workers in the field seem to mean some sort of digital computer when they refer to a machine. In this respect, there is a remarkable fact about computers known since the nineteen-thirties; namely, that although real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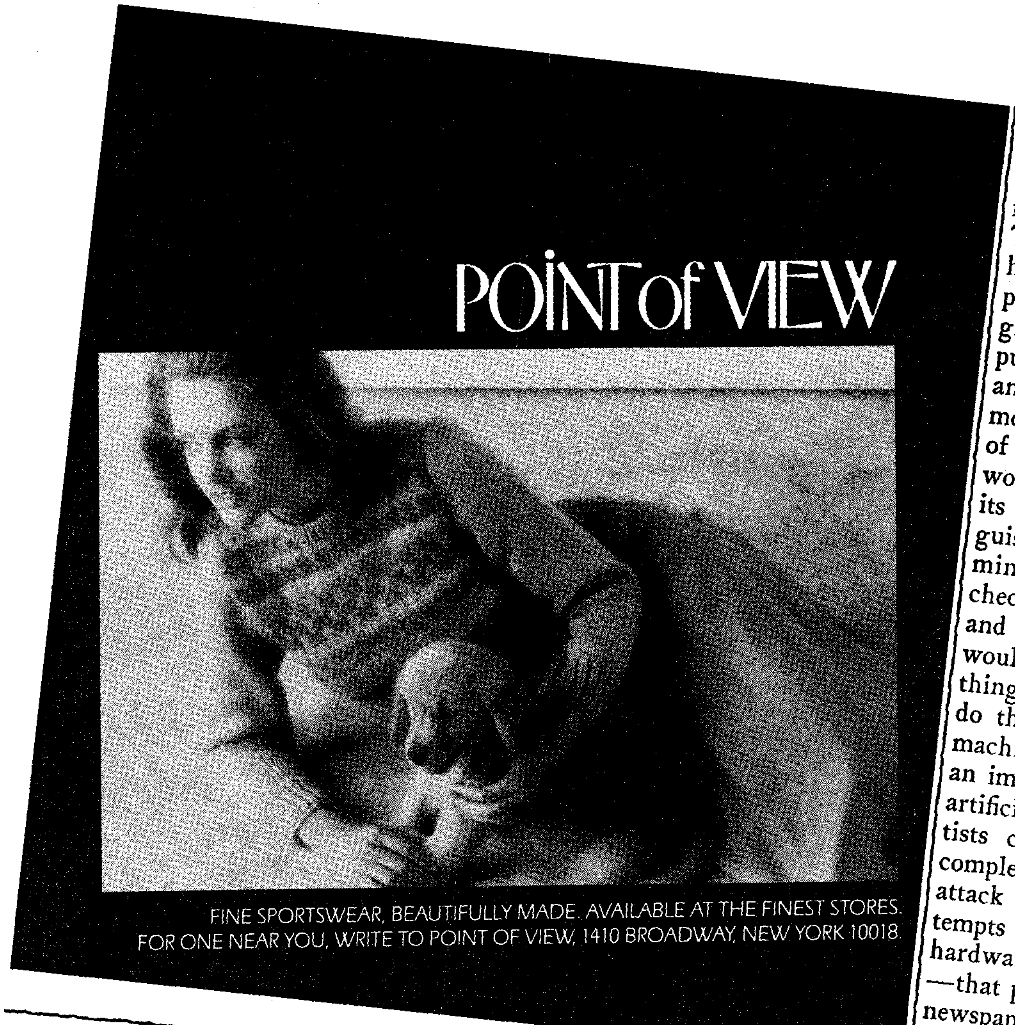
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computers may come in all sorts of models, there is in theory only one kind of computer. This notion derives from the pioneering work of Alan Turing, who conceived of something he called the abstract universal computer, which, in principle, can be programmed to imitate any other computer. This universal computer can do any sequence of operations that any model of computer can do. One view of the goal of artificial intelligence would be to build a computer that, by its output, simply could not be distinguished from a mind. Since human minds play games like chess and checkers, do mathematics, write music, and read books, the ideal machine would have to be able to do all of these things at least as well as human beings do them. Obviously, to make such a machine is an enormous task, perhaps an impossible one. People working in artificial intelligence, like any scientists confronted with an incredibly complex problem, have been trying to attack this task in pieces: thus the attempts to make machines—both the hardware and the necessary programs—that play games, that "understand" newspaper accounts, and that can recognize patterns. That machines can already do all of these things with varying degrees of success is certainly a fact. The debate nowadays is over what this means. Are we thereby approaching a better understanding of the human mind? It is not entirely clear what would settle the debate. Even if a humanoid machine were built, many people would certainly argue that it did not really understand what it was doing, and that it was only simulating intelligence, while the real thing lay beyond it and would always lie beyond it. Minsky feels that there is at least a possibility that this might not be true. He sees the development of artificial intelligence as a kind of evolutionary process and thinks that just as intelligence developed in animals over a long sequence of trials and improvements, the same thing might happen in a shorter time as we guide the evolution of machines.

THE vast majority of the contemporary workers in artificial intelligence have concentrated on the development of increasingly complex programs for computers—an activity that is justifiable, considering all that has been achieved. But it may also be misleading. This point was made in 1979 by the British molecular biologist Francis Crick, in a *Scientific American*

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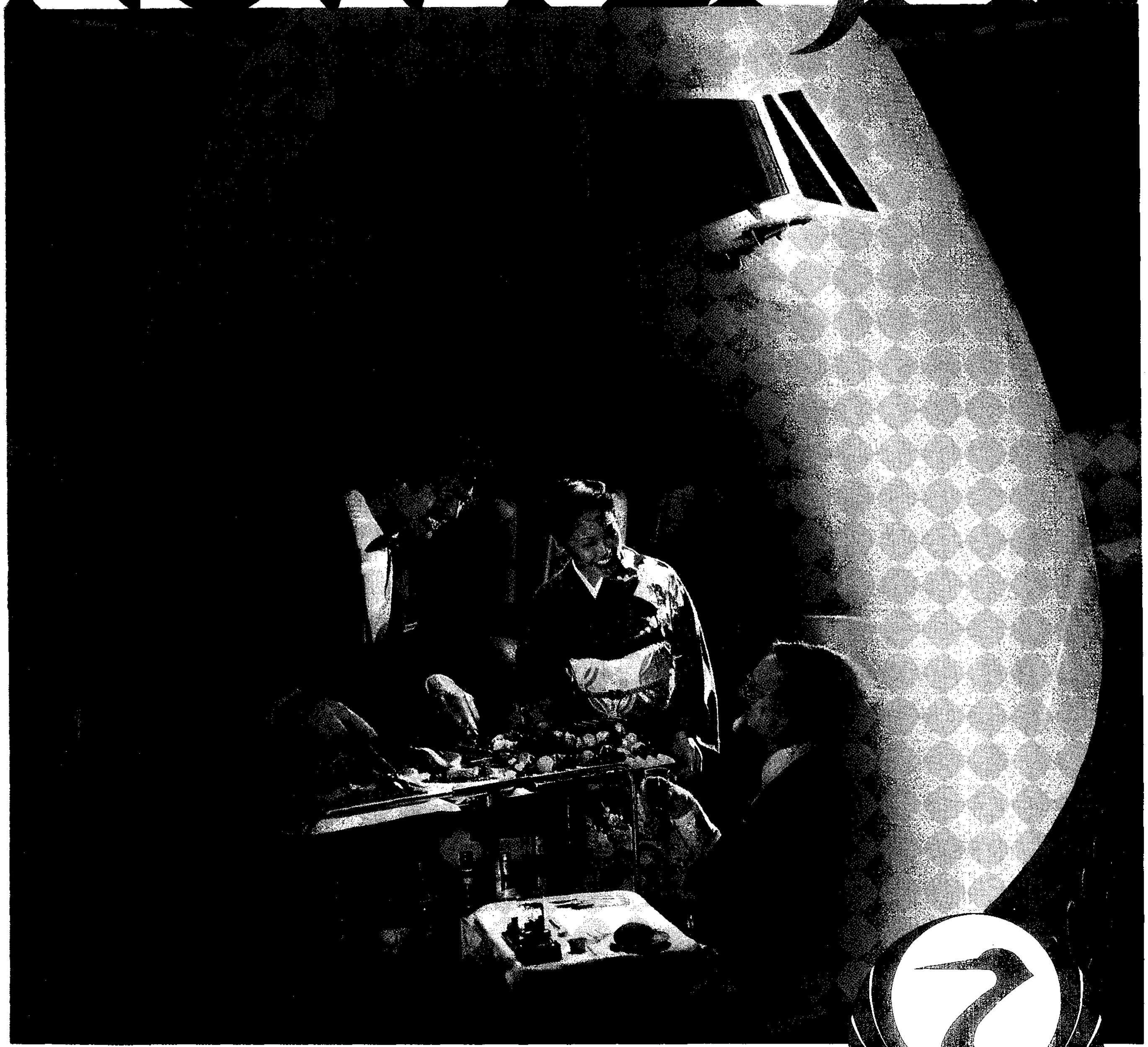

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article called "Thinking about the Brain." Crick writes:

> The advent of larger, faster and cheaper computers, a development that is far from reaching its end, has given us some feeling for what can be achieved by rapid computation. Unfortunately the analogy between a computer and the brain, although it is useful in some ways, is apt to be misleading. In a computer information is processed at a rapid pulse rate and serially. In the brain the rate is much lower, but the information can be handled on millions of channels in parallel. The components of a modern computer are very reliable, but removing one or two of them can upset an entire computation. In comparison the neurons of the brain are somewhat unreliable, but the deletion of quite a few of them is unlikely to lead to any appreciable difference in behavior. A computer works on a strict binary code. The brain seems to rely on less precise methods of signalling. Against this it probably adjusts the number and efficiency of its synapses in complex and subtle ways to adapt its operation to experience. Hence it is not surprising to find that although a computer can accurately and rapidly do long and intricate arithmetical calculations, a task at which human beings are rather poor, human beings can recognize patterns in ways no contemporary computer can begin to approach.

While many workers in artificial intelligence might agree with Crick's statement about patterns, it is nonetheless true that computers, in conjunction with electronic visual sensors—TV cameras, in effect—are now able to perform some interesting feats of pattern recognition. The first machine that was able to do sophisticated pattern recognition was the Perceptron, designed by Minsky's former Bronx Science classmate Frank Rosenblatt. Working at the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Rosenblatt built the prototype version of the Perceptron in 1959. A few years later, I had an opportunity to discuss with him how it worked. The machine consisted of three elements. The first element was a grid of four hundred photocells, corresponding to the light-sensitive neurons in the retina; they received the primary optical stimuli. The photocells were connected to a group of components that Rosenblatt called associator units—the second element—whose function was to collect the electrical impulses produced by the photocells. There were five hundred and twelve associator units, and each unit could have as many as forty connections to the photocells. These connections were made by randomly wiring the associators to the cells. The wiring was done randomly because it was then believed that some, and perhaps most, of the "wiring" in the brain that con-

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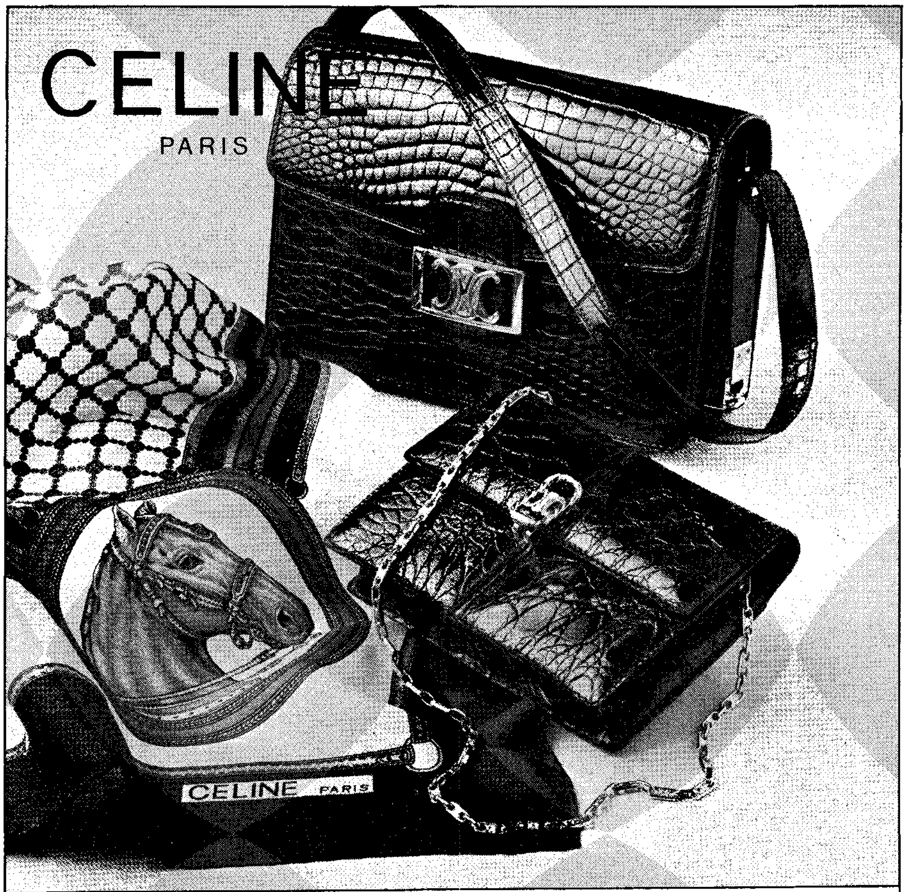
nects one neuron to another was done randomly. The argument for this was essentially one of complexity. Our brains gain—grow—neurons during prenatal development, until, at birth, the total may have reached forty billion or more. How do they all know where to go in the brain and elsewhere, and what to connect up to when they get there? It was argued by many early brain researchers that if this wiring was largely random the neurons wouldn't have to know, since where an individual neuron went would not matter much. As a result of experimental work done in recent years, however, it appears that this is not in fact how things work. The connections do seem to be determined from an early stage of development, and are specific both for specific regions of the brain and for specific neurons within these regions. How the information to specify all this is processed so that the neurons do what they are supposed to do remains a mystery. But when Rosenblatt was building the Perceptron it was thought that randomness was important. The third element of Rosenblatt's Perceptron consisted of what he called response units. An associator—in analogy to a neuron—would produce a signal only if the stimulus it received was above a certain threshold, at which point it would signal the response units. The idea was to use this structure to recognize shapes. First, the machine was shown, say, an illuminated "A," to which it would respond in accord with its initially random instructions. Then the "A" was deformed or moved and was shown to the machine again. If it responded in the same way both times, it had recognized the "A;" if not, then some of its responses would presumably be "right" and some "wrong." With adjustments in electronics, the wrong responses could be suppressed, and Rosenblatt's claim was that after a finite number of adjustments the machine would learn to recognize patterns.

Rosenblatt was an enormously persuasive man, and many people, following his example, began to work on Perceptrons. Minsky was not among them. Ever since his days as a graduate student, when he and Dean Edmonds built one of the earliest electronic learning machines, he had been aware of the limitations of such machines, and had come to the conclusion that it was more profitable to concentrate on finding the principles that will make a machine learn than to try building one in the hope that it would



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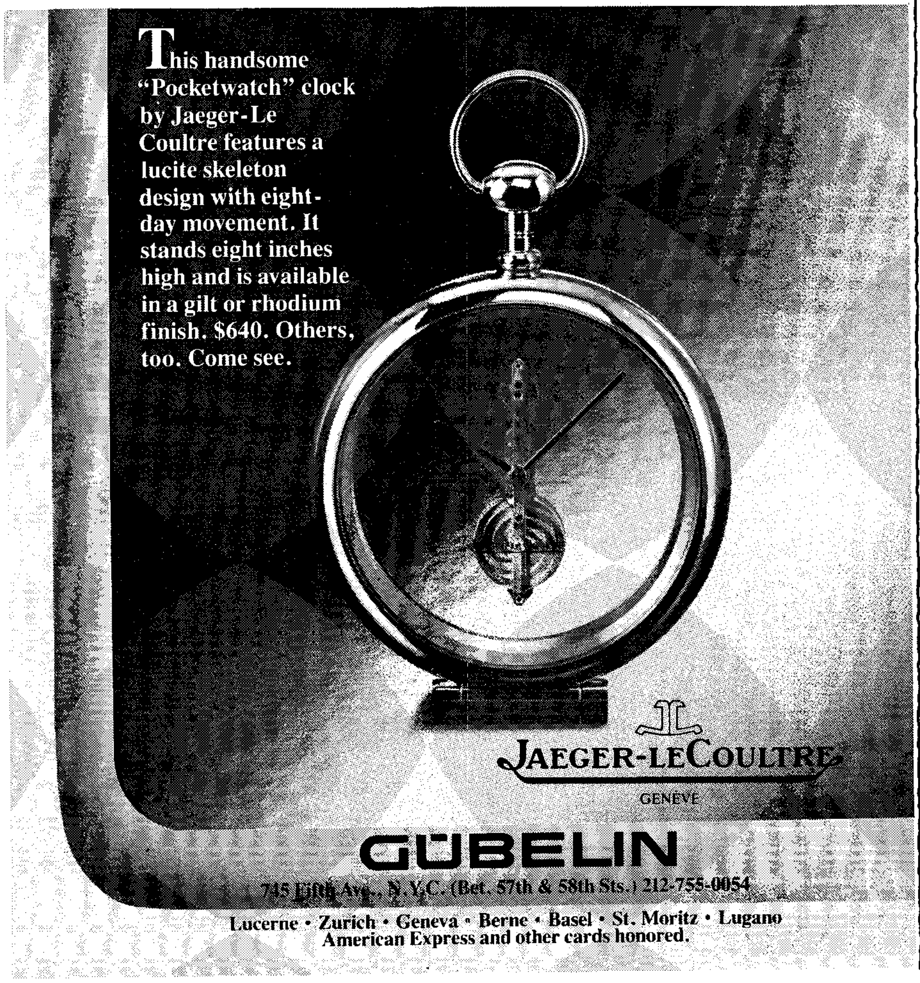

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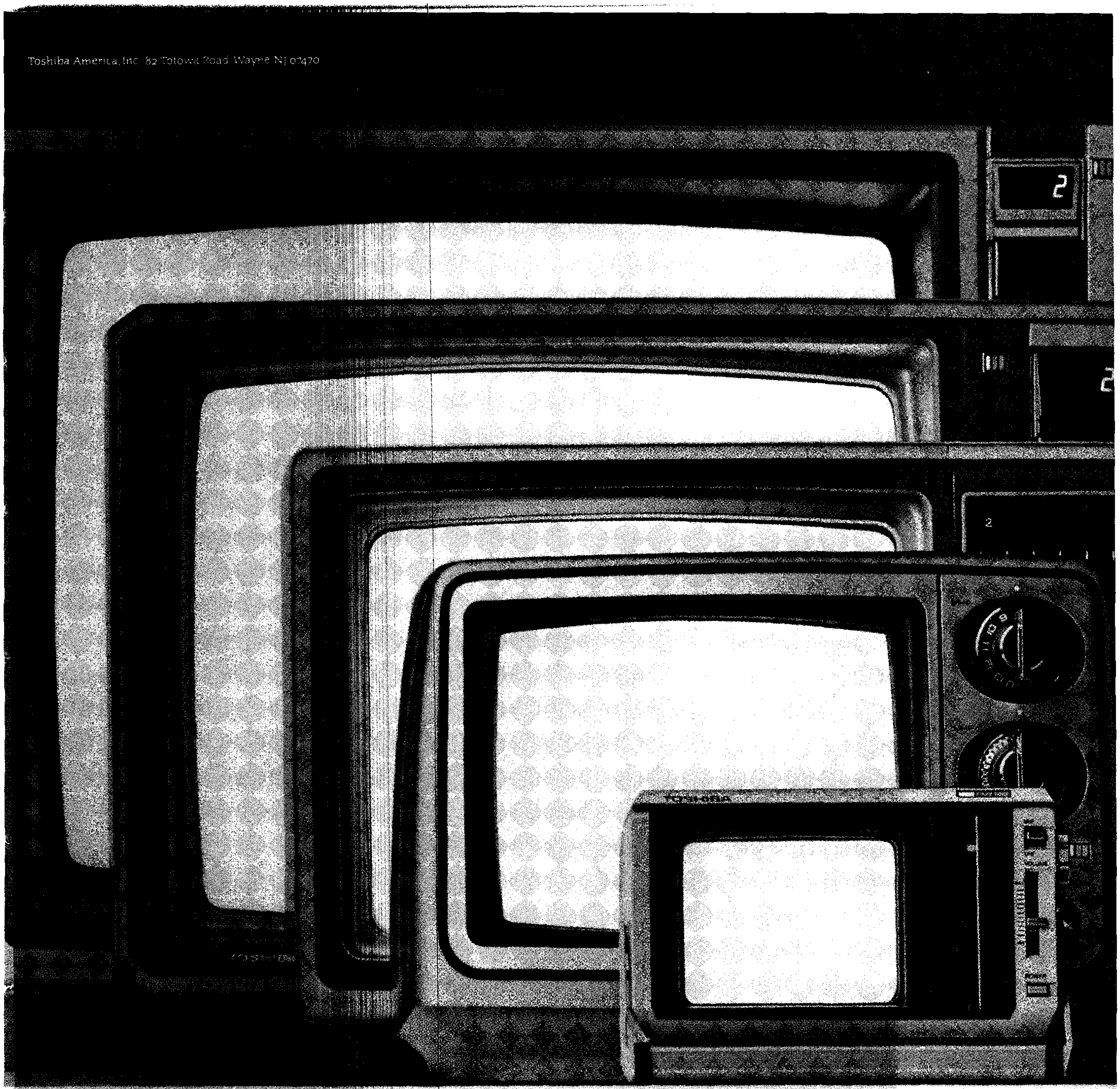

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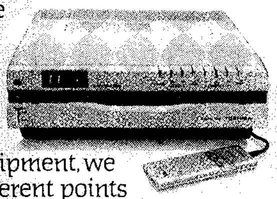

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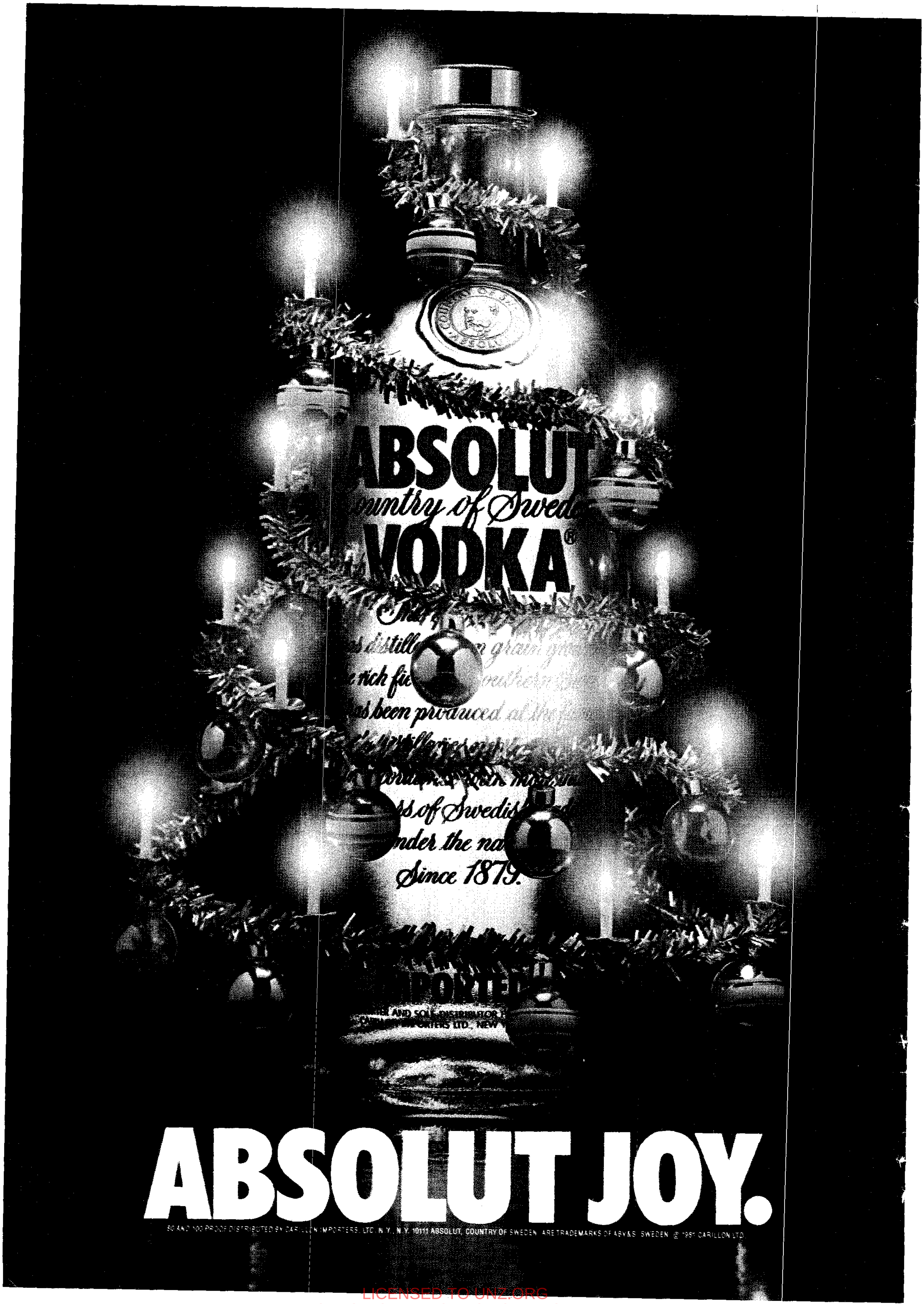
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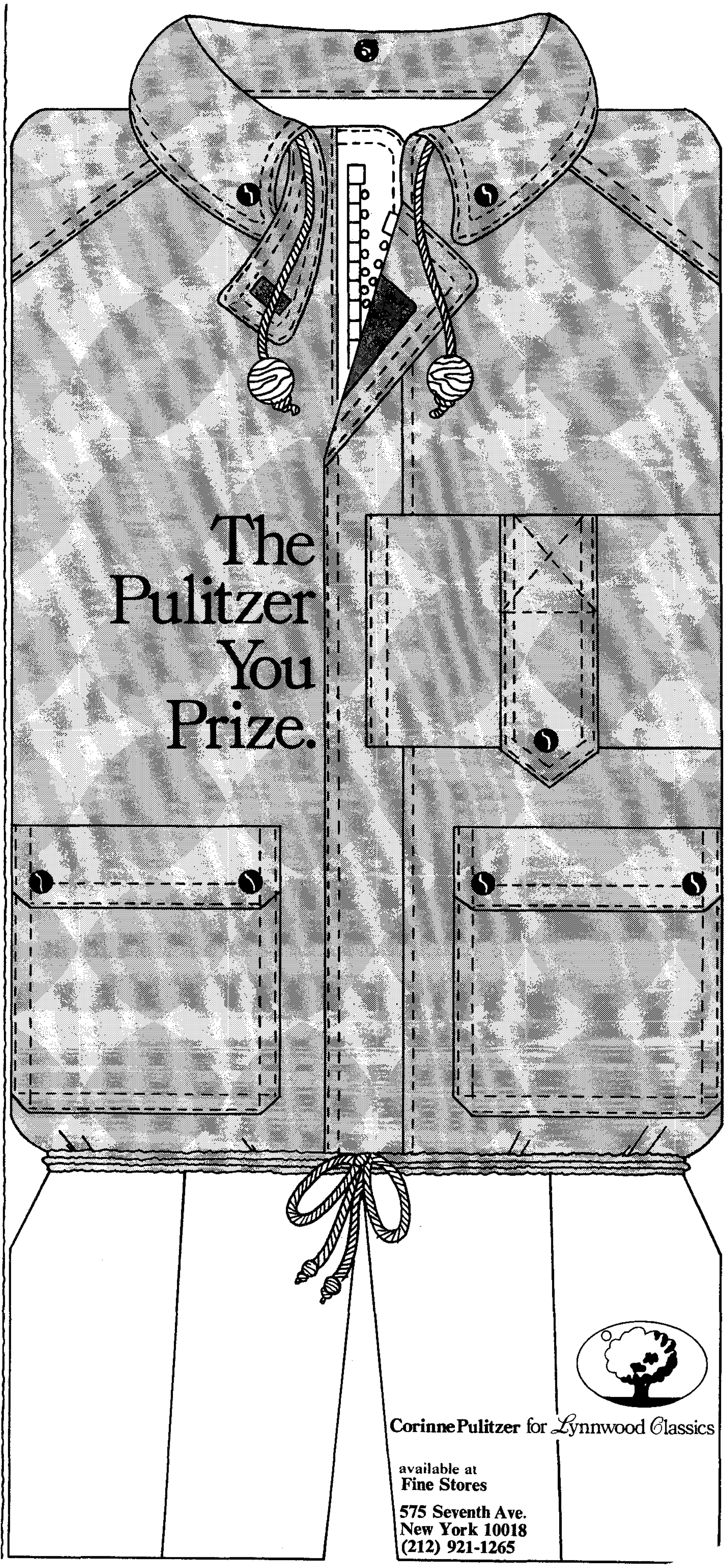
work. Minsky and Rosenblatt engaged in some heated debates in the early sixties. During my discussions with Minsky, he described what the issues were.

"Rosenblatt made a very strong claim, which at first I didn't believe," Minsky told me. "He said that if a Perceptron was physically capable of being wired up to recognize something, then there would be a procedure for changing its responses so that eventually it would learn to carry out the recognition. Rosenblatt's conjecture turned out to be mathematically correct, in fact. I have a tremendous admiration for Rosenblatt for guessing this theorem, since it is very hard to prove. However, I started to worry about what such a machine could *not* do. For example, it could tell 'E's from 'F's, and '5's from '6's—things like that. But when there were disturbing stimuli near these figures that weren't correlated with them the recognition was destroyed. I felt the proponents of the Perceptron had been misled experimentally by giving the machine very clean examples. It would recognize a vertical line and a horizontal line by themselves, but when you put in a varied background with slanted lines the machine would break down. It reminds me, in some ways, of a wonderful machine that J. C. R. Licklider made at Harvard early in the nineteen-fifties. It could recognize the word 'watermelon' no matter who said it in no matter what sentence. With a simple enough recognition problem, almost anything will work with some reliability. But to this day there is no machine that can recognize arbitrarily chosen words in ordinary speech."

In 1963, Minsky began to work with Seymour Papert, and the two men are still collaborators. Papert, who was born in South Africa in 1928, had received his Ph. D. in mathematics at the University of Witwatersrand in 1952, and then, deciding that he still didn't know enough mathematics, had gone to Cambridge University and taken a second Ph. D. in the subject. He had become interested in the question of learning, and it was in 1958 that he became an associate of Jean Piaget, in Geneva, where he remained for several years. Minsky and Papert were brought together by the neurophysiologist Warren McCulloch, whose paper with Pitts on neurons had so impressed Minsky in the forties; McCulloch had come to work at M.I.T.'s Research Laboratory of Electronics in 1952. "Seymour



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came to M.I.T. in 1963 and then stayed forever," Minsky recalled. Within a few months of Papert's arrival, they had initiated new research programs in human perception, child psychology, experimental robots, and the theory of computation. In the middle nineteen-sixties, Papert and Minsky set out to kill the Perceptron, or, at least, to establish its limitations—a task that Minsky felt was a sort of social service they could perform for the artificial-intelligence community. For four years, they worked on their ideas, and in 1969 they published their book "Perceptrons."

"There had been several thousand papers published on Perceptrons up to 1969, but our book put a stop to those," Minsky told me. "It had, in all modesty, some beautiful mathematics in it—it's really nineteenth-century mathematics. As we went on, more and more questions were generated, so we worked on them, and finally we solved them all. As a result, the book got some rave reviews when it came out. People said, 'Now computer science has some fundamentally new mathematics of its own. These people have taken this apparently qualitative problem and made a really elegant theory that is going to stand.' The trouble was that the book was *too* good. We really spent one year too much on it. We finished off all the easy conjectures, and so no beginner could do anything. We didn't leave anything for *students* to do. We got too greedy. As a result, ten years went by without another significant paper on the subject. It's a fact about the sociology of science that the people who should work in a field like this are the students and the graduate students. If we had given some of these problems to students, they would have got as good at it as we were, since there was nothing special about what we did except that we worked together for several years. Furthermore, I now believe that the book was overkill in another way. What we showed came down to the fact that a Perceptron can't put things together that are visually nonlocal."

At this point in our conversation, Minsky took a spoon and put it behind a bowl. "This looks like a spoon to you, even though you don't see the whole thing—just the handle and a little part of the other end," he said. "The Perceptron is not able to put things together like that, but then neither can people without resorting to some additional algorithms. In fact, while I was writing a chapter of the

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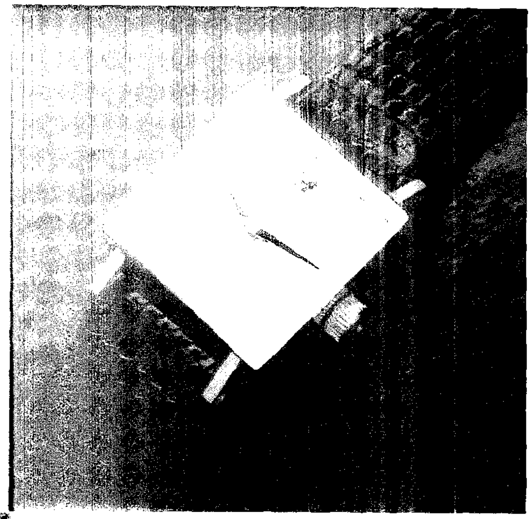

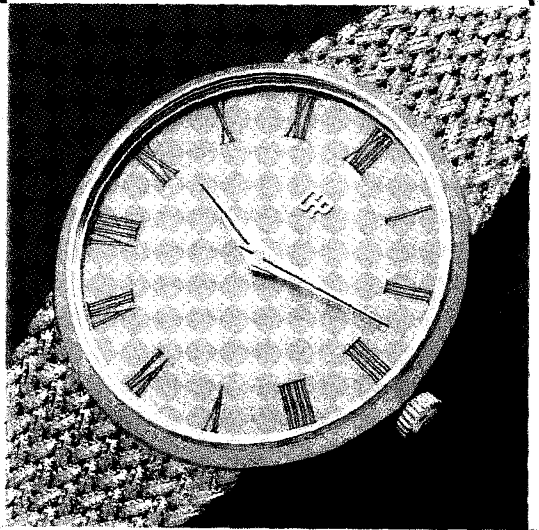

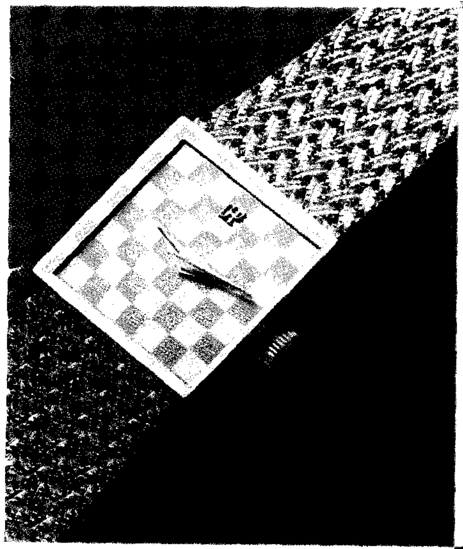

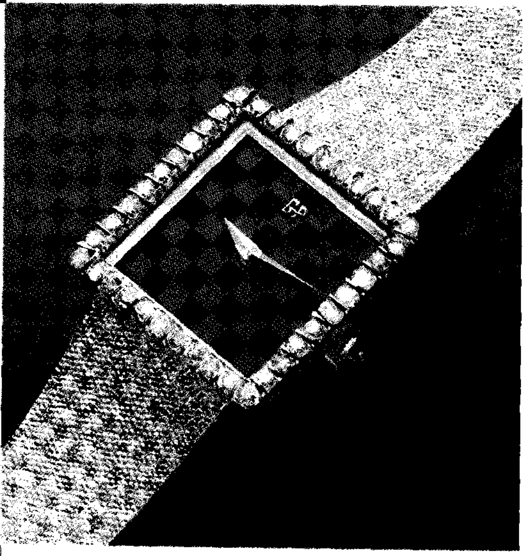

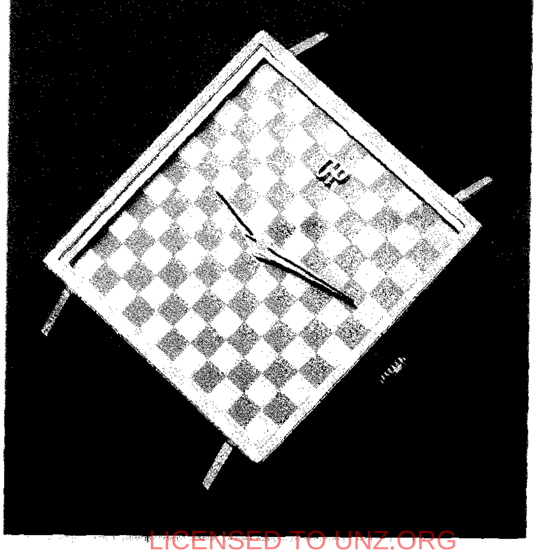

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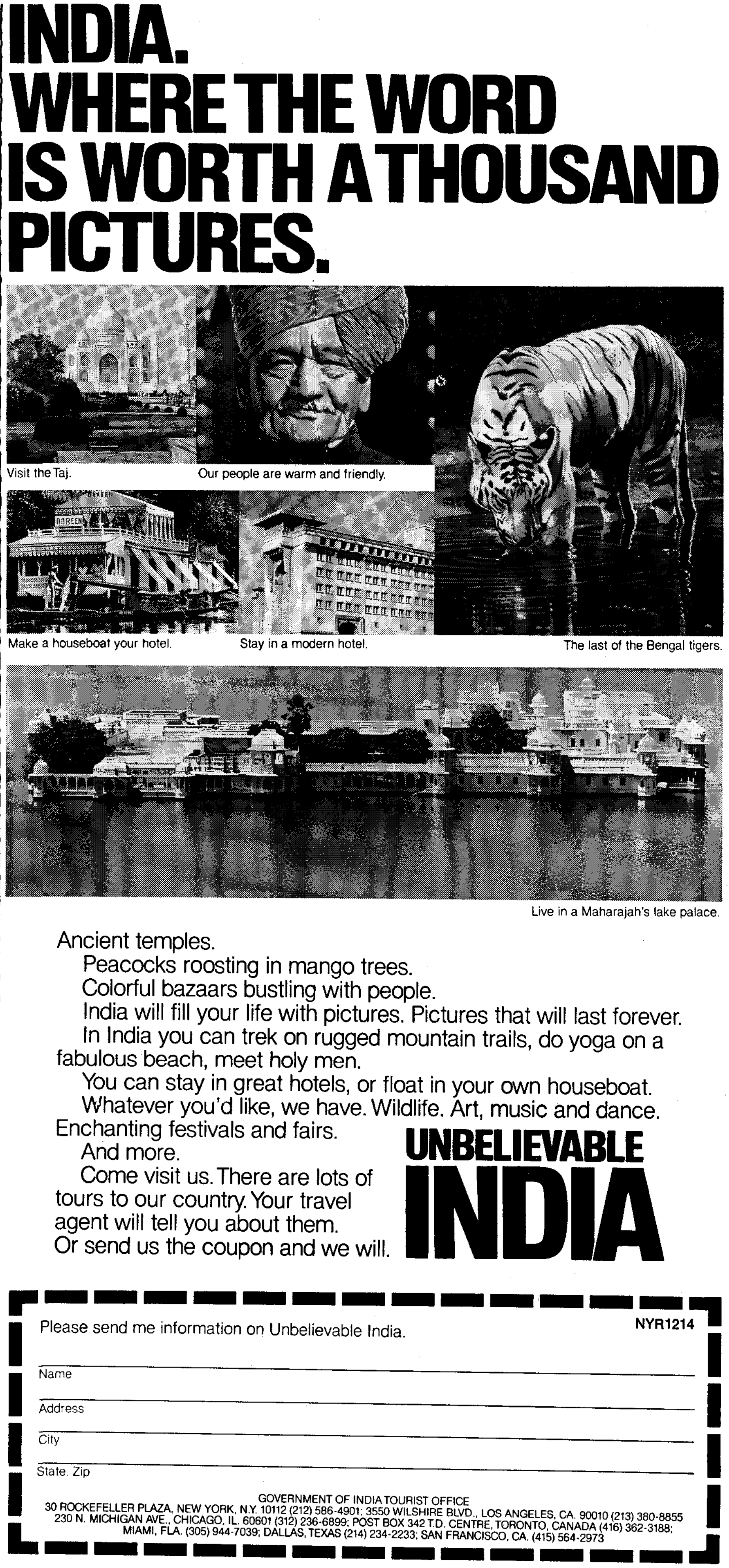
book it began to dawn on me that for certain purposes the Perceptron was actually very good. I realized that to make one all you needed in principle was a couple of molecules and a membrane. So after being irritated with Rosenblatt for overclaiming, and diverting all those people along a false path, I started to realize that for what you get out of it—the kind of recognition it can do—it is such a simple machine that it would be astonishing if nature did not make use of it somewhere. It may be that one of the best things a neuron can have is a tiny Perceptron, since you get so much from it for so little. You can't get one big Perceptron to do very much, but for some things it remains one of the most elegant and simple learning devices I know of."

WHEN computers first came into use in this country, in the early nineteen-fifties, they were so expensive that they were almost exclusively the province of the large military-oriented government laboratories, like Los Alamos and the Rand Corporation—the former financed by the Atomic Energy Commission and the latter by the Air Force. The computer project at the Institute for Advanced Study, one of the few such projects that were then being carried out in an educational institution, was financed jointly by RCA, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Office of Naval Research, the Office of Air Research, and Army Ordnance. Hardly anyone imagined that within a few decades almost every major university would have a large computer and a department of computer science. A great deal of the funding for pure science in this country now comes from the National Science Foundation, whose budget is spread across all the sciences, with a small fraction of it going to computer science. The Defense Department has its Advanced Research Projects Agency, known as ARPA, whose mission is to finance technology that might eventually have some application to the military. This agency has sometimes interpreted its function as being to detect technological weaknesses in American science and to attempt to remedy them. In the early nineteen-sixties, it began to finance pure research in computer science at universities, and over half the money spent in this field since then has come from ARPA. Around 1963, following the work of McCarthy, Corbató, and their M.I.T. collaborators on com-



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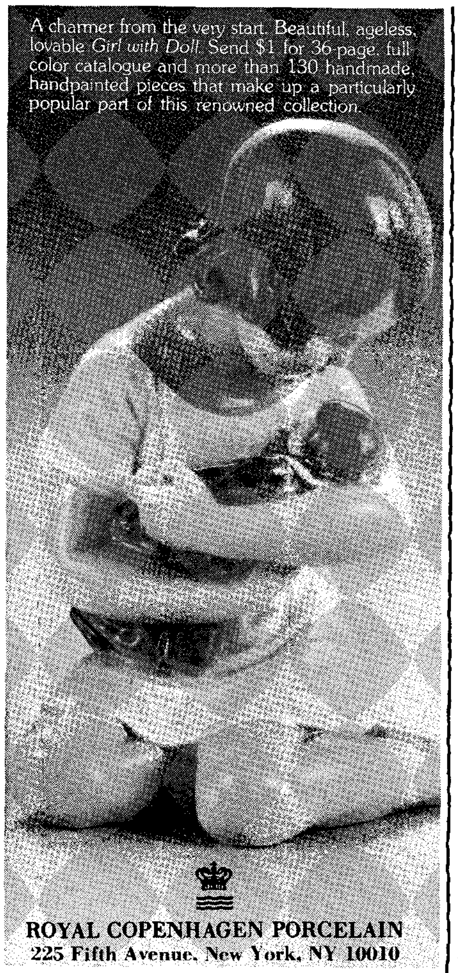
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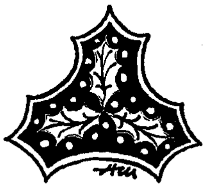
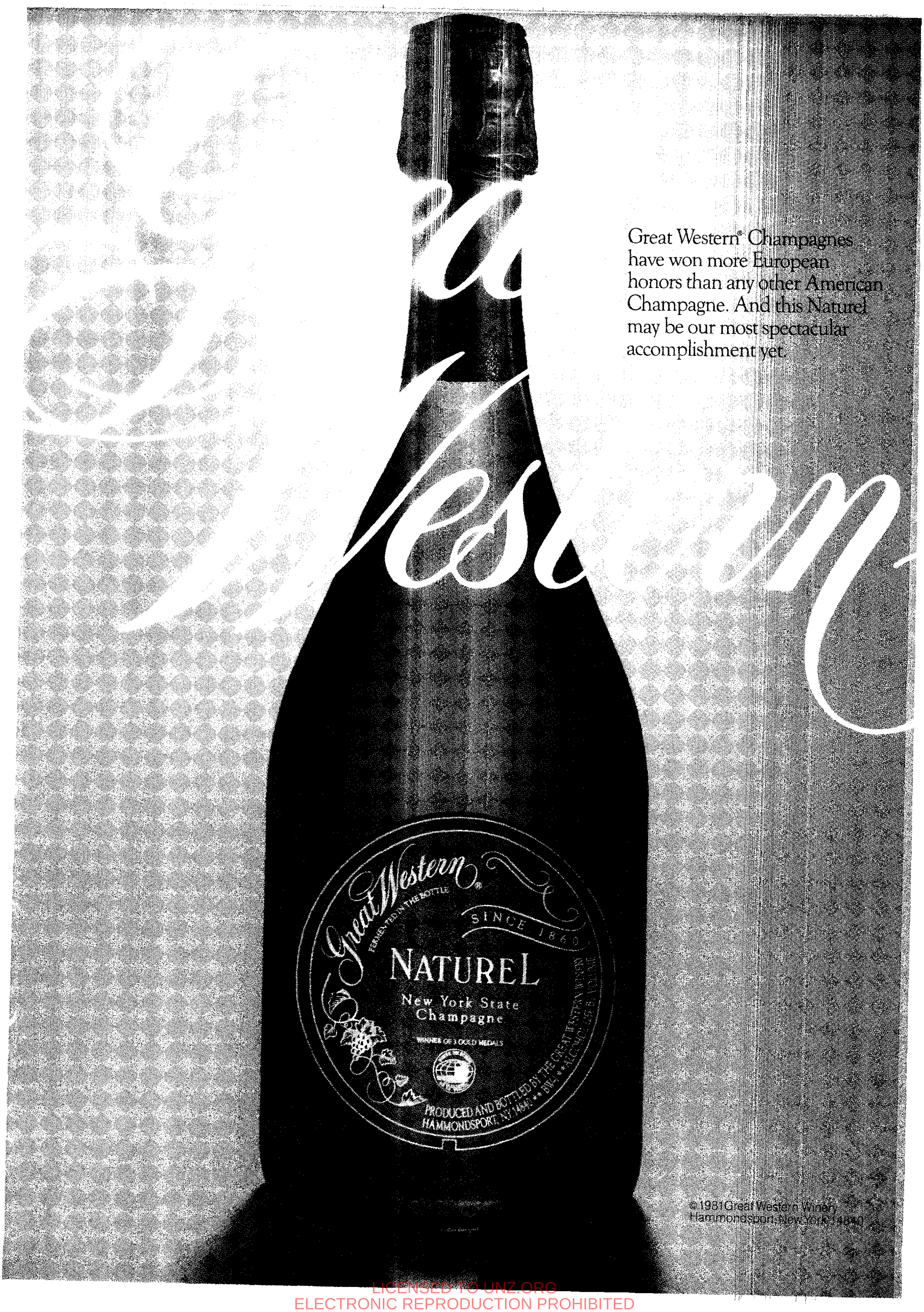
puter time-sharing, Project MAC—MAC stood for both "machine-aided cognition" and "multiple-access computer"—was begun at M.I.T., with ARPA providing a budget of about three million dollars a year. About a million dollars of this went to the Artificial Intelligence Group.

"In the first years, we spent this money on hardware and students," Minsky told me. "But by the tenth year we were making our own hardware, so we spent nearly all the money on faculty and students. We assembled the most powerful and best-human-engineered computer-support system in the world—bar none." Initially, some of the students were dropouts, who became systems engineers and, eventually, distinguished scientists. Most of them were refugees from other fields, principally mathematics and physics. From the beginning, Minsky's goal was to use this pool of talent to learn what computers could be made to do in solving non-arithmetic problems—in short, to make these machines intelligent.

For their first problem, Minsky and his students tried to program a computer to do freshman calculus. Calculus was one of the discoveries of Isaac Newton, who found that it was the best way in which to express his laws of motion. One way of applying calculus is to think of it as a sort of "infinite arithmetic," in which one can calculate, for example, the behavior of planets by doing a great many steps of addition and multiplication. This method—called numerical integration—was one of the first things computers were used for. In fact, it was just this application that the inventors of computers had in mind for them. But there is a second way of doing calculus—this was also explored by Newton—in which one thinks of the calculus as a finite algebra, a skill that involves symbolic manipulation rather than numbers. If one can solve a calculus problem in this closed, algebraic way, one gets an answer that is not just highly accurate but perfect. Such accuracy had never been achieved on any machine, and it was this symbolic manipulation that Minsky and his students set about to program into their machines.

The two most important symbolic methods are called differentiation and integration. In the first, one finds the rate of a process from a description of the process; and in the second, which is, in some sense, the inverse of the first, one recovers the process from the rate. Specifically, in the first case one finds the tangent to a given curve, and in the second one computes the curve from the knowledge of the tangent. Freshman calculus students are taught a certain number of techniques for doing this—what are essentially mental computer programs. When one is confronted with a new problem, one searches around in one's head—or in a calculus book—for a procedure that looks as if it could be made to work, and then tries to make the expression that one has been given fit one of these algorithms. Minsky's student James Slagle codified this process in his program SAINT—for "symbolic automatic integrator"—in 1961. The machine he used, an I.B.M. 7090, was given twenty-six standard forms—certain elementary integrals—and eighteen simple algorithms. SAINT would take its problem—given to it in the language of elementary functions, which had to be defined as well—and then begin a search among its algorithms. If the computer found the problem to be too hard, it would break it up into simpler ones. If the computer received a problem that could not be done in closed form, it would try and then quit. For his doctoral thesis, Slagle gave the computer eighty-six workable integrals to evaluate, using SAINT. Even the I.B.M. 7090, which by modern standards is a dinosaur, did eighty-four of the eighty-six at speeds comparable to those achieved by an M.I.T. freshman, and sometimes faster. Many it did in less than a minute. Two of the integrals were beyond it. Slagle's program, which was written in LISP, was regarded as a breakthrough in the attempt to get a computer to do symbolic manipulation. (Some ten years later, two of Minsky's students, William Martin and Joel Moses, and Carl Engelman, a mathematician with the MITRE Corporation, building on this work, designed a program that, as it exists now, can do almost any symbolic manipulation that a working physicist or engineer might be called on to do. It is called MACSYMA. Comparable systems are now available in some of the other major computer centers. Some of the algebraic computations that physicists run into these days would take thousands of pages to work out; they go beyond the point where one would have a great deal of confidence in the answer, even if one could

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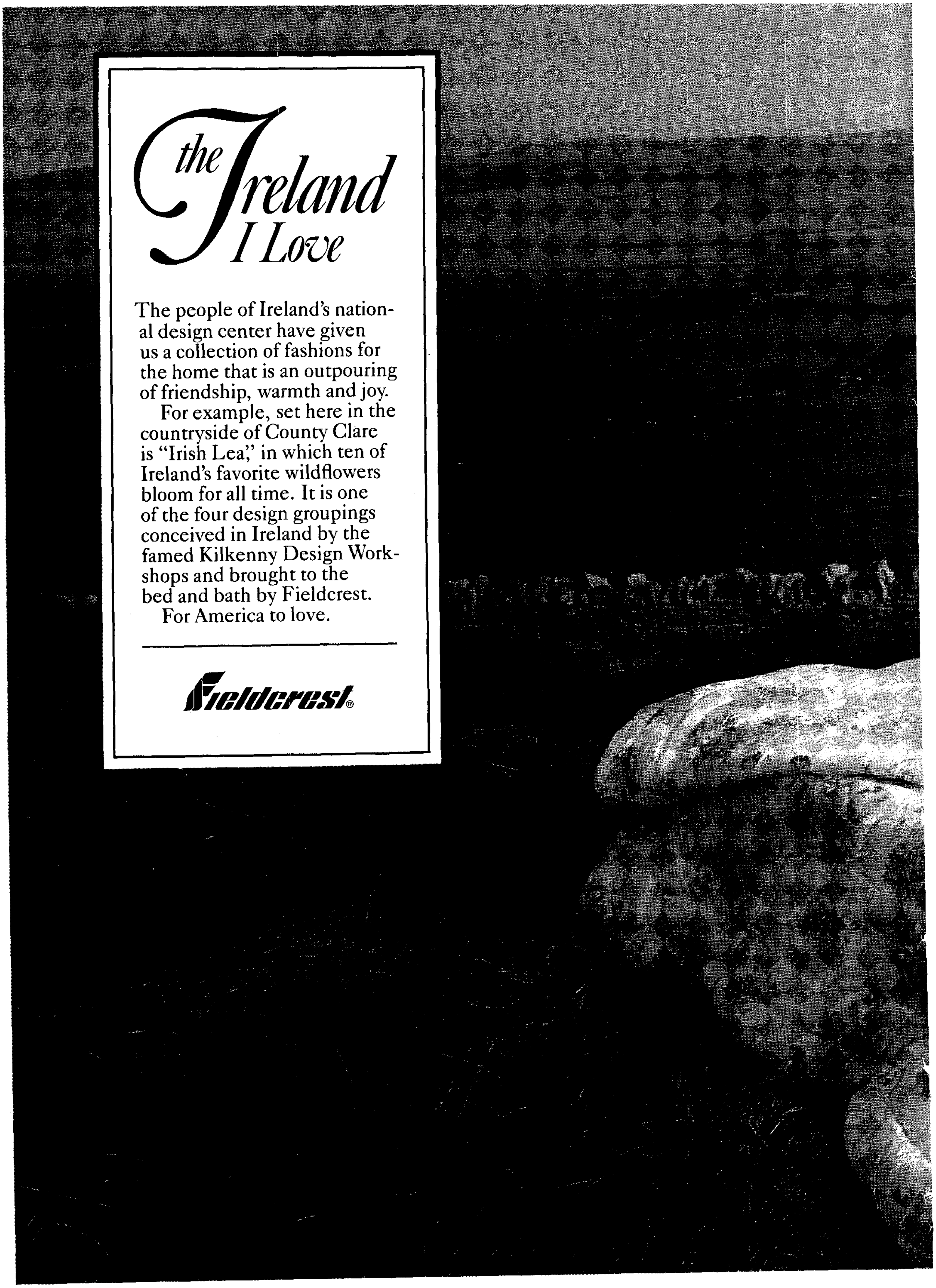

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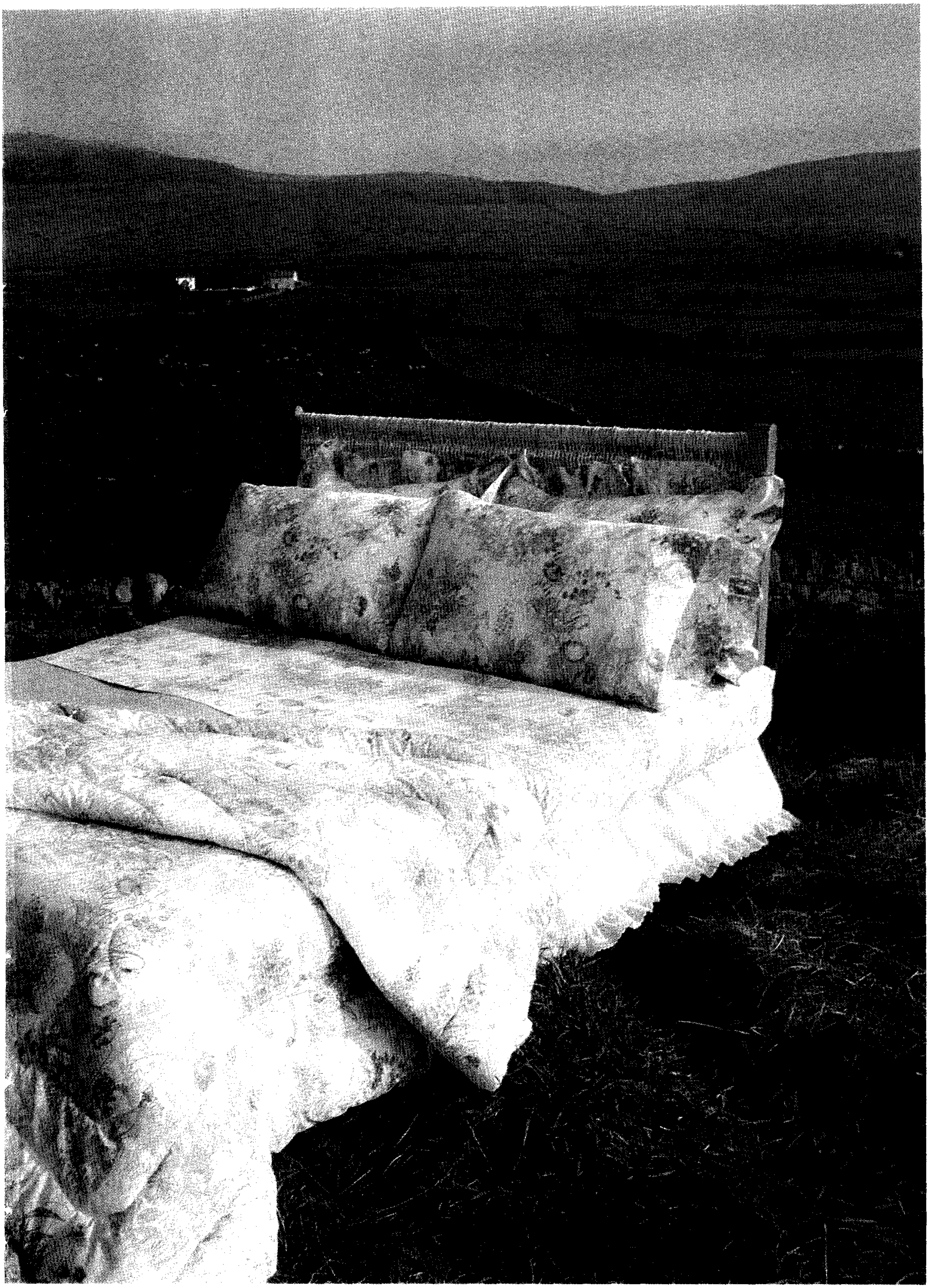

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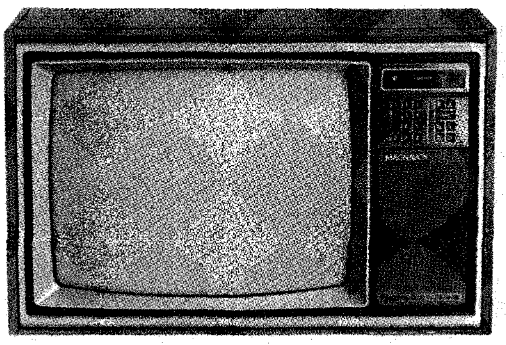

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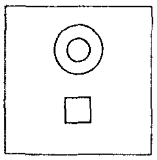
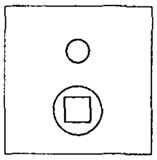
The next kind of problem that Minsky attacked with a student—Thomas Evans, in this case—was to get a machine to reason by analogy. The machine was supposed to solve problems of the sort that ask "Figure A is to Figure B as Figure C is to which of the following figures [D-1 through D-5]?" Evans' doctoral thesis, completed in 1963, posed this one:

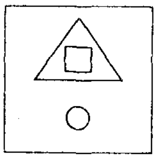
A



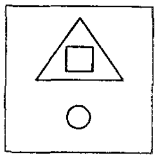
B



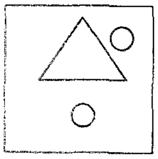
C



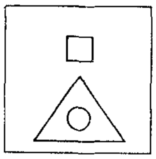
D-1



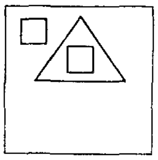
D-2



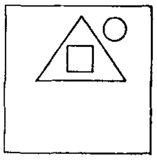
D-3



D-4

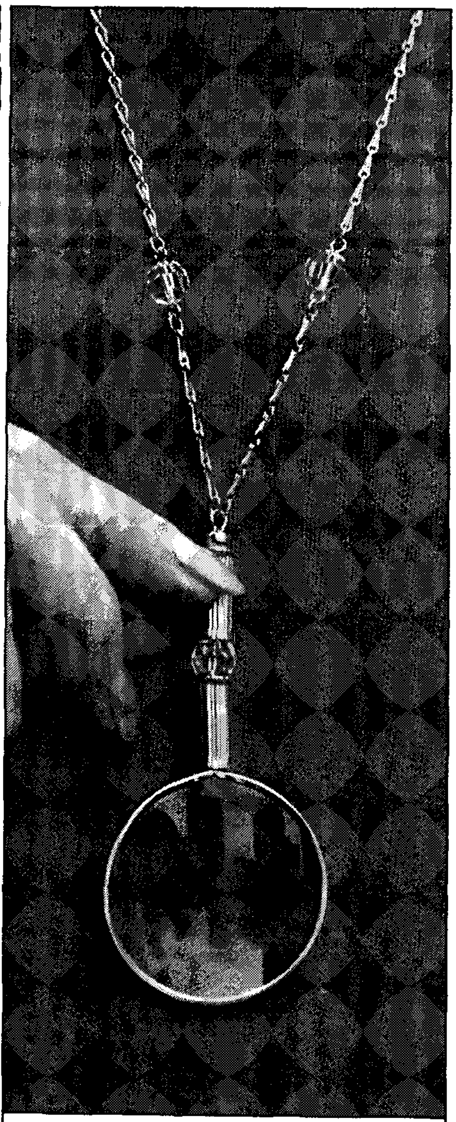


D-5



The first thing that came to my mind when I saw these drawings was: How did they get the computer to deal with them? Did it *look* at them? "No," Minsky told me. "The trouble with computer-vision programs in those days was that they were always full of bugs. We really didn't know how to make them work reliably. It would have taken us a year to get one that worked, and then nobody would have really cared. Evans developed a little sublanguage for describing line figures, and this was typed into the machine." Evans wrote his program in LISP, which allows one to define two symbols—S and T, say—and then create a third, related symbol, such as L. In this way, one can code the proposition that two "points" (S and T) define a "line" (L). This is all that the computer has to know about what a line is; namely, it is something defined by two symbols called points. A line and a point define a plane. From a mathematical point of view, this abstract set of relationships *is* what these objects are, although, of course, we attach many other meanings to them. "Nowhere does the machine 'really' know what a line is, but I believe that there is nothing in us that 'really' knows what a line is, either—except that our visual system identifies certain inputs with 'lineness,' " Minsky said. "It is the web of order among these inputs that makes them unique. Or, even if they are not unique, one pretends to know what a line is anyway."

Once the machine had Figures A and B coded into its memory, it would compare them, using such criteria as "big" and "small," "inside" and "outside," and "left" and "right." It would attempt to see what operations were necessary to transform one drawing into the other. The specification of "inside" and "outside" employs a method invented in the nineteenth century. To take an example: Imagine that one is somewhere inside a circle and one draws a line due north from where one is. This line will intersect the circle once as it goes through it. But if one is below the circle and outside it and draws a line north the line either will not intersect the circle at all or will intersect it twice. There are nuances, but, in general, this procedure will tell one that one is inside a closed curve if there is an odd number of crossings and outside if there is an even number of them. This was the procedure that Evans used. In Evans' example, the machine would note that one of the differences between A and B



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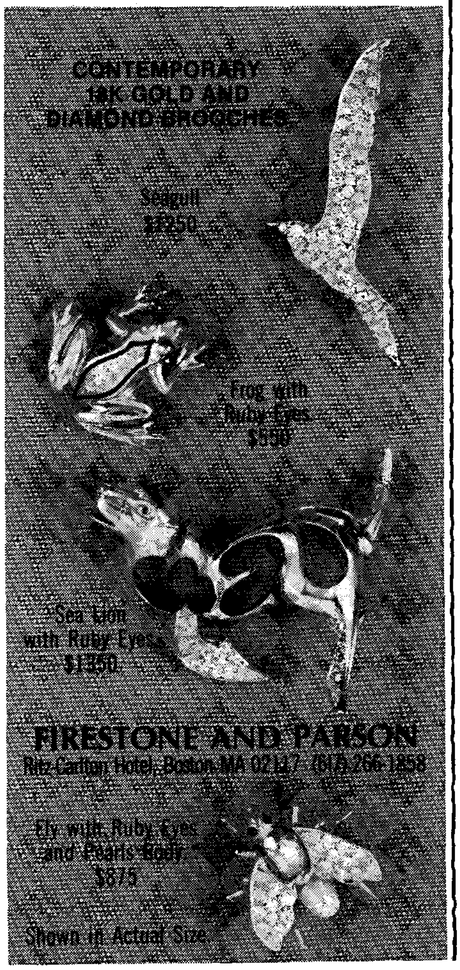


is that the circle has been moved down to encase the small figure; after comparing A and B, the machine would next compare A and C. In this case, it would note that both had big figures above, and that each encased a small figure. Now the machine would try to find a diagram in the D series in which the big figure had moved down to encase the small one below it—D-3.

To make a computer do all this, Evans worked out one of the most complex programs that had ever been written. The machine he was using had a memory of thirty-two thousand words, each of thirty-six bits—about a million bits of memory. At that time, memory units cost about a dollar a bit, so the cost of the memory alone was about a million dollars. Memory now costs about a hundredth of a cent a bit, so today a comparable memory would cost at retail about a hundred dollars. Evans' program used essentially every bit in the machine's memory, and was able to do about as well on the tests as an intelligent high-school student. Apart from the specific results of the program, what fascinated Minsky was the reactions to it. "It irritated some people a lot," he told me. "They felt that if you could program something, then the machine was not 'really' doing it—that it didn't really have a sense of analogy. I think that what Evans' program showed was that once one came to grips with 'intuitions' they turned into a lot of other things. I was convinced that the way the thing worked was pretty lifelike. Until one finds a logic for the kind of thing that Evans' program did, it looks like 'intuition'—but that is really superficial. What we had done was to find a logic for this kind of problem-solving. What we never did do was to use a lot of statistical psychology to learn what some 'average' person does when solving these problems. For a long time, I had a rule in my laboratory that no psychological data were allowed. I had read a lot of such data when I was in college, and I felt that one couldn't learn very much by averaging a lot of people's responses. What you had to do was something like what Freud did. Tom Evans and I asked *ourselves*, in depth, what we did to solve problems like this, and that seemed to work pretty well."

DURING the period when Evans was finishing his thesis work, Minsky and his colleagues were involved in two other kinds of projects—computer linguistics and robotics. One of the earliest non-numerical projects that were tried on computers was language translation. It was not a notable success, in part because not enough was known about syntax and in part because of the inherent ambiguity of words. Simple word-by-word translation leads to absurdities. For example, one often cannot tell a noun from a verb without an understanding of the contextual meaning—and at the time such an understanding seemed beyond the capacity of computers. In his view, Minsky told me, the notions of Noam Chomsky and others concerning the formal theory of syntax helped to clarify many of the technical issues about the structure of phrases and sentences. "But I felt that they actually distracted linguists from other basic problems of meaning and reference," he went on. "I saw little hope for machines to deal realistically with language until we could make simple versions of programs that really understood simple sentences in simple ways. In doing this semantic-information processing, as I called it, the early A.I. community worked pretty much by itself, without the help, or hindrance, of the linguists—at least, until much later."

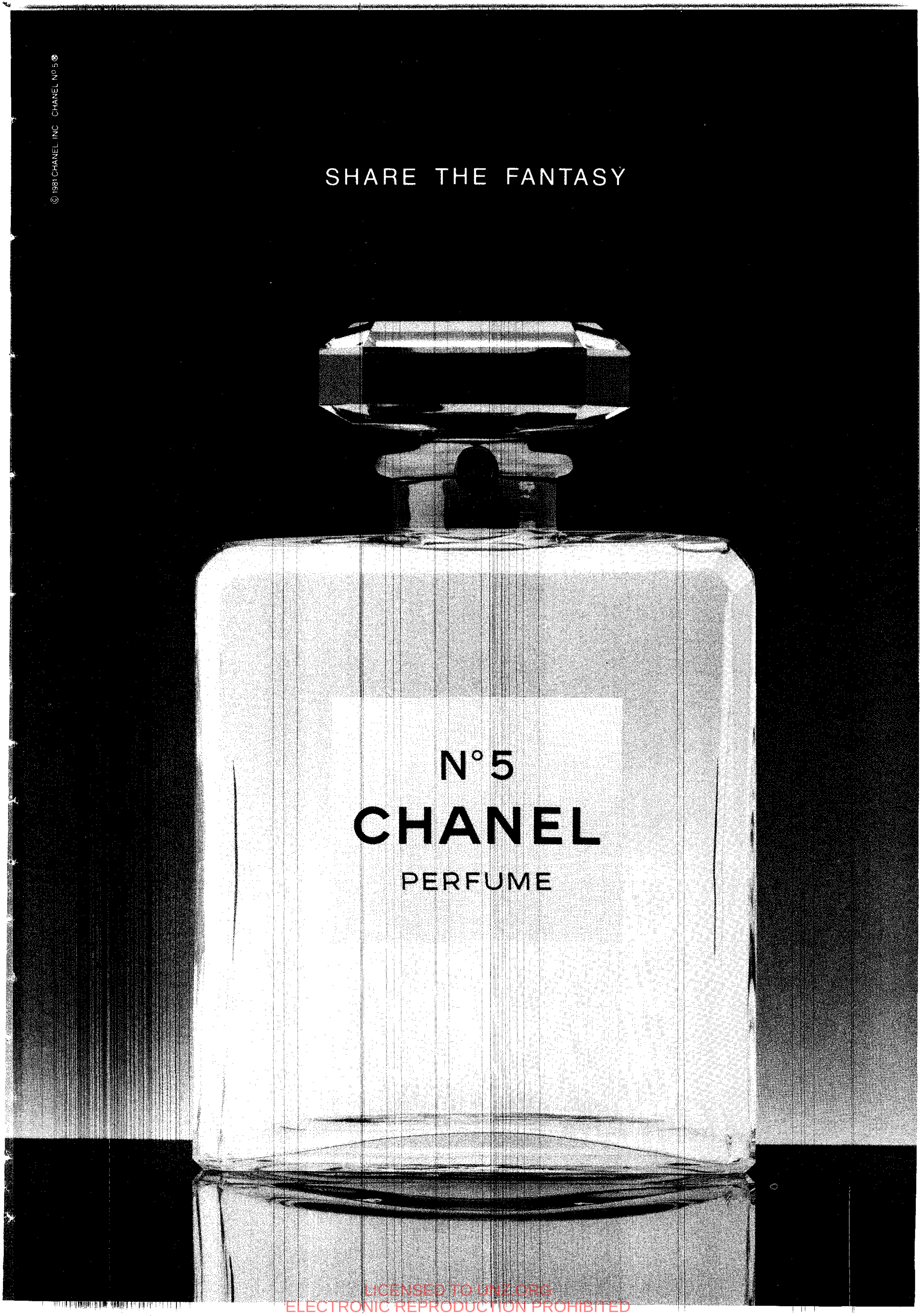
The work on language resulted in two M.I.T. doctoral theses that have become widely known. In 1964, Bertram Raphael, a mathematics student, wrote, as part of his thesis, a program that would allow a computer to make decisions, in a limited domain, about the meaning of words within a given context. Raphael first gave a computer a sequence of statements:

Every boy is a person.
A finger is part of a hand.
There are two hands on each person.

He then asked it a question:

How many fingers does John have?

Up to this point, the name "John" had not been defined in the program, and the verb "have" can be used in several senses—as in "John had his dinner," "John was had for dinner," and "We had John to dinner." When the computer was confronted with such a problem, Raphael's program did not break down. Instead, the machine responded, "The above sentence is ambiguous. But I assume 'has' means 'has as parts.' " It then asked, "How many fingers per hand?" Having been told that "John is a boy" and that each hand has five fingers, it was asked once again how many fingers John had. It now replied, "Ten." Later, Raphael asked the machine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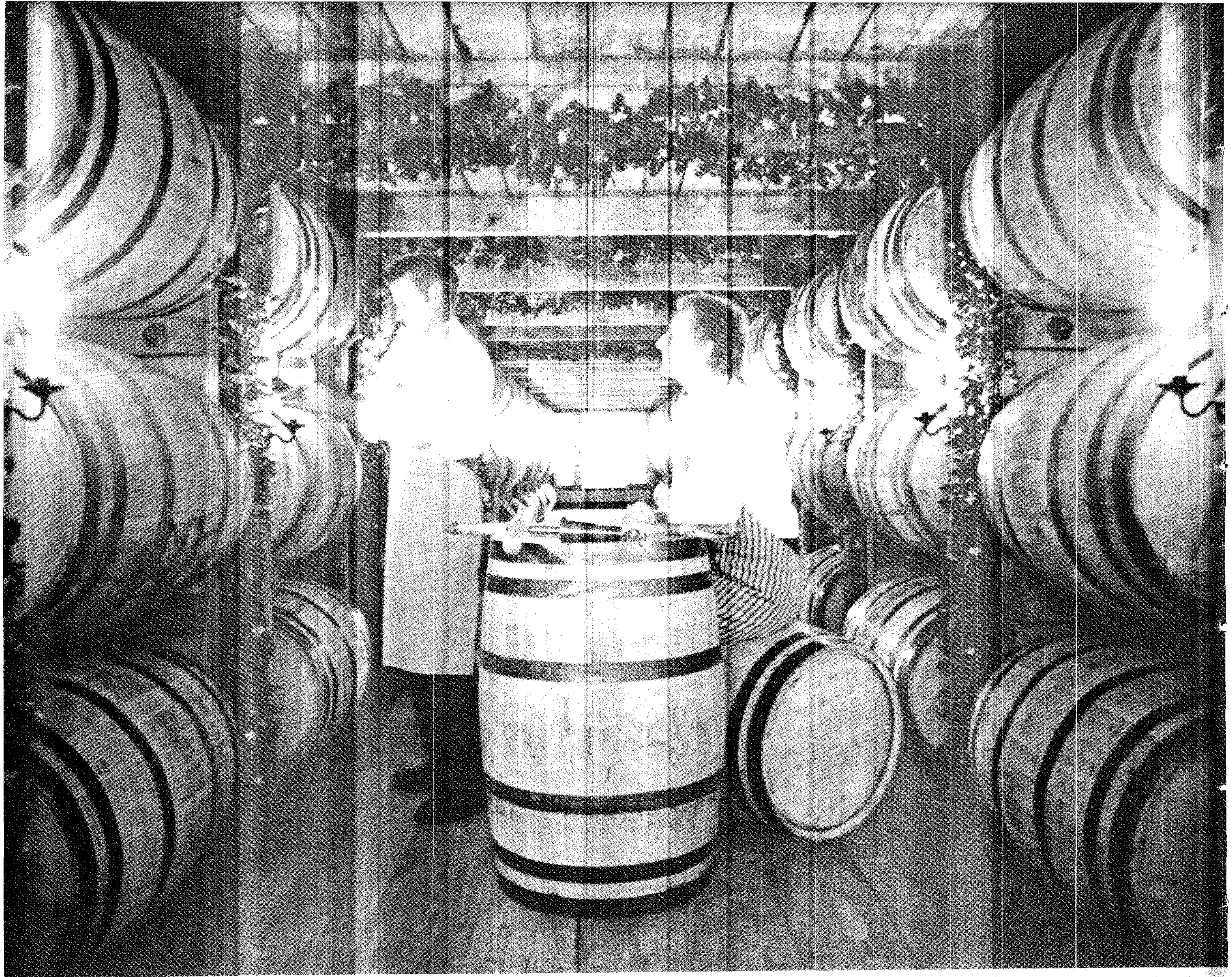

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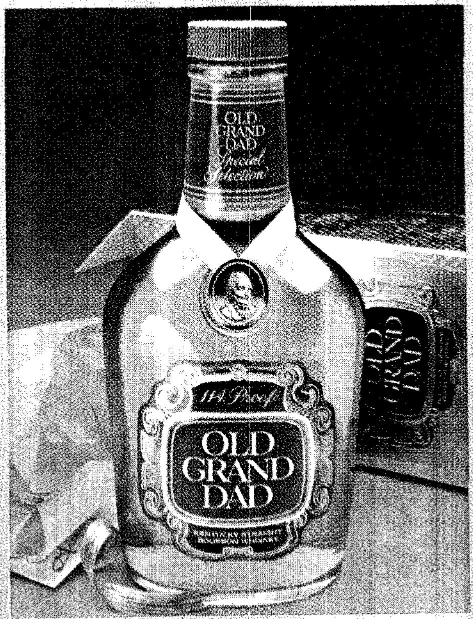
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Minsky told me that he had found Raphael's program particularly interesting because it could tolerate contradictions. "If you told the machine that John had nine fingers, it would not break down," he said. "It would try to build a sort of hierarchy of knowledge around this fact. In other words, given any situation, it would look for the most specific information it had about it, and attempt to use it."

Probably the most spectacular program of this sort to be developed in the nineteen-sixties was one created by Minsky's student Daniel Bobrow that sought to combine language and mathematics. He named it STUDENT. To keep the mathematics relatively simple, Bobrow chose to work with high-school-algebra problems. These are basically word problems, since, once the words have been translated into equations, what is involved is the solution of two, or possibly three, simultaneous equations—a snap for a computer. One of the problems posed in Bobrow's thesis, also completed in 1964, was this:

> The gas consumption of my car is 15 miles per gallon. The distance between Boston and New York is 250 miles. What is the number of gallons of gas used on a trip between New York and Boston?

The machine was programmed to make the assumption that every sentence is an equation, and was given some knowledge about certain words to help it to find the equations. For example, it knew that the word "is" often meant that the phrases on both sides of "is" represent equal amounts. It knew that "per" meant division. "The program was usually just barely good enough at analyzing the grammar of sentences to discern where phrases begin and end," Minsky told me. "The program is driven by the possible meanings—the semantics—to analyze the syntax. From the mathematical word 'per' in that first sentence's 'miles per gallon,' it can tell that the number fifteen would be obtained by dividing a certain number, $x$ of miles, by some other number, $y$ of gallons. Other than that, it hasn't the slightest idea what miles or gallons are, or, for that matter, what cars are. The second sentence appears to say that something else equals two hundred and fifty miles—hence the phrase 'the distance between' is a good candidate to be $x$. The third sentence asks something about a number of gallons

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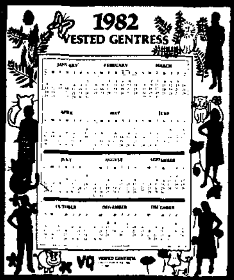

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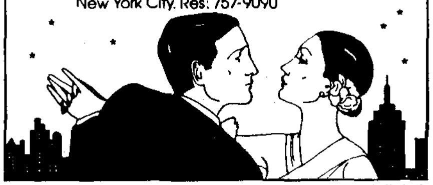

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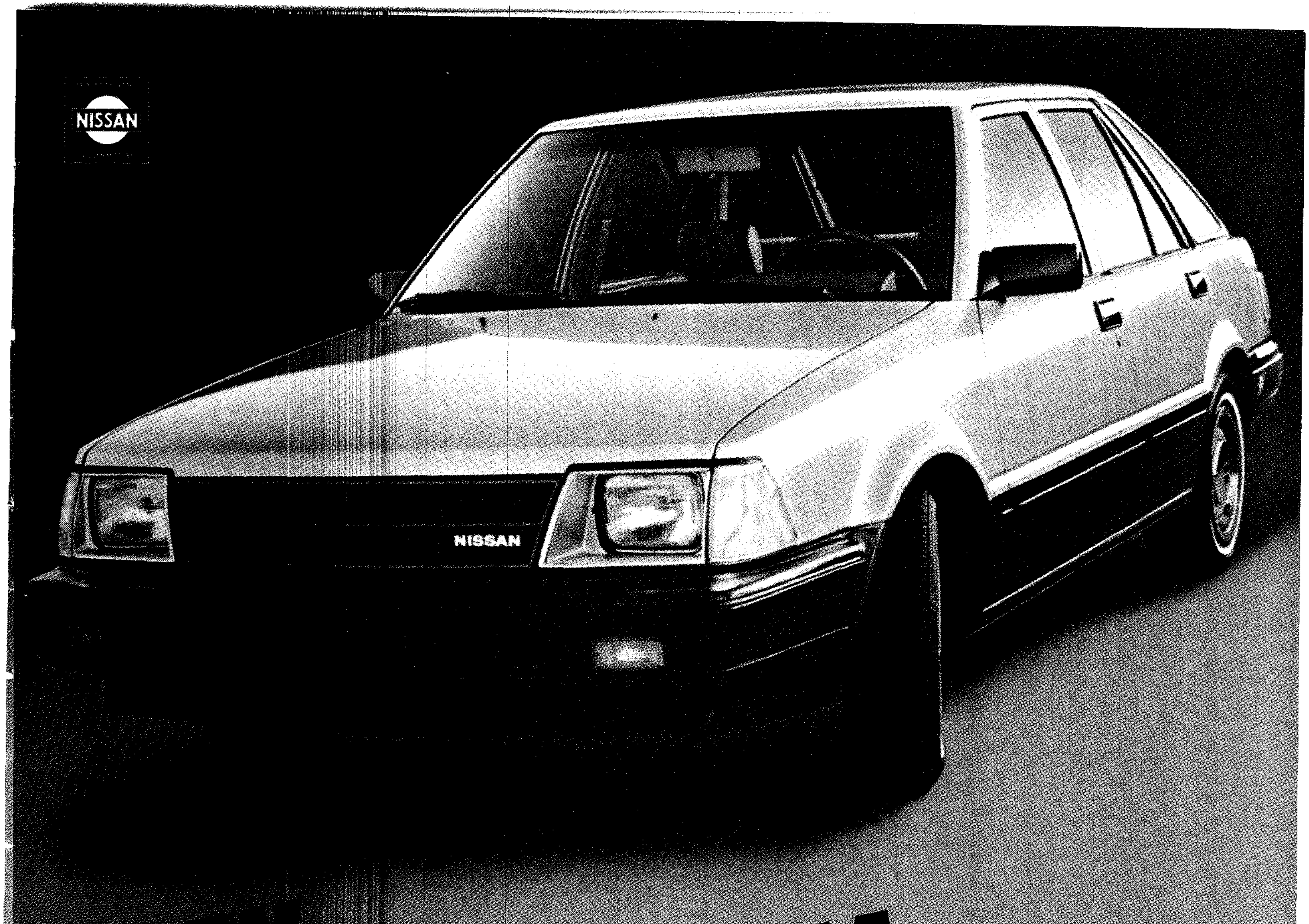
—so that phrase 'of gas used on a trip' is a candidate to be $y$. So it proposes one equation: $x = 250$, and another equation, $x/y = 15$. Then, the mathematical part of the program can easily find that $y = 250/15$." Such problems are easy for STUDENT when exactly the same phrases are used for the same quantities in the different sentences. When the phrases are as different as they are in Bobrow's problem, the program matches them up by using such tricks as seeing which have the most words in common. This didn't always work, but, Minsky remarked, "It seemed incredible that this could work so often when so many high-school students find those problems so hard. The result of all this is a program that—on the surface, at least—can not only manipulate words syntactically but also understand, if only in a shallow way, what it is doing. It does not know what 'gas' is or what 'gallons' are, but it knows that if it takes miles per gallon and multiplies by gallons it will find the total distance. It can wander through a little of this common-sense logic and solve algebra problems that students find hard because they get balled up in the understanding of how the words work."

Minsky went on, "I am much more interested in something like this than I am in one of those large performances in which a machine beats, for example, a chess master. In a program like Bobrow's or Raphael's, one has cases in which the skills required appear to be rather obscure but can nonetheless be analyzed. In some sense, the performance of the machine here is childish; but this impresses me more than when a computer does calculus, which takes a kind of expertise that I think is fundamentally easy. What *children* do requires putting together many different kinds of knowledge, and when I see a machine that can do something like that it's what impresses me most."

While Minsky has always had a great fondness for robots, he came to the conclusion rather early that from the point of view of laboratory experiments making a robot mobile was more trouble than it was worth. "I thought that there were enough problems in trying to understand hands and eyes, and so forth, without getting into any extra irrelevant engineering," he told me. "My friends at the Stanford Research Institute decided in the mid-sixties to make their first robot mobile—against my advice."

In 1962, Henry Ernst, who was studying with both Minsky and Claude Shannon, made the Artificial Intelligence Group's first computer-controlled robot. It was a mechanical arm with a shoulder, an elbow, and a gripper—basically, the kind of arm that is used to manipulate radioactive materials remotely. The arm was attached to a wall and activated by several motors, which, in turn, were controlled by a computer. The robot's universe of discourse consisted of a box and blocks that were set out on a table. It had photocells in the fingertips of the gripper. The hand would come down until it was nearly in contact with the surface of the table, and then, when the photocells sensed the darkness of the hand's shadow, its program would tell it to stop. It would thereupon begin to move sidewise until it came into contact with a block or the box. It could tell the difference, because if the object was less than three inches long it was a block and if it was more than three inches long it was the box. The program would then direct the arm to pick up the block and put it in the box. The arm could find all the blocks on a table and put them into the box. "It was sort of eerie to watch," Minsky recalled. "Actually, the program was way ahead of its time. I don't know if we appreciated then how advanced it was. It could deal with the unexpected. If something that it didn't expect happened, it would jump to another part of its program. If you moved the box in the middle of things, that wouldn't bother it much. It would just go and look for it. If you moved a block, it would go and find another one. If you put a ball on the table, it would try to verify that it was a block. Incidentally, when Stanley Kubrick was making his film '2001' he asked me to check the sets to see if anything he was planning to film was technically impossible. I drew a sketch for Kubrick of how mechanical hands on the space pod might work. When I saw the film, I was amazed that M-G-M had been able to make better mechanical hands than we could. They opened the spaceship's airlock door fantastically well. Later, I learned that the hands didn't really work, and that the door had been opened by a person concealed on the other side."

In the mid-nineteen-sixties, Minsky and Papert began working together on the problem of vision. These efforts ultimately produced a program created by Minsky in collaboration with a group of hackers—Gerald Sussman, William Gosper, Jack Holloway,



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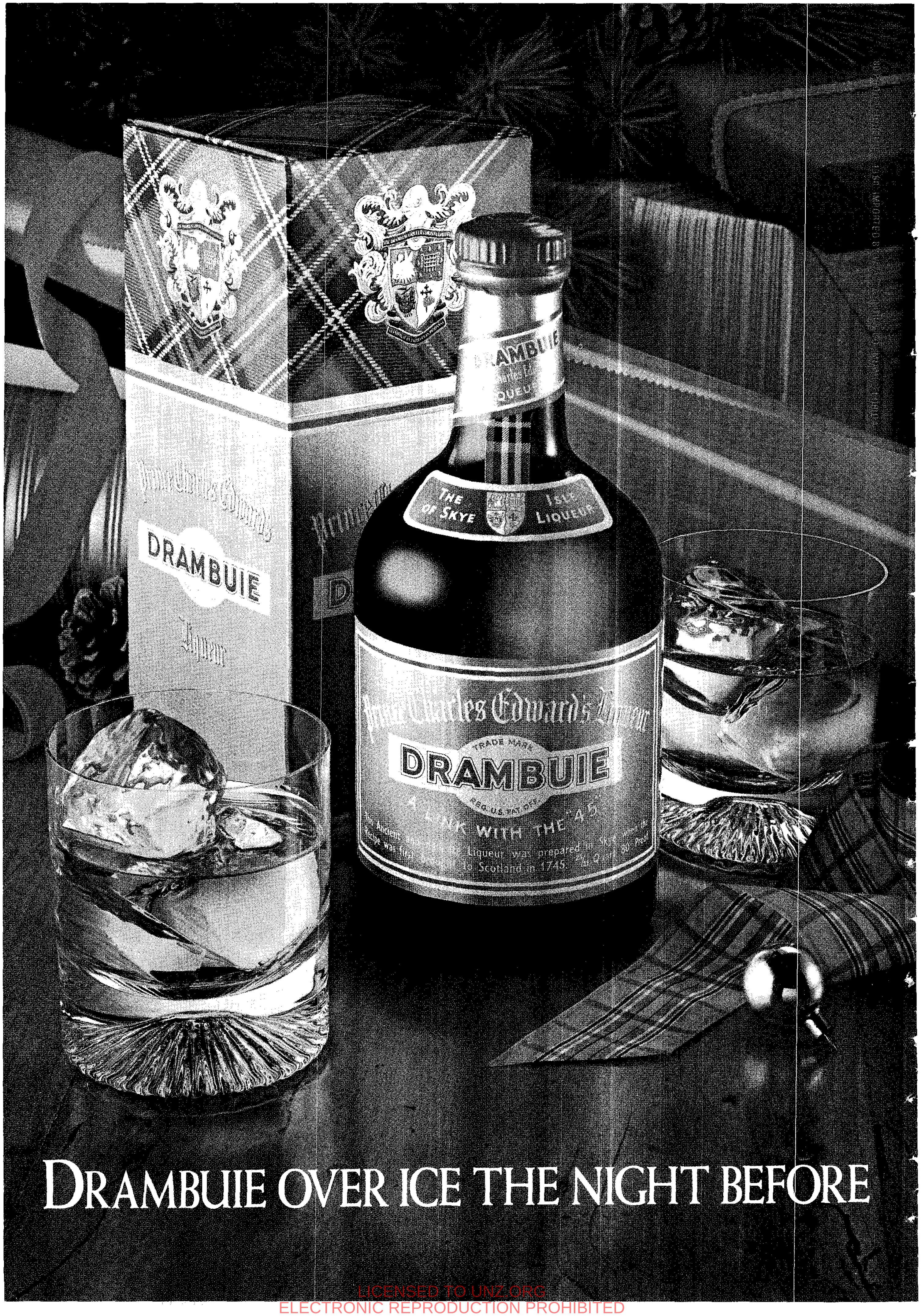
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Richard Greenblatt, Thomas Knight, Russell Noftsker, and others—that was designed to make a computer "see." To equip the computer for sight, Minsky adapted some television cameras. He found that the most optically precise one had been invented in the early nineteen-thirties by Philo Farnsworth, who was one of the early television pioneers. It was still being manufactured by ITT. Minsky ordered one and managed to get it working, but it kept blurring. He telephoned the company and was told that the best thing to do would be to talk to Farnsworth himself, who was still doing research at the company. Minsky explained his problem on the telephone, and Farnsworth instantly diagnosed it. Minsky then fixed the blurring and attached the camera to a PDP-6 computer. The idea was to connect this camera to an arm so that one could tell the computer to pick up objects that its eye had spotted and identified. The arm was then to do various things with the objects. In the course of this, Minsky designed a mechanical arm, powered by fourteen musclelike hydraulic cylinders. It had a moving shoulder, three elbows, and a wrist—all not much thicker than a human arm. When all the bugs were finally out and the machine was turned on, the hand would wave around until the eye found it. "It would hold its hand in front of its eye and move it a little bit to see if it really was itself," Minsky said. The eye had to find itself in the coördinate system of the hand. Despite all the problems, they were able to get the arm to catch a ball by attaching a cornucopia to the hand, so that the ball would not fall out. It would sometimes try to catch people, too, so they finally had to build a fence around it.

The project turned out to be much more difficult than anyone had imagined it would be. In the first place, the camera's eye, it was discovered, preferred to focus on the shadows of objects rather than on the objects themselves. When Minsky and his colleagues got that straightened out, they found that if the scene contained shiny objects the robot would again become confused and try to grasp reflections, which are often the brightest "objects" in a scene. To solve such problems, a graduate student named David Waltz (now a professor of electrical engineering at the University of Illinois at Urbana) developed a new theory of shadows and edges, which helped them eliminate most of these

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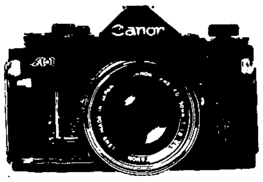

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difficulties. They also found that conventional computer-programming techniques were not adequate. Minsky and Papert began to try to invent programs that were not centralized but had parts—heterarchies—that were semi-independent but could call on one another for assistance. Eventually, they developed these notions into something they called the society-of-the-mind theory, in which they conjectured that intelligence emerges from the interactions of many small systems operating within an evolving administrative structure. The first program to use such ideas was constructed by Patrick Winston—who would later succeed Minsky as director of the A.I. Laboratory. And by 1970 Minsky and his colleagues had been able to show the computer a simple structure, like a bridge made of blocks, and get the machine, on its own, to build a duplicate.

At about the same time, one of Papert's students, Terry Winograd, who is now a professor of computer science and linguistics at Stanford, produced a system called SHRDLU. (On Linotype machines, operators used the phrase "ETAOIN SHRDLU" to mark a typographical error.) SHRDLU was probably the most complicated computer program that had ever been written up to that time. The world that Winograd created for his SHRDLU program consisted of an empty box, cubes, rectangular blocks, and pyramids, all of various colors. To avoid the complications of robotics, Winograd chose not to use actual objects but to have the shapes represented in three dimensions on a television screen. This display was for the benefit of the people running the program and not for the machine, which in this case was a PDP-10 with a quarter of a million words of memory. The machine can respond to a typed command like "Find a block that is taller than the one you are holding and put it into the box" or "Will you please stack up both of the red blocks and either a green cube or a pyramid?" When it receives such a request, an "arm," symbolized by a line on the television screen, moves around and carries it out. The programming language was based on one named PLANNER, created by Carl Hewitt, another of Papert's students. PLANNER, according to Minsky, consists largely of suggestions of the kind "If a block is to be put on something, then make sure there is room on the something for the block to fit." The programmer does not have to know in advance when such suggestions will be needed, because the PLANNER system has ways to detect when they are necessary. Thus, the PLANNER assertions do not have to be written in any particular order—unlike the declarations in the ordinary programming languages—and it is easy to add new ones when they are needed. This makes it relatively easy to write the language, but it also makes it extremely difficult to anticipate what the program will do before one tries it out—"so hard," Minsky remarked, "that no one tries to use it anymore." He added, "But it was an important stepping stone to the methods we use now." One can ask it to describe what it has done and say why it has done it. One can ask "Can a pyramid be supported by a block?" and it will say "Yes," or ask "Can the table pick up blocks?" and it will say "No." It is sensitive to ambiguities. If one asks it to pick up a pyramid—and there are several pyramids—it will say "I don't understand which pyramid you mean." SHRDLU can also learn, to a certain extent. When Winograd began a question "Does a steeple—" the machine interrupted him with "Sorry, I don't know the word 'steeple.' " It was then told that "a steeple is a stack which contains two green cubes and a pyramid," and was then asked to build one. It did, discovering for itself that the pyramid has to be on top. It can also correctly answer questions like "Does the shortest thing the tallest pyramid's support supports support anything green?" Still, as Douglas Hofstadter, in his book "Gödel, Escher, Bach," points out, SHRDLU has limitations, even within its limited context. "It cannot handle 'hazy' language," Hofstadter says. If one asks it, for example, "How many blocks go on top of each other to make a steeple?" the phrase "go on top of each other"—which, despite its paradoxical character, makes sense to us—is too imprecise to be understood by the machine. We use phrases like this all the time without being conscious of how peculiar they are when they're analyzed logically.

WHAT are we to make of a program like SHRDLU? Or of one like HEARSAY—designed by Raj Reddy, a former student of McCarthy's at Stanford and now a professor of computer science at Carnegie-Mellon—which, on a limited basis, began to understand speech? Do these programs bring us closer to understanding

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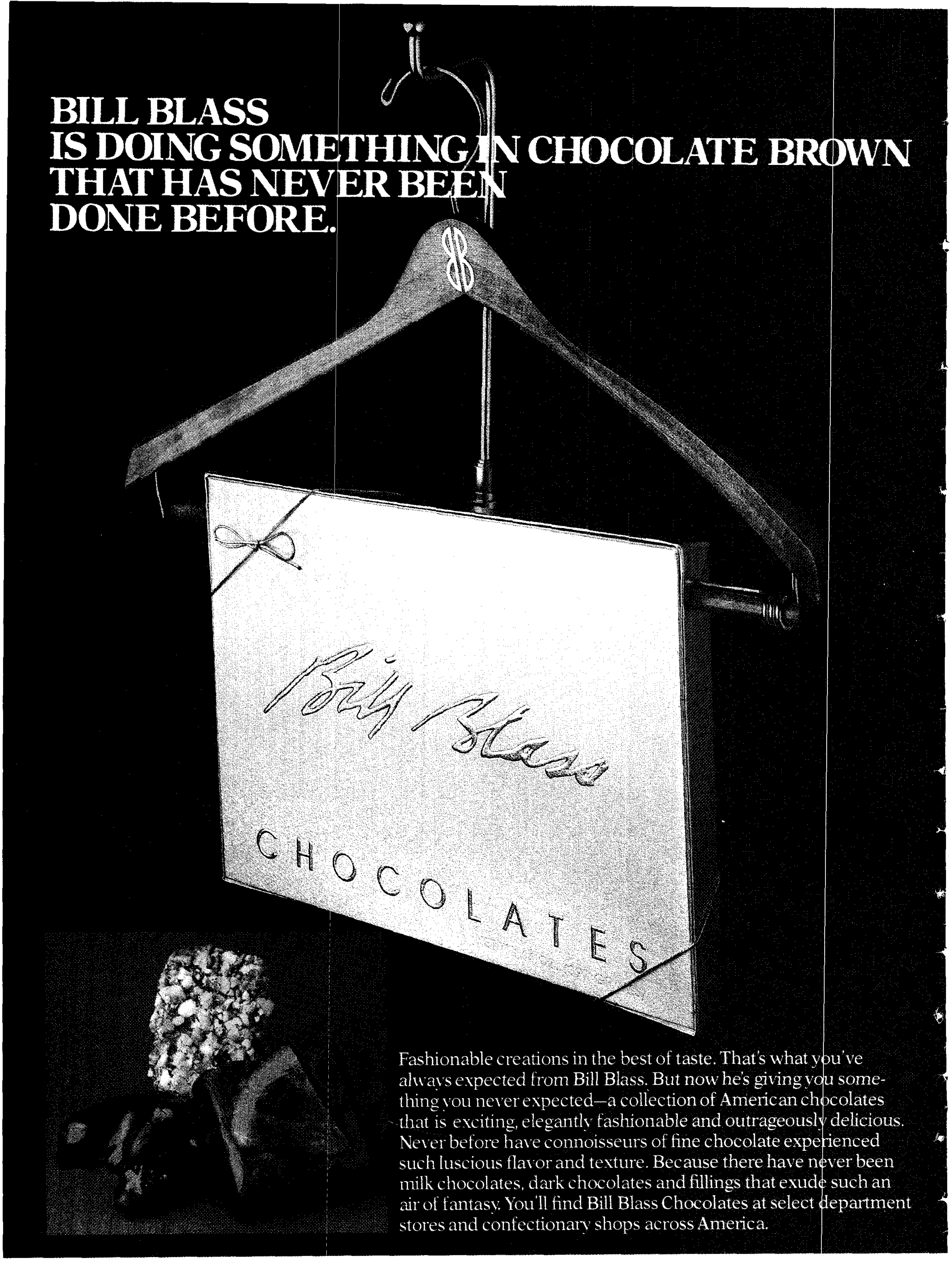

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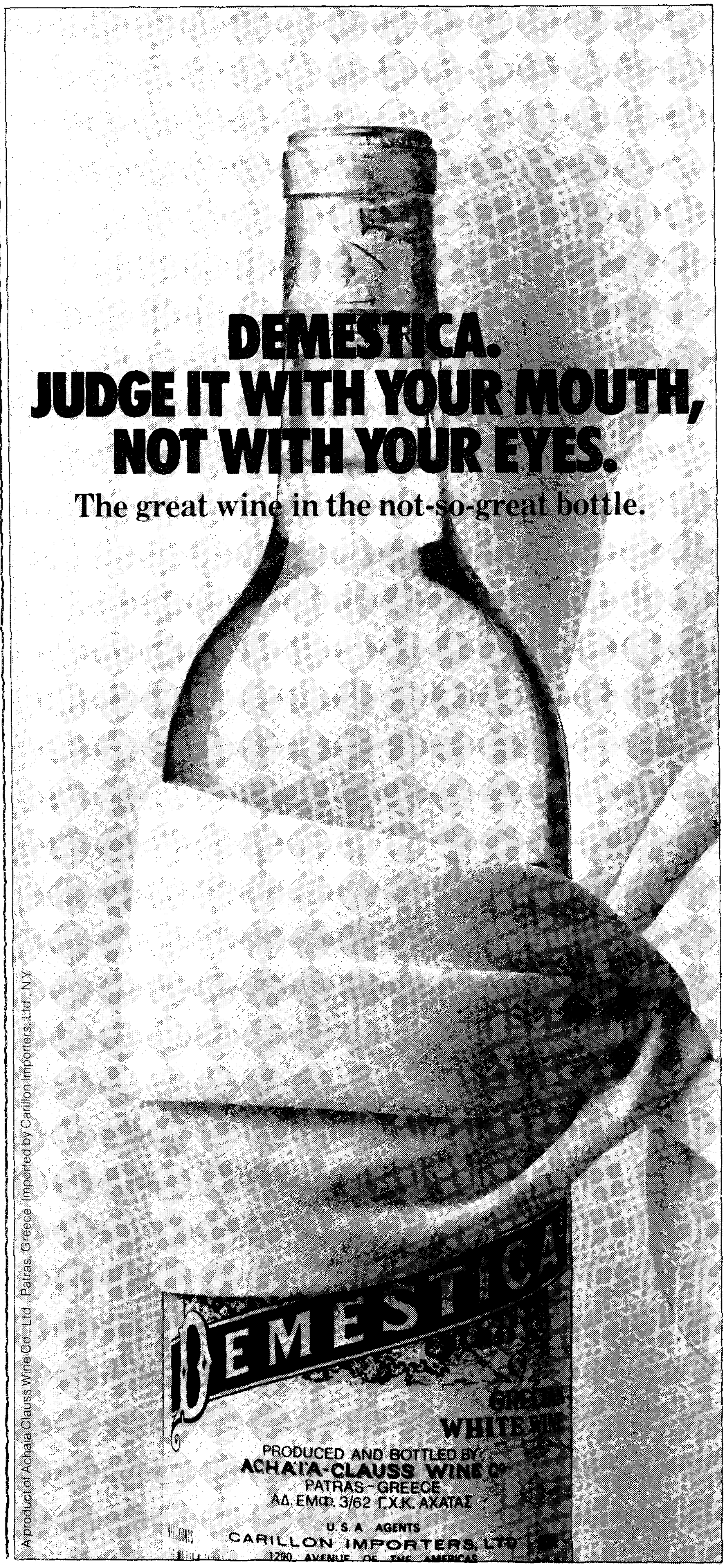
how our minds work, or are they too "mechanistic" to give us any fundamental insight? Or is what they show, perhaps, that the closer we get to making machine models of ourselves, the less we begin to understand the functioning of the machines? Minsky and I discussed these questions at length, and also the question of whether the fact that we are beginning to learn to communicate with machines might help to teach us to communicate with one another or whether our sense of alienation from the machines will grow as they begin to perform more and more in domains that we have traditionally reserved for ourselves.

What would it mean to understand the mind? It is difficult to believe that such an understanding would consist of an enumeration of the brain's components. Even if we had a diagram that included every one of the billions of neurons and the billions of interconnections in the human brain, it would stare at us as mutely as the grains of sand in a desert. But this is the way—for most of us, at least—that a high-resolution microscope photograph of a silicon computer chip appears. Such a photograph, though, does not truly show the components—the atoms and the molecules. On the chip, these have been organized into functional units—memory, logic circuits—which can be understood and described. Minsky and others working in this field believe that in time the functional parts of the brain will be identified and their function described in language we can understand. Still, these people seem certain that the description, whatever it turns out to be, will not be like the great unifying descriptions in physics, in which a single equation, or a few equations, derived from what appear to be almost self-evident principles, can describe and predict vast realms of phenomena. Will the ultimate description of the brain resemble the description of a machine—in particular, that of a computer? The nervous systems of living organisms have been evolving on earth for more than three billion years, while the computer revolution has taken place only over the past forty years. We simply do not yet fully understand what computers can be made to do, and until this is clearer we cannot be sure what the final comparisons between mind and computer may be.

In the meantime, how should we view the machines we do have? Min-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sky and Papert, among others, see in the machines a great new opportunity for changing our methods of education. This is not because the machines can do arithmetic, say, better than we can but because "the computer provides a more flexible experience than anything else a child is likely to encounter," Minsky said. He went on, "With it, a child can become an architect or an artist. Children can now be given resources for dealing with complex systems—resources that no one has ever had before. That's one side of it. On the other side, dealing with a computer—as Seymour and I see it, at least—allows a child to have a whole new set of attitudes toward making mistakes, or what we call finding bugs. We have not been able to devise any other term for it. This attitude does not seem to get taught in schools, even though the concern there is to teach the truth. To really understand a mechanism—a piece of clockwork, for example—what you have to understand is what would happen if there were, for example, a tooth missing from a gear. In this case, part of the mechanism might spin very fast and set off a long chain of things that could end with the clock's smashing itself to bits. To understand something like this, you must know what happens if you make a perturbation around the normal behavior—do the sort of thing that physicists do in what they call perturbation theory. We call this kind of information knowledge about bugs. Traditionally, such encounters are looked on as mistakes—something to be avoided. Seymour wanted to develop a working place for a child in which it would be a positive achievement when a child could find the things that could go wrong. If you know enough of those things, you get close to something like the truth. This is what happens with children who use computers in schoolroom environments that Seymour has set up, and in this the computers are essential, since their behavior is so flexible."

Minsky continued, "We hope that when a child does something that does not quite work out he will say, 'Oh, isn't it interesting that I came out with this peculiar result. What procedure in my head could have resulted in something like this?' The idea is that thinking is process and that if your thinking does something you don't want it to do you should be able to say something microscopic and analytical about it, and not something enveloping and evaluative about yourself as a person. The important thing in refining your own thought is to try to depersonalize your interior; it may be all right to deal with other people in a vague, global way by having 'attitudes' toward them, but it is devastating if this is the way you deal with yourself."

In the last few years, Minsky's thoughts have ranged from the use of robotics both on earth and in space—he thinks that with a relatively small amount of technical improvement in robots automatic factories in space would be feasible—to the development of the human mind and its ability to cope with paradoxes. "Children's innate learning mechanisms do not mature for a long time," he said during one of my talks with him. "For example, a child usually doesn't completely learn spatial perspective until he is about ten. If one is seated at a table with a six-year-old and there are several objects on the table and the child is asked to draw them not from the point of view of what he sees but from the point of view of someone who is sitting opposite him, the child will get the perspective wrong. Children won't begin to get this right until they are ten or twelve. I suspect that this is one of many instances in which the computational ability to do many things, while it may be built in from the beginning, is not dispensed to you until later in life. It is like memory. Most of your memory capacity is very likely not available to you when you are a baby. If it were, you might fill it up with childish nonsense. The genetics is probably arranged to add computational features as you grow, whatever they may be—push down stacks, interrupt programs, all the kinds of things that computer scientists talk about. The hardware for these things is probably built in, but it makes more sense not to give them to the infant right away. He has to learn to use each of the pieces of machinery reliably before he is given the next one. If he were given too many at once, he would ruin them or make no use of them."

Minsky paused, and then went on, "There is another side to this which occurred to me recently. I have often wondered why most people who learn a foreign language as adults never learn to speak it without an accent. I made up a little theory about that. What is a mother trying to do when she talks with her baby? What is her goal? I don't think that it is to teach

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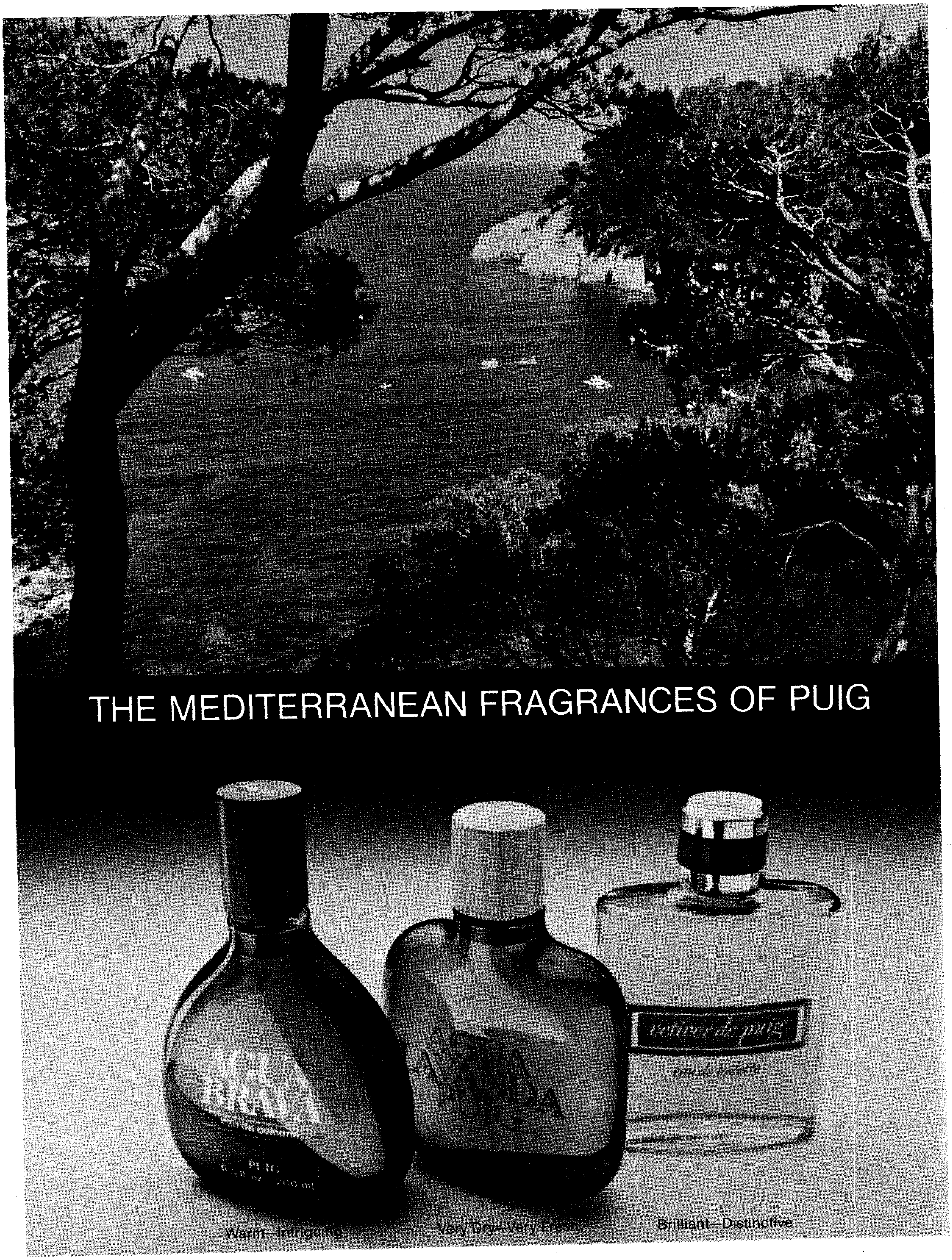
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the baby English or some other adult language. Her goal is to communicate with the baby—to find out what it wants and to talk it out of some silly demands that she can't satisfy. If she could really imitate the baby—speak its language without an accent—she would. But she can't. Children can learn to speak their parents' language without an accent, but not vice versa. I suspect there is a gene that shuts off that learning mechanism when a child reaches sexual maturity. If there weren't, parents would learn their children's language, and language itself would not have developed. A tribe in which adults lost their ability to imitate language at sexual maturity would have an evolutionary advantage, since it could develop a continuous culture, in which the communication between adult and child went in the right direction.

"There is something else that is interesting about children, and that is their attitude toward logical paradoxes. I have often discussed Zeno's paradox with little kids. I ask a kid to try to walk halfway to a wall, and the kid does it. Then I say, 'Now walk halfway from where you are now to the wall,' and then I ask him what would happen if he kept that up. 'Would you ever get to the wall?' If the child appreciates the problem at all, what happens is that he says, 'That is a very funny joke,' and he begins to laugh. This seems to me to be very significant. It reminds me of the Freudian theory of humor. Something that is funny represents a forbidden thought that gets past the censor. These logical paradoxes are cognitively traumatic experiences. They set up mental oscillations that are almost painful—like trying to see both sides of the liar paradox: 'The sentence that you are now reading is false.' These intellectual jokes represent the same sort of threat to the intellect that sexy or sadistic jokes do to the emotions. The fact that we can laugh at them is valuable. It enables us to get by with an inconsistent logic."

Minsky concluded, "To me, this is the real implication of Gödel's theorem. It says that if you have a consistent mathematical system, then it has some limitations. The price you pay for consistency is a certain restrictiveness. You get consistency by being unable to use certain kinds of reasoning. But there is no reason that a machine or a mathematician cannot use an inconsistent system of logic to prove things like Gödel's theorem, and

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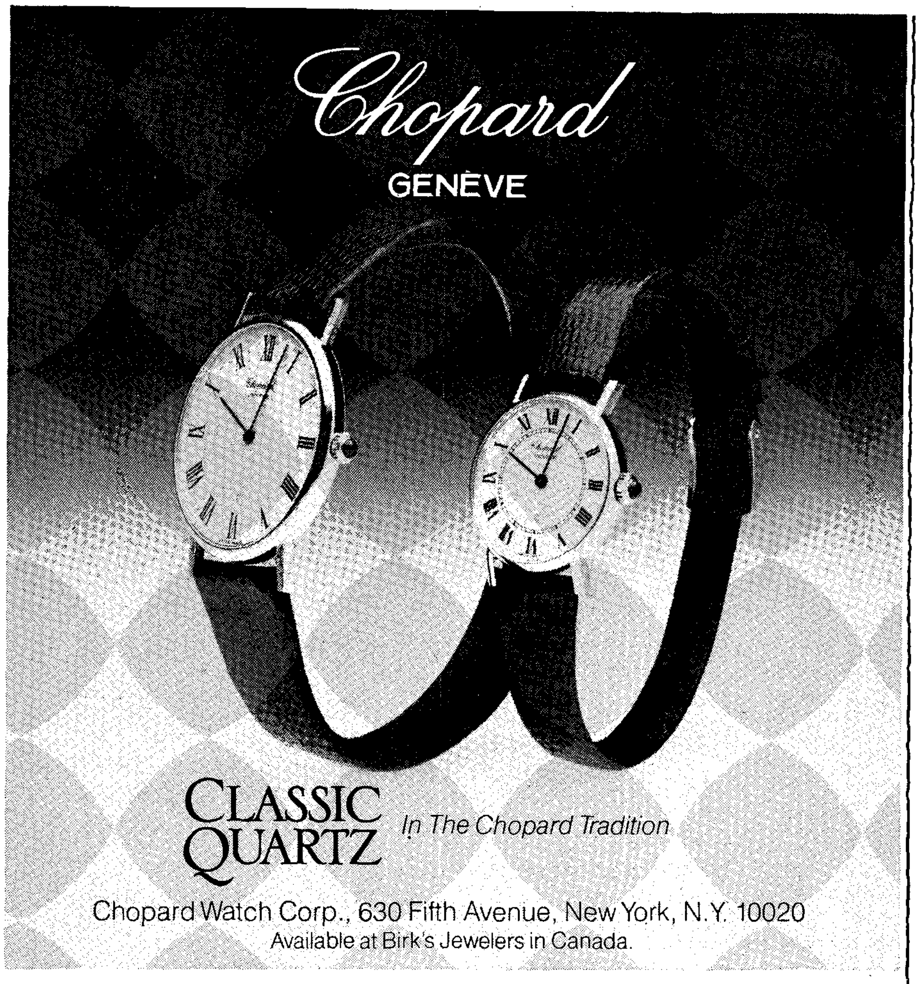
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even understand that, just as Gödel did. I do not think that even Gödel would have insisted that he was a perfectly consistent system that never made a logical error—although, as far as I know, he never published one. If I am doing mathematical logic, I take great pains to work within one of those logical systems which are believed to be foolproof. On the other hand, as a working mathematician, I behave quite differently in everyday life. The image I have is that it is like ice skating. If you live in a conscientious community that does not try to prohibit everything, it will place red flags where the ice is thin, to tell you to be careful. When you are doing mathematics and you begin to discover that you are working with a function that has a peculiar behavior, you begin to see red flags that tell you to be careful. When you come to a sentence that says it's false or you come to sentences that appear to be discussing things that resemble themselves, you get nervous. You say to yourself, 'As a mathematician, I am on thin ice now.' My view of mathematical thinking is like Freud's view of everyday thinking. We have in our subconscious a number of little demons, or little parasites, and each of them is afraid of something. Right now, I am working on the society-of-the-mind theory. I believe that the way to understand intelligence is to have some parts of the mind that know certain things, and other parts of the mind that know things about the first part. If you want to learn something, the most important thing to know is which part of your mind is good at learning that kind of thing. I am not looking so much for a unified general theory. I am looking for an administrative theory of how the mind can have enough parts and know enough about each of them to solve all the problems it confronts. I am interested in developing a set of ideas about different kinds of simple learning machines, each one of which has as its main concern to learn what the others are good at. Eventually, I hope to close the circle, so that the whole thing can figure out how to make itself better. That, at least, is my fantasy." —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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- 1 tablespoon dry sherry
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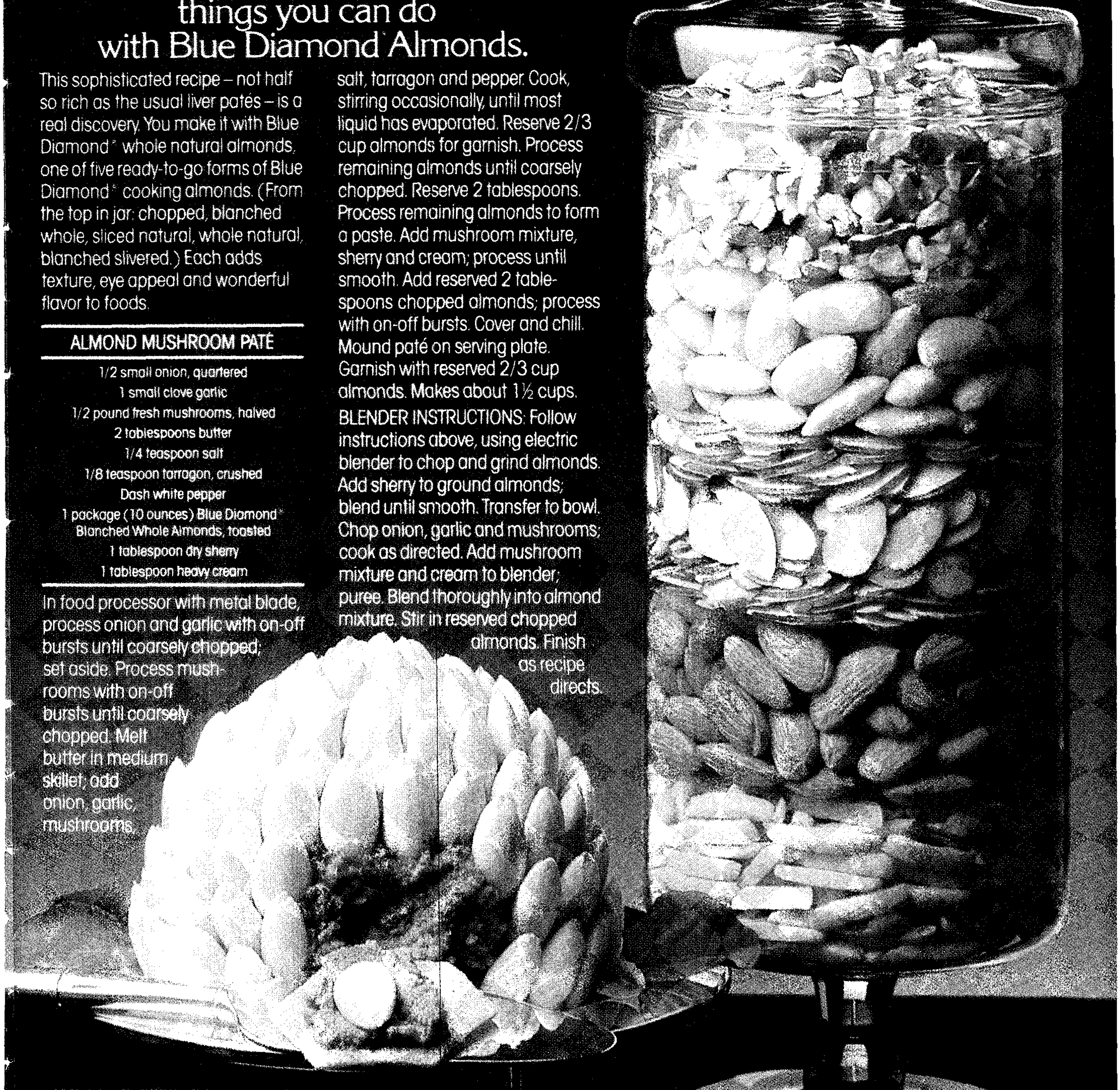
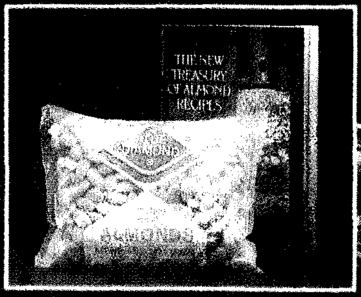
BLENDER INSTRUCTIONS: Follow instructions above, using electric blender to chop and grind almonds. Add sherry to ground almonds; blend until smooth. Transfer to bowl. Chop onion, garlic and mushrooms; cook as directed. Add mushroom mixture and cream to blender; puree. Blend thoroughly into almond mixture. Stir in reserved chopped almonds. Finish as recipe directs.





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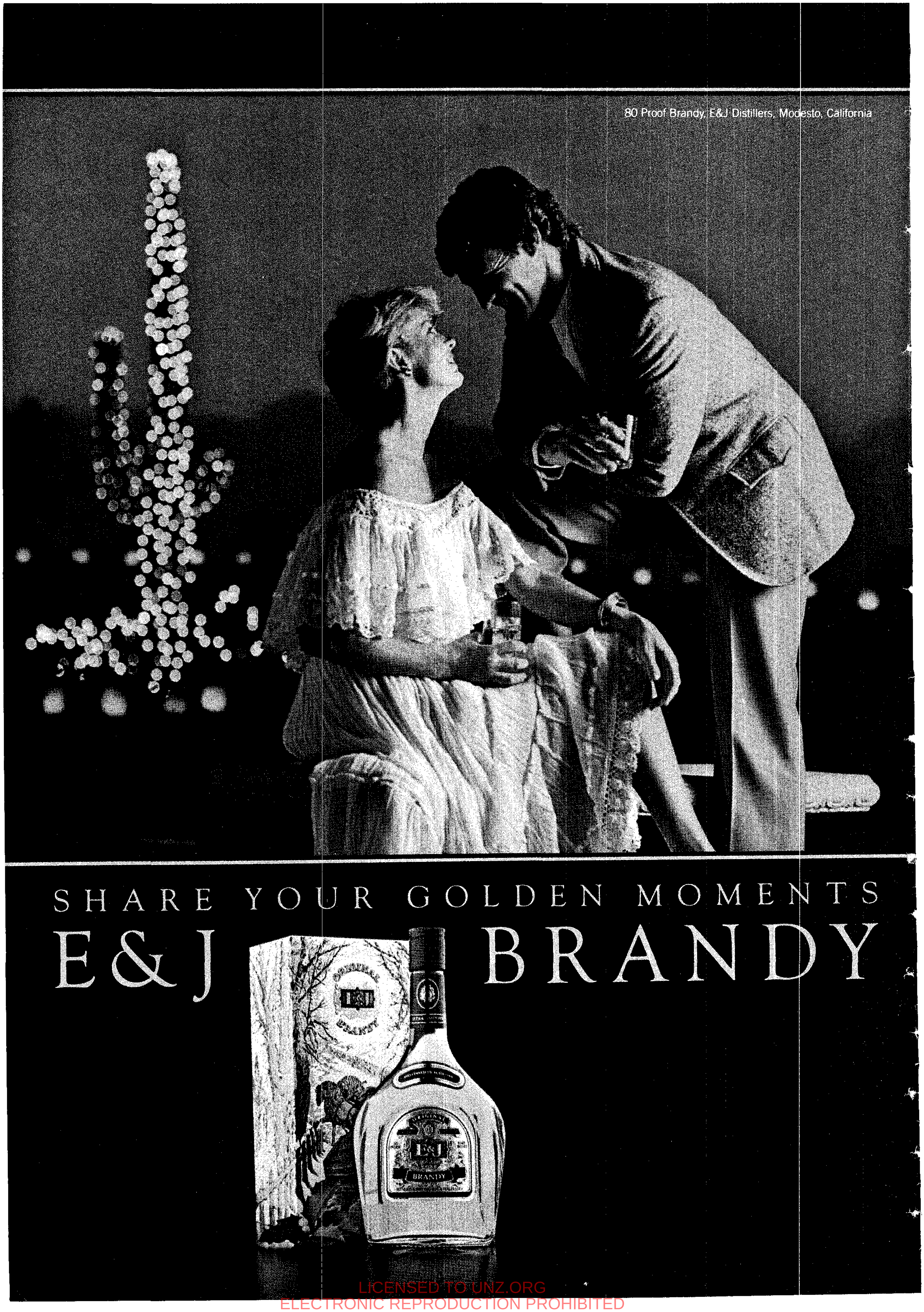

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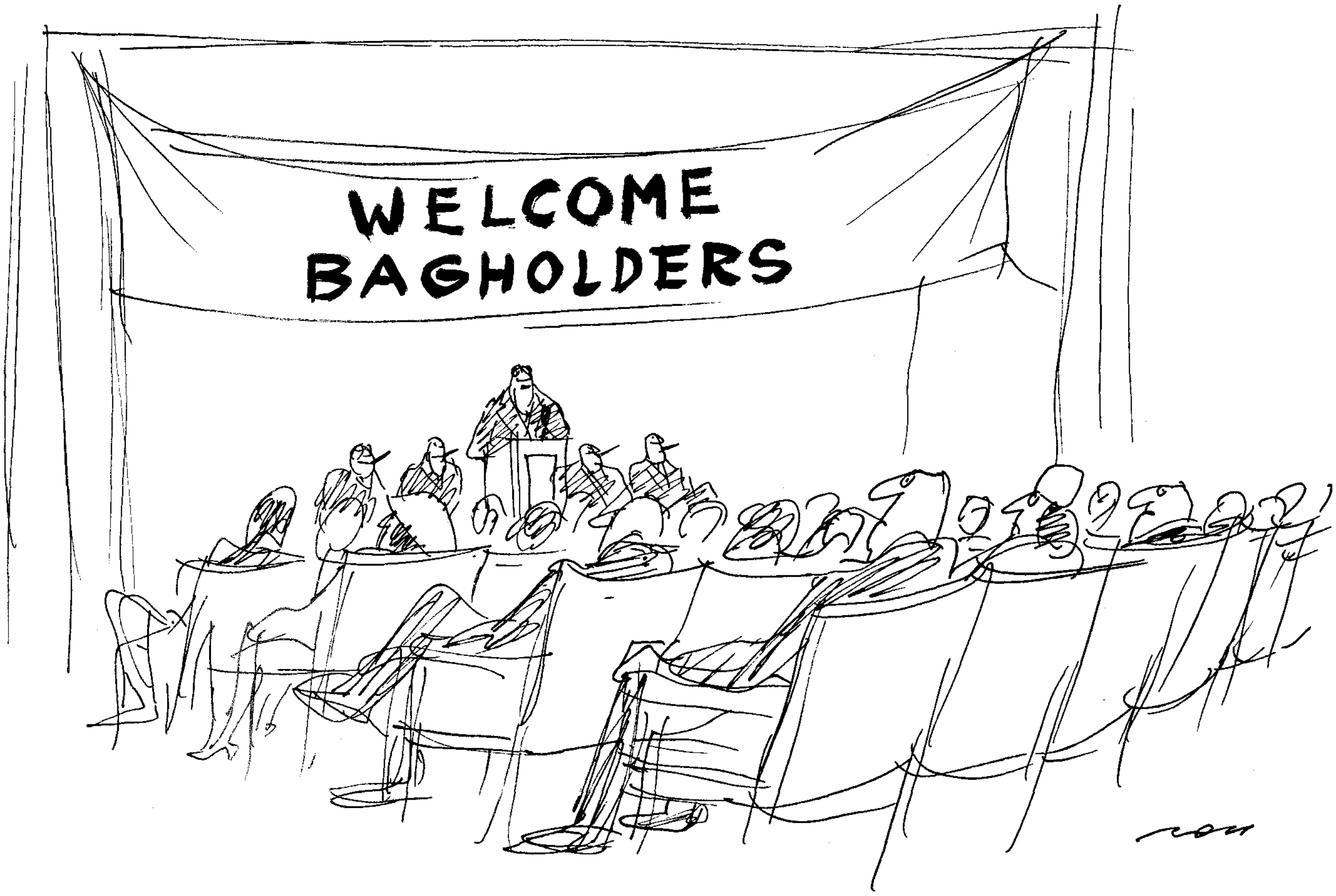
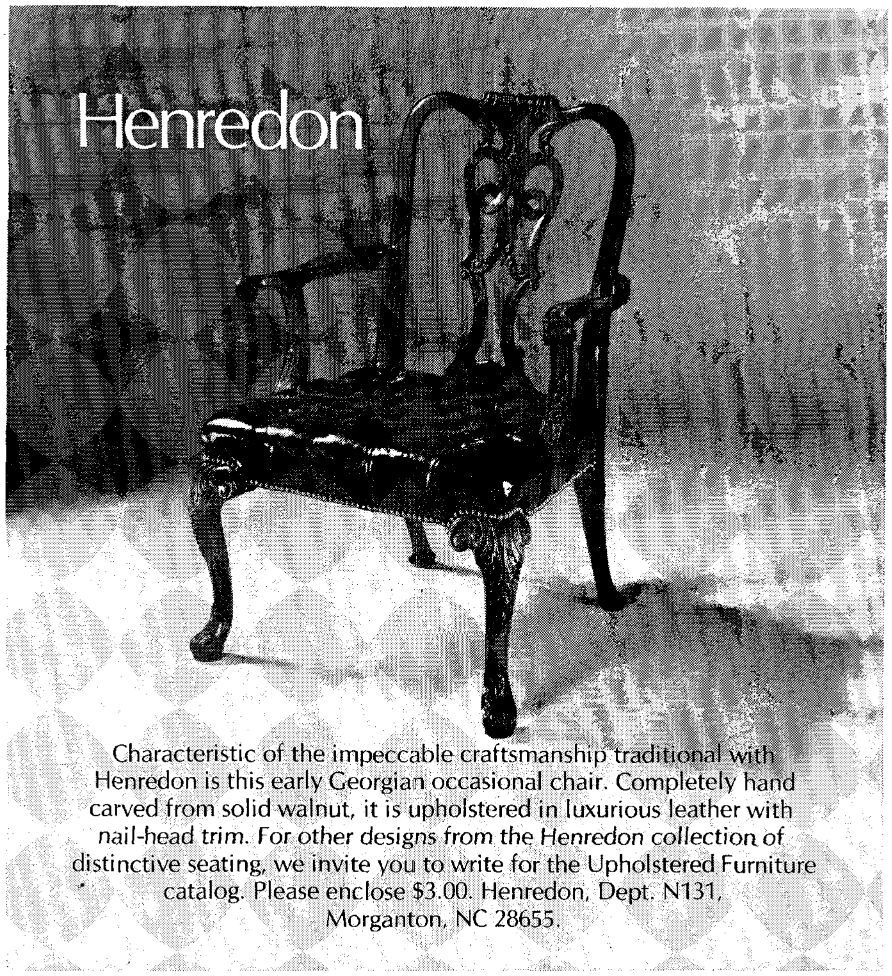
# U.S. JOURNAL: SAN DIEGO

## THOUGHTS WHILE RIDING A TROLLEY TOWARD TIJUANA

THE San Diego Trolley, which went into service last summer, has been widely praised for not being any number of things. It is not, for instance, experimental, having made do with what its admirers often refer to as "off-the-shelf technology"—a phrase that tends to conjure up in the nontechnical mind the sort of shelf that would be required to hold a selection of seventy-five-foot, thirty-five-ton railroad cars. It is not grandiosely ambitious. It runs only about sixteen miles, all of it aboveground and most of it along a railroad bed that already existed. Partly because the roadbed was available at a bargain price from a freight line that was ready to abandon it, the San Diego Trolley was not, as mass-transit projects go, expensive; partly because it took advantage of money diverted from California state gasoline taxes, it did not require any federal funds. Its construction did not fall behind schedule. It is not fancy. It does not need a huge labor force to maintain its stations and man its ticket booths and collect its fares. (The stations amount to little more than roofs with a few telephone booths and self-service machines under them; the tickets are checked only randomly by inspectors.) All this is considered praiseworthy, of course, because of dismal experience in recent years with new public-transportation systems that are all the things the San Diego system is praised for not being. The Washington, D.C., Metro was constructed with cost overruns that seemed inspired by the Pentagon. In San Francisco, the Bay Area Rapid Transit system (BART)—ambitious, high-tech, expensive, fancy, experimental—has had widely publicized financial and technical problems. In Los Angeles, the proposed mass-transit system that is to be built with the help of federal grants has, after a number of years, succeeded in transporting only a lot of paperwork from Los Angeles to Washington and back. The San Diego Trolley is such a triumph of negative virtues that the commentators who regularly stop by to sing its praises usually don't dwell on the fact that it cannot have a significant impact on transportation in San Diego. ("Ironically, the San Diego Trolley will do little of what mass transit systems are reputed to do—clean up polluted air, lessen our dependence on gasoline, alleviate rush-hour free-way congestion," the San Diego *Union* said in the thirtieth paragraph of its lead story on the trolley's dedication.) Admirers of the San Diego Trolley argue that it provides a good start—it is a demonstration that fixed-rail mass transit can work, they say; it is the beginning of a spine upon which an area-wide mass-transit system of both trains and buses can be built—but it is usually praised not for paving the way but for avoiding the pitfalls. One of the lessons of its reception may be that we have come to the point where a large public project in an American city can be celebrated simply for not being a disaster. Could it be that we will soon be seeing new sports complexes praised for being built without a contracting scandal, even if there are no teams to play in them? Will there be public-housing projects that enhance a city's reputa-





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tion because they are not dehumanizing or crime-breeding or wildly over their construction budget—even though they are also small country bungalows in which nobody lives?

THE San Diego Trolley, which travels south from downtown San Diego to the Mexican border, is often called the Tijuana Trolley—but not by State Senator James Mills, the man responsible for its existence, who does not call it a trolley at all. Mills, a former president pro tempore of the California senate, pushed through legislation to fund a light-rail line in San Diego because he strongly believes that America's neglect of light rail as a method of mass transit has been a dreadful mistake. "Either we are wrong or the rest of the world is wrong," he said recently. "Somebody is out of step." Mills is sometimes referred to as a "railroad buff"—a description that does not please him, since it leaves the impression of a hobbyist who rides trains for the fun of it. ("I enjoy riding trains when I have someplace to go.") He is enough of a railroad buff, though, to know that the San Diego Trolley is technically not a trolley—its cars are connected to the electric cables above them with a device called a pantograph rather than with an old-fashioned trolley pole—but that was not his original objection to the name. From almost the beginning of his efforts in Sacramento, opponents of his light-rail project ridiculed it as the Tijuana Trolley—a name whose alliterative bounce assured its longevity—and even San Diego Trolley struck Mills as "a Disneyland name," chosen without his consultation to represent what he had envisioned as a serious integrated mass-transit system for the entire area. "The term 'trolley' has always been and is still used to belittle the mode of transportation," Mills wrote the Metropolitan Transit Development Board, the regional authority that presides over the San Diego Trolley. "Certainly, the name of this new system should not be one that would evoke memories of Toonerville."

As it happens, "trolley" is a term that serves the symbolic needs of the transportation system that emerged from Mills' efforts. It conjures up a sort of sassy, no-frills approach that fits in with the negative virtues that the Metropolitan Transit Development Board and San Diego boosters have emphasized. In response to sug-

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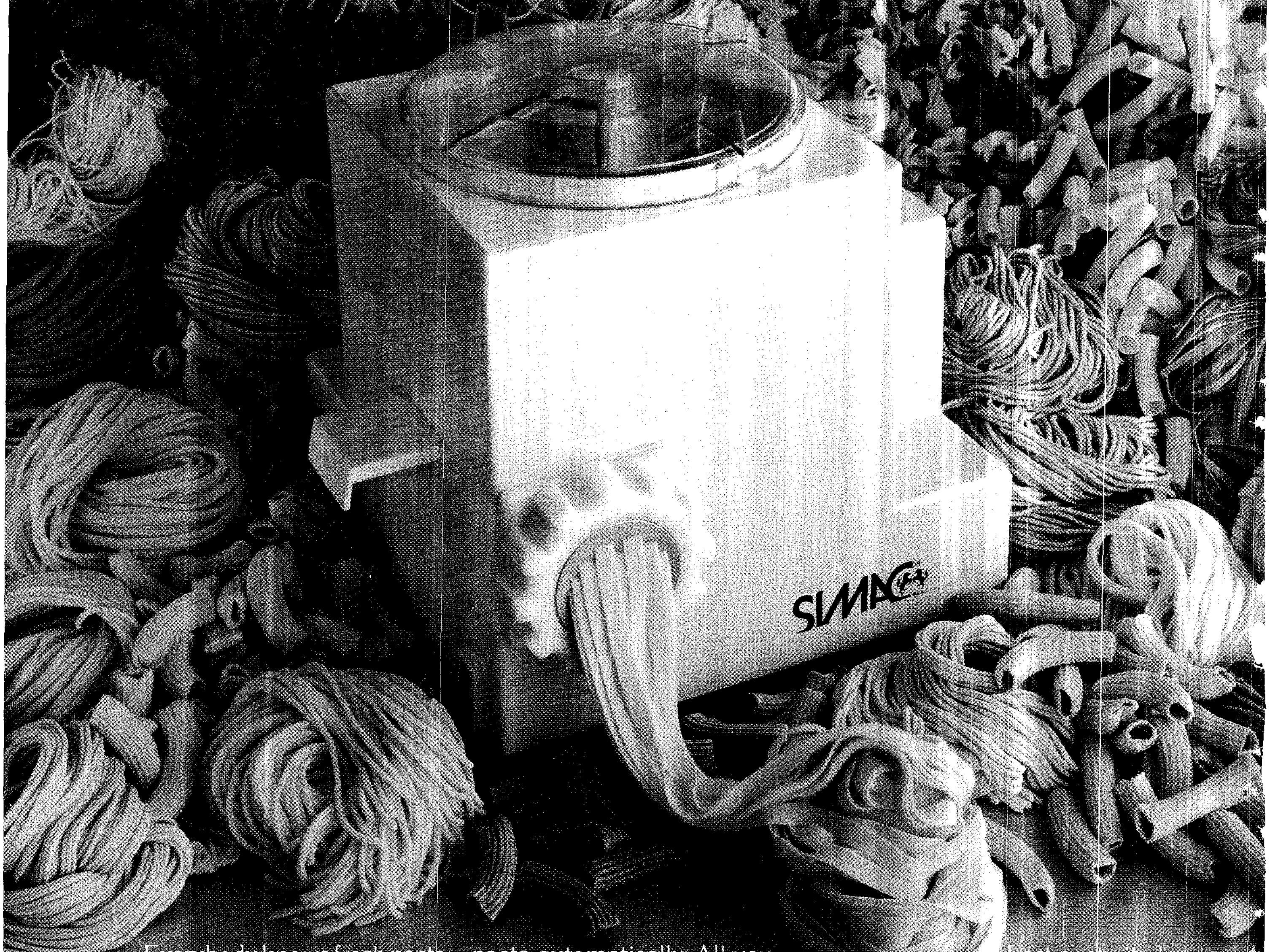

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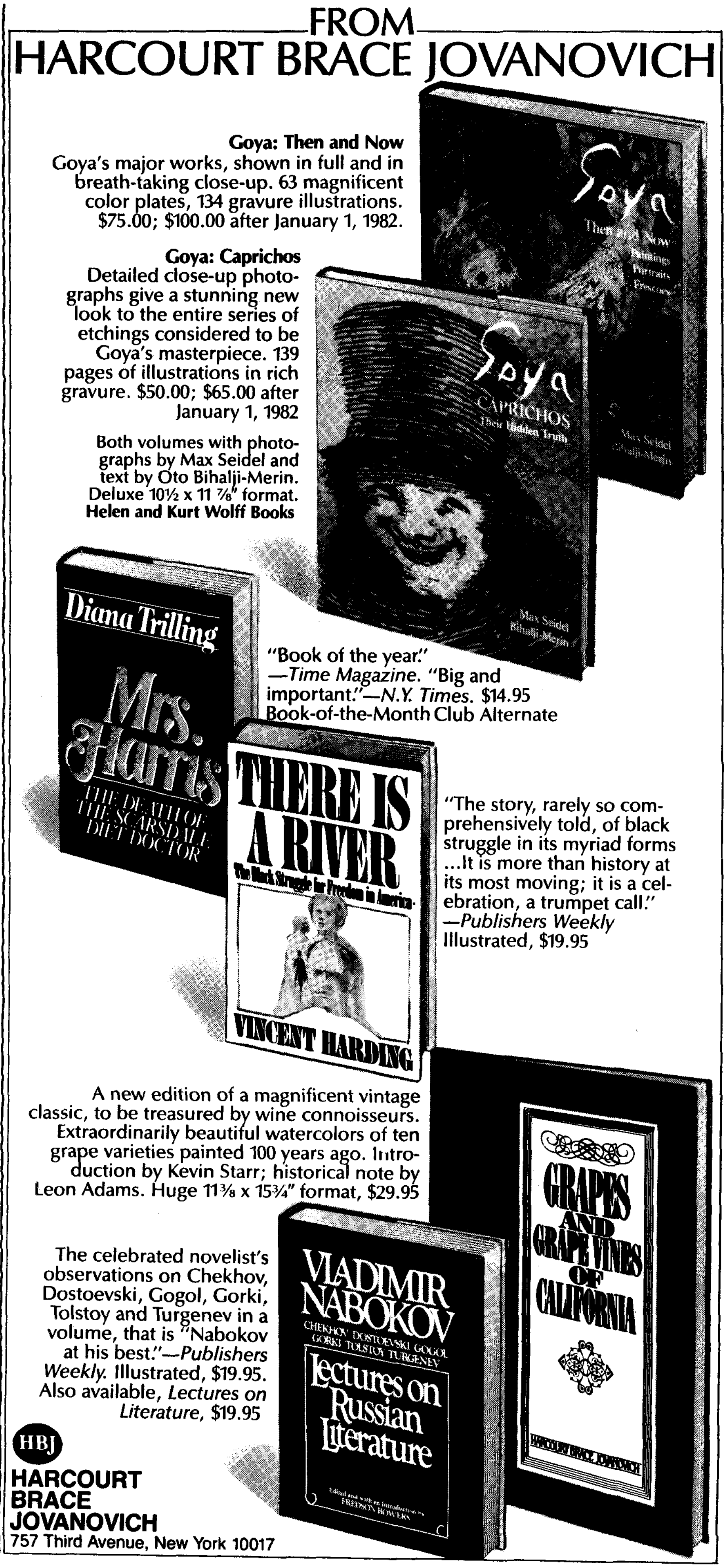
Simac Appliances Corporation • 14 East 60th Street • New York, N.Y. 10022 gestions that the name be something more dignified, the M.T.D.B. chairwoman, an energetic former city councilwoman named Maureen O'Connor, said, "When we grow up and become real fancy and get federal funds, we can call it 'metro.' " It also evokes a spirit of cheerful adventure which appeals to tourists—whose use of the San Diego Trolley has kept the ridership on weekends as high as it is during the week. The trolley's route after it leaves downtown San Diego happens to be through a landscape of almost unrelieved dreariness—the seedy thrift-shop neighborhood at the edge of downtown, the industrial suburbs on the edge of the city, row after row of gray landing craft stored in the Navy's mothball fleet, the trailer parks of blue-collar suburbs, dusty scrubland that seems to be of use only to the occasional cross-country motorcyclist. Still, the words used to describe the San Diego Trolley's appeal to the tourists are words like "bright" and "cheerful" and "fun." The trolley obviously attracts tourists who would never have considered going to Tijuana by way of the No. 32 bus. Apparently, a trolley appeals to the middle-aged and the elderly as a piece of nostalgia, and to the young as a novelty. According to Neil Morgan, the editor of the San Diego *Tribune*, the comment of some younger citizens after a ride on the trolley is that it was their first trip on a train that actually went anywhere, their previous experience having been limited to a train that just went round and round—in Disneyland.

THE decision to build the San Diego Trolley was not based on the mass-transit needs of San Diego. Nobody ever produced a survey showing that commuters in the area between downtown and the border, an area known as South Bay, were not being adequately served by the public buses already available. No study demonstrated that whatever transit improvements might be advisable could best be made by running a trolley along the western edge of the South Bay towns. In fact, most planners and most studies indicated that whatever public-transportation needs existed in South Bay could be taken care of by improved bus service. Although the South Bay corridor had the most heavily used bus line in the area, a trolley toward the eastern or northern suburbs would have done much more to thin the freeway traffic; opponents of building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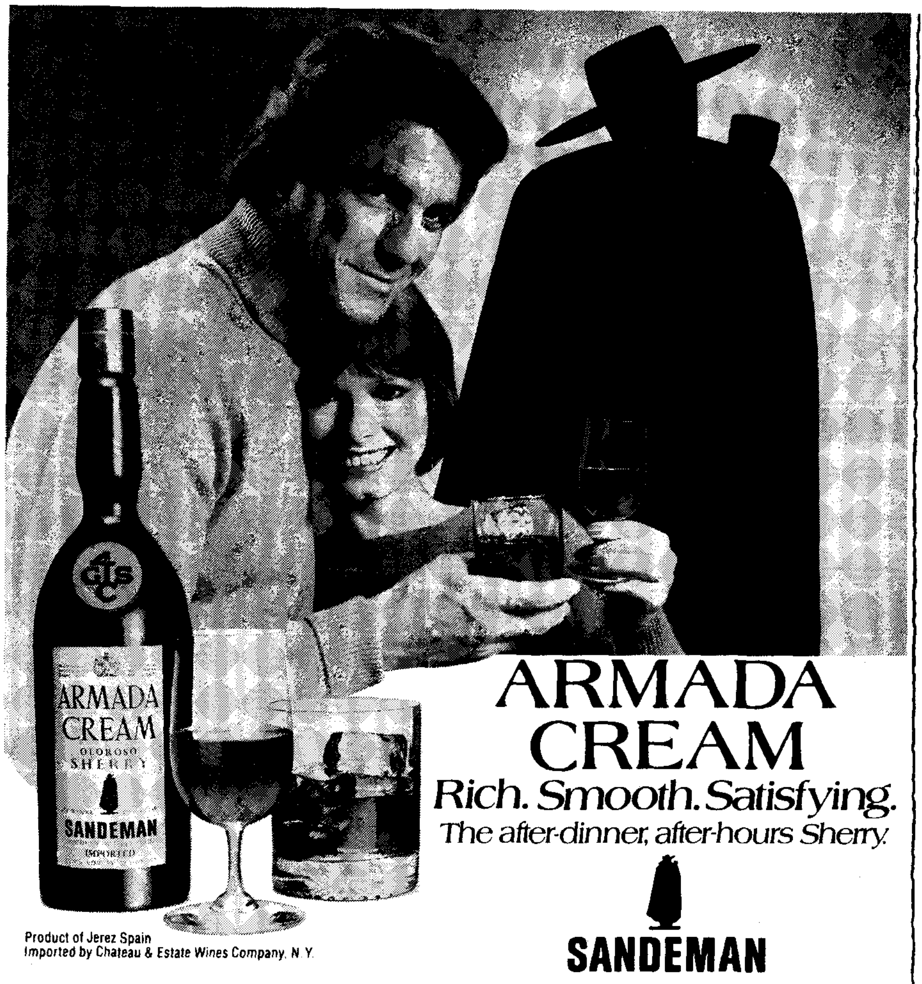
the trolley claimed that what the M.T.D.B. proposed to do was to spend a hundred million dollars simply to transfer people from one form of mass transit to another. As the various councils and boards and authorities considered the trolley project, the most compelling arguments in its favor were that the money was available, that the roadbed and right-of-way could be purchased cheaply, and that Senator Mills, a man who has considerable political power and the reputation of being willing to use it, was intent on having a light-rail system built in San Diego. Even those arguments did not make many people outside the M.T.D.B. particularly enthusiastic; there was no great fervor for the trolley among San Diego politicians or San Diego business leaders. People who followed the process of San Diego's coming to a decision about whether or not to build the trolley tend to agree that the deciding vote was cast by a man who is not an officeholder, or even a resident—a shopping-center developer named Ernest Hahn.

Hahn, one of the country's leading developers of shopping centers, has been planning a large shopping mall for downtown San Diego. The Hahn project is the centerpiece of a downtown-redevelopment plan that its proponents believe will underscore the final transformation of San Diego—once known as a Navy town, and then as a sort of constantly expanding collection of comfortable Southern California sprawl—into a real city. Apparently, Ernest Hahn made the construction of the San Diego Trolley a condition of his continued commitment to the downtown shopping mall. The San Diego Trolley may be an efficient means of carrying blue-collar workers to South Bay shipyards and carrying green-carder maids from Tijuana to San Diego, but the potential riders who were the final inspiration for its construction were not commuters but customers.

IN San Diego, it is assumed that the customers Hahn has in mind for delivery to his door are not customers from the suburbs but customers from Mexico. In the background of discussions about the impact of the trolley is competition for the patronage of Mexican shoppers. A mass-transit system proposed with commuters in mind might have been expected to find its most enthusiastic support among commuter organizations along its path, but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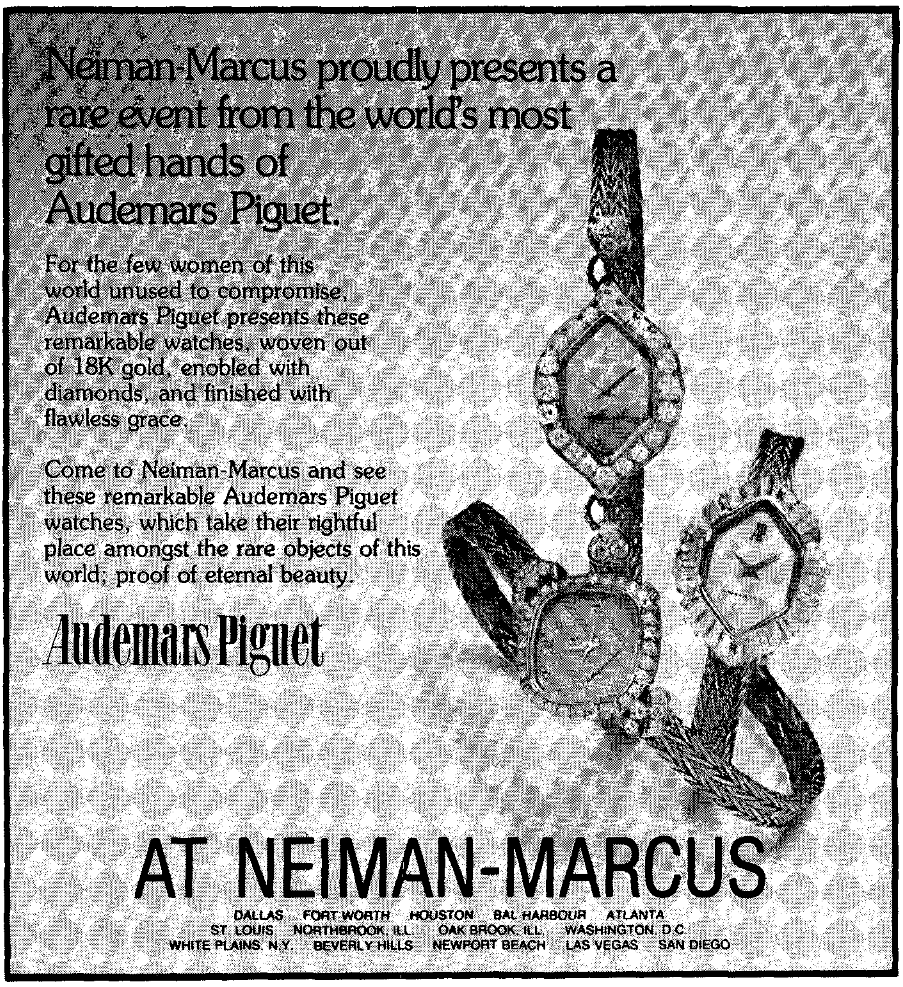
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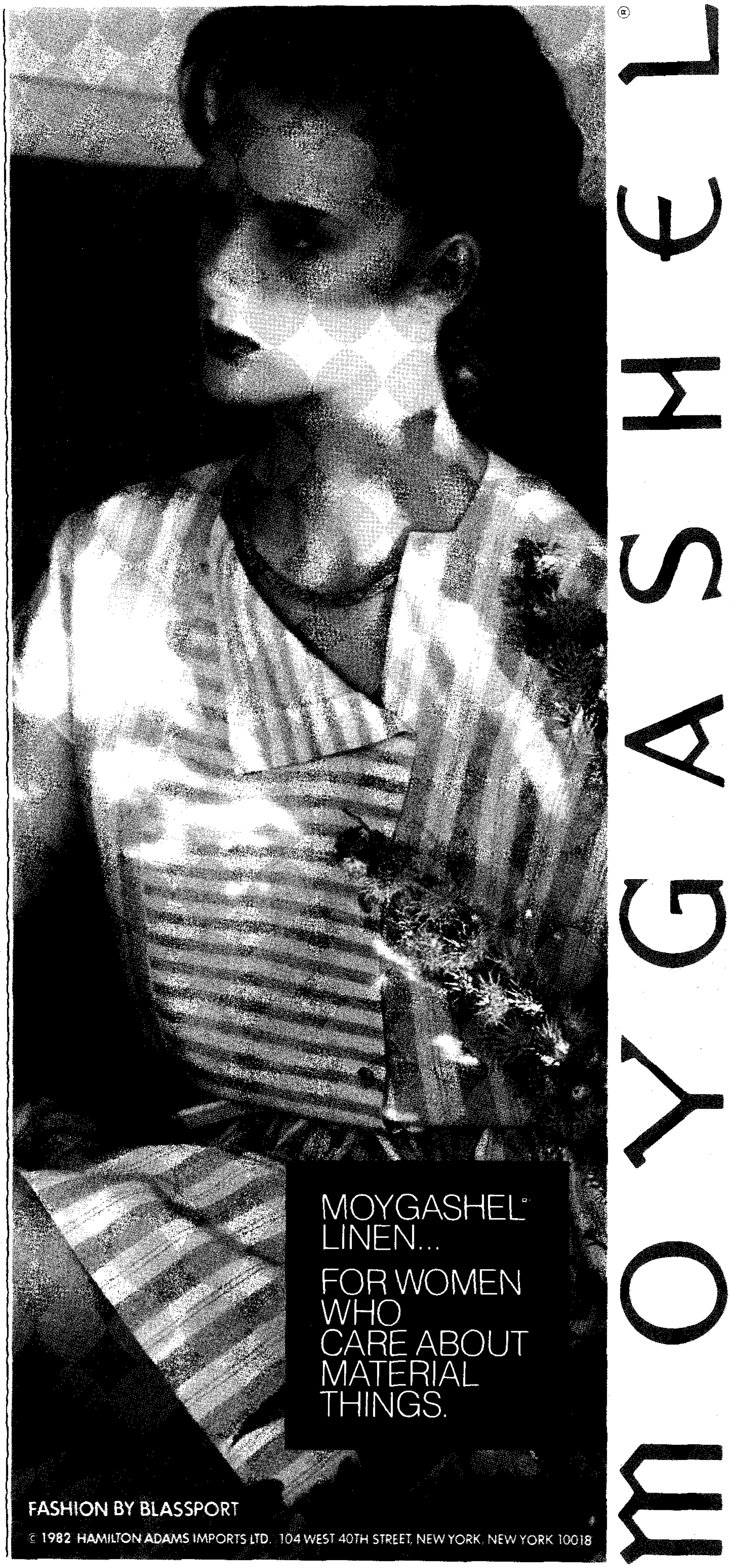
in Chula Vista, the largest community in South Bay, about the only organization that seemed to care one way or the other about the question of building the trolley was the Chamber of Commerce, which opposed the project from the start. The Chamber's opposition was based partly on the fact that the line's crossing barriers block access to Chula Vista from the freeway every time a trolley approaches. (For most of its route, the trolley runs just inside Interstate 5.) But there is also a feeling among some merchants in Chula Vista—and in San Ysidro, an annexed colony of San Diego right on the Mexican border—that the purpose of the trolley is to steal their customers. Commuters from South Bay may consider the trolley a great improvement over the No. 32 bus because it makes the trip from the border in forty-two minutes instead of about an hour and ten minutes, but South Bay merchants have reason to prefer the old No. 32: it ran right through the center of South Bay communities instead of along the edge, and made convenient stops at shopping centers.

San Diego doesn't have the sort of Mexican presence that is obvious in cities like San Antonio or El Paso. For a city only fifteen miles away from the world's busiest border crossing, it does not have a large Mexican population. The sort of Spanish most closely identified with its culture is the sort of Spanish used to name Southern California subdivisions. A lot of San Diego Anglos, renowned for their preoccupation with leisure activities, tend to head toward California beaches or California desert or California mountains rather than toward the border. They have heard stories of traffic accidents in Tijuana that were not covered by American insurance or sorted out by English-speaking American policemen. The green-carders and illegal immigrants who cross over at San Ysidro for work in the United States are not a significant factor in San Diego's economy; most of them head for agricultural jobs, or for Chicago. In retail trade, though, San Diego is tied not just to Tijuana but to all of Mexico. Some estimates of how much money Mexican shoppers spend annually in San Diego County run to more than two hundred and twenty million dollars. Even the flashy shopping centers of the northern and eastern suburbs have regular customers who drive in from Tijuana or fly in from Mexico City. So many wealthy Mexicans have bought condominiums in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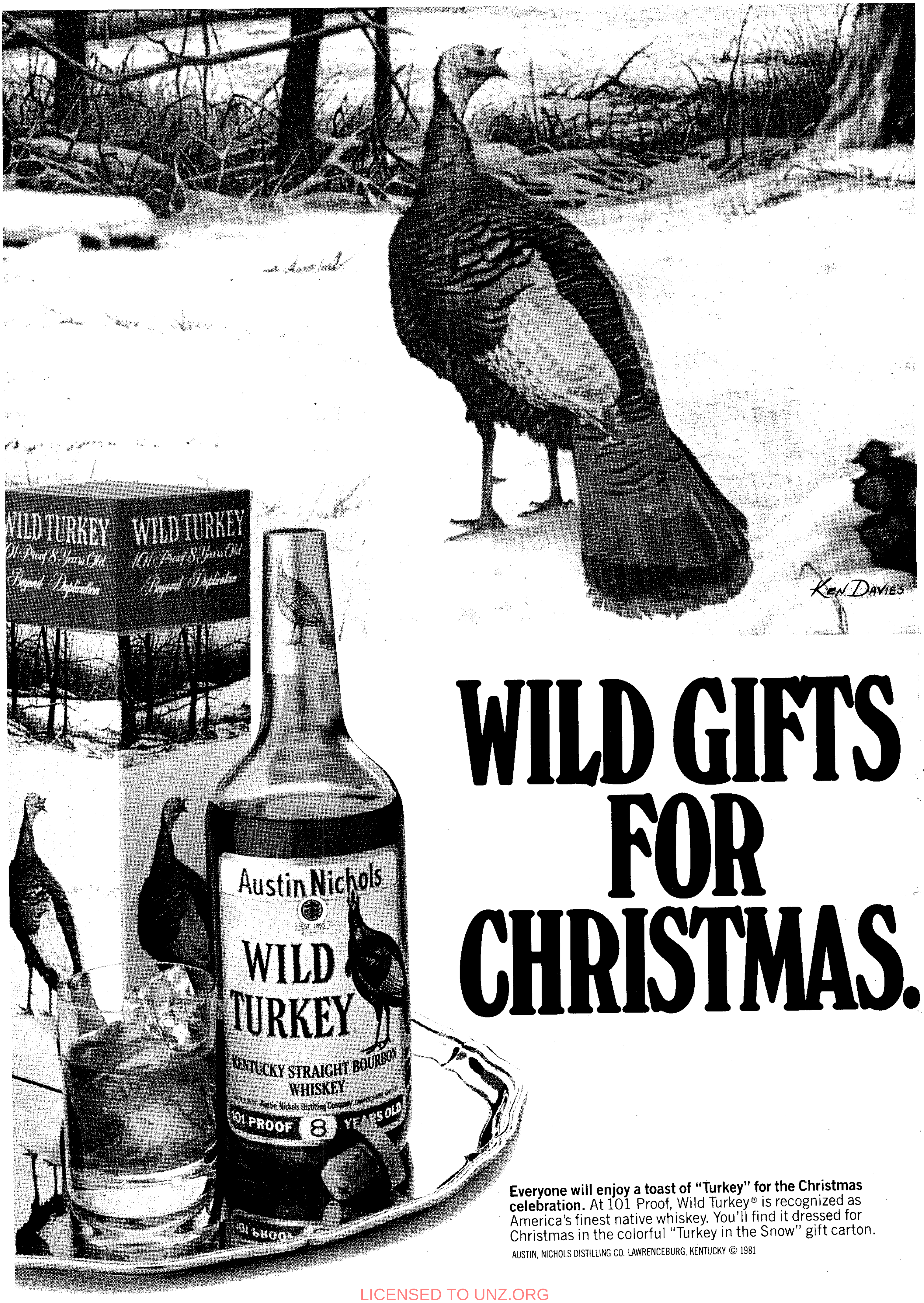
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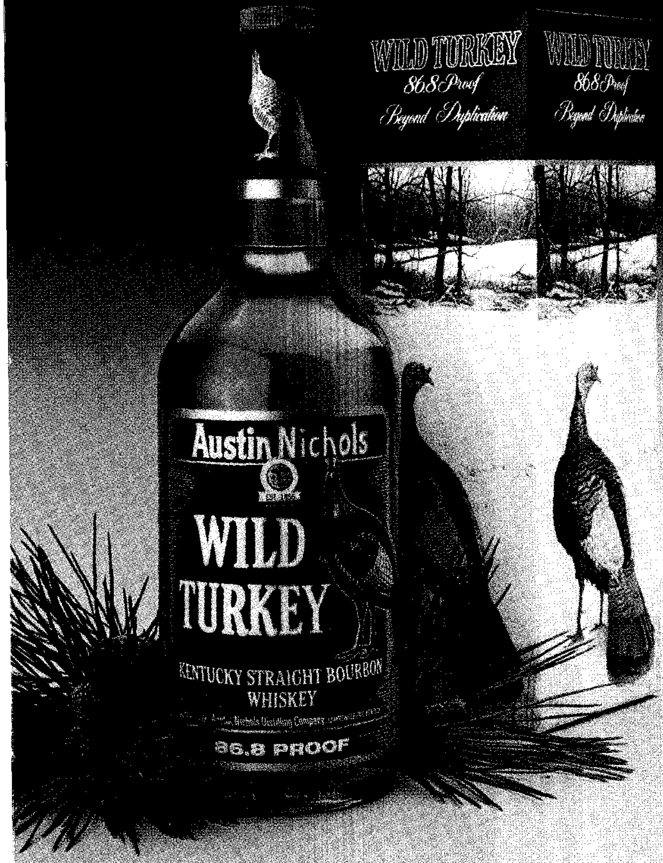
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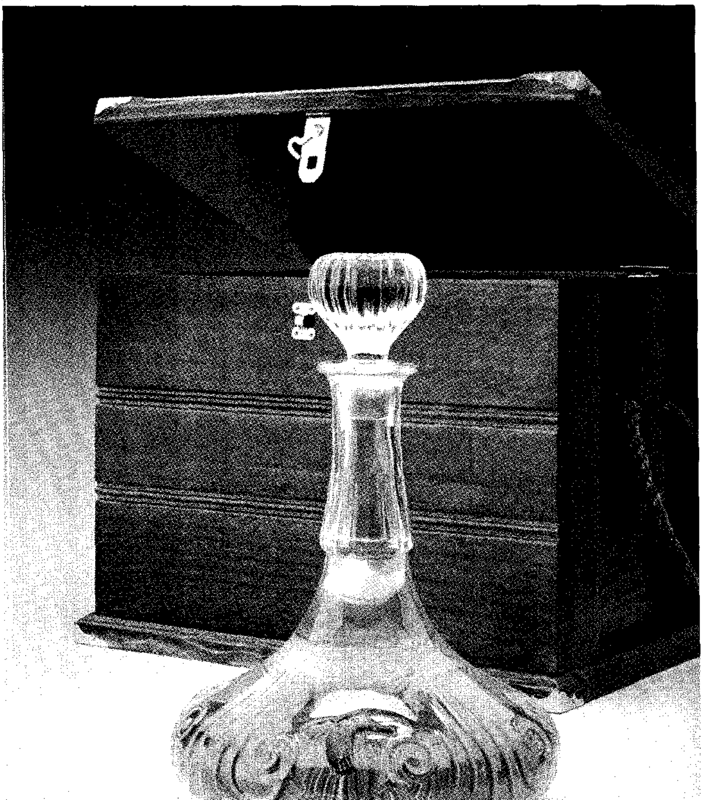

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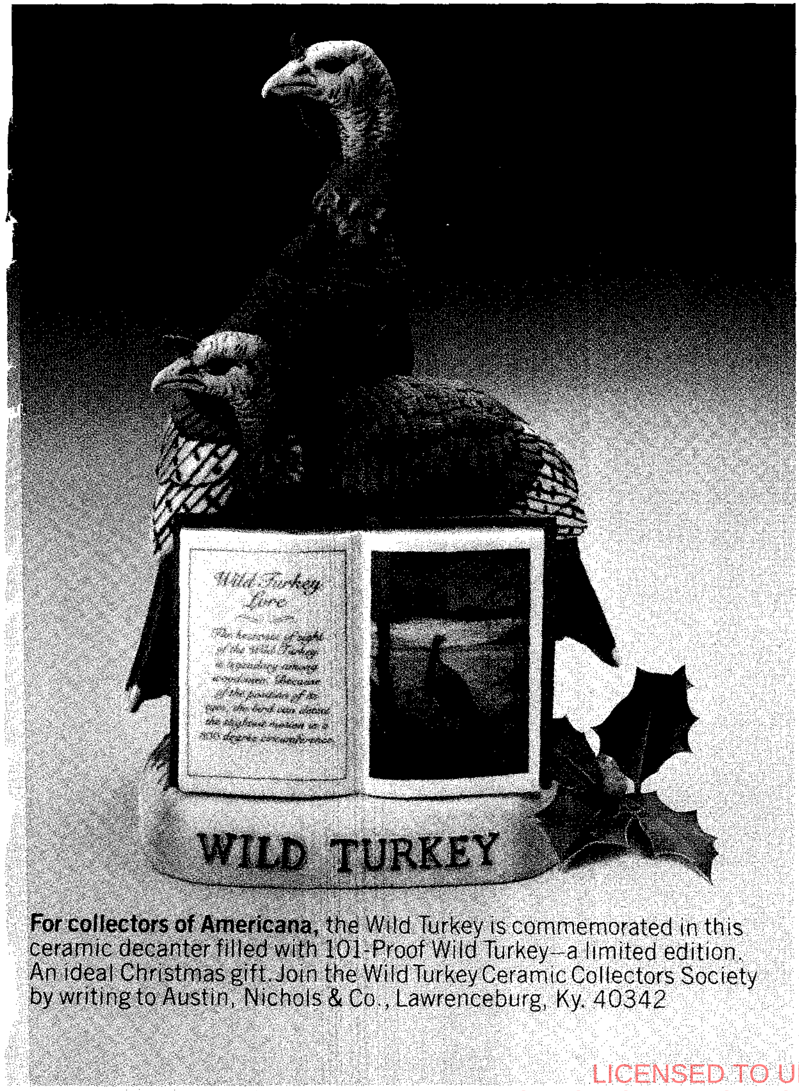
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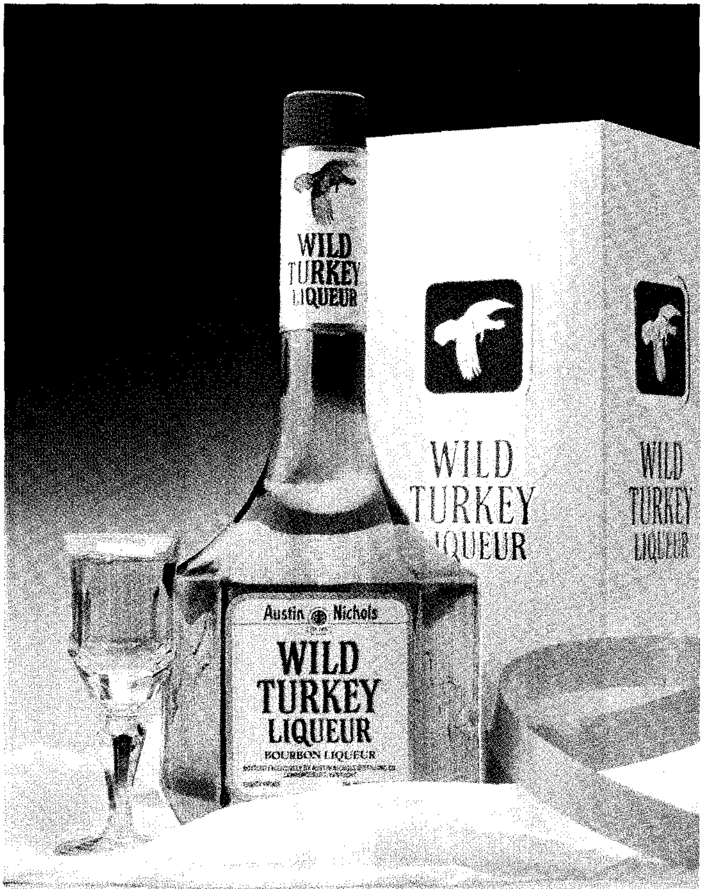
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the high-rise buildings that now line the shore of Coronado Island, in San Diego Bay, that the local name for the buildings is Taco Towers.

Tijuana is no longer simply a sleazy collection of junk-souvenir shops and sex shows. Although it remains the world center for Day-Glo clowns painted on velvet, reformers have been so tough on the striptease trade that Mexicans who feel an itch to spend an evening savoring the pornographic are now forced to journey to San Diego, where they find plenty to entertain them in the section of downtown that the city fathers hope to replace one of these days with an Ernest Hahn shopping mall. Tijuana has grown into a city of almost a million people. A lot of government money has been spent improving its appearance and stimulating its economy. Tijuana residents have traditionally crossed the border to take advantage of the variety and quality of American goods—crossing by foot sometimes to buy groceries in San Ysidro, going by car or bus to buy clothing at shopping centers a bit farther from the border—and there are now many more Tijuana residents with money to spend. Chula Vista, an overwhelmingly Anglo bedroom community ten miles from the border, has a huge shopping center that looks typical of Southern California, but it is estimated that sixty cents out of every dollar the shopping center takes in is from Mexican nationals. There are now stores in San Diego that accept pesos as well as dollars. Tijuana still has a lingering reputation of being a border town near San Diego, but to an increasing extent San Diego is a border town near Tijuana. What more appropriate name for the symbol of that than the Tijuana Trolley?

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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[*From the Times*]

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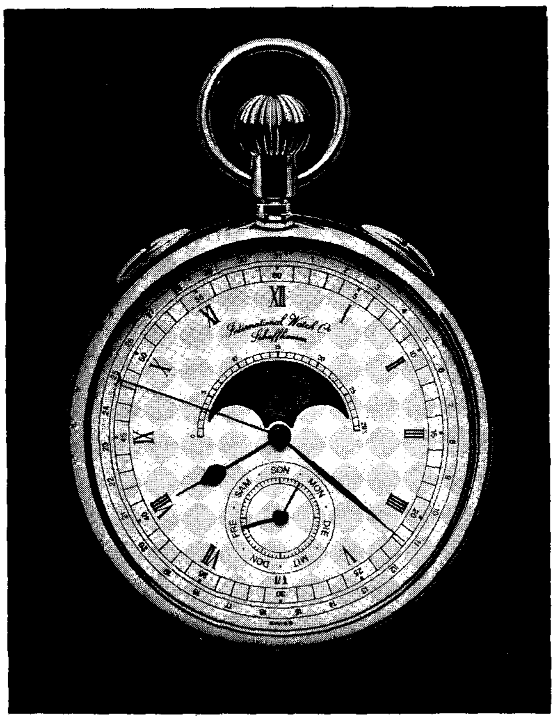

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If you own its predecessor, you'll know why. And if you came too late for that, you'll really know why.

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# THANKSGIVING

My wife, Jean, has her back to me and walks down the beach toward the water. The cuffs of her dungarees are rolled up around her ankles and her loose white sweater moves with the light wind. It is late November, and everything is dull gray. The boards of the porch and the sand that blows over them are the same color as the water and sky.

The house had been closed since summer. It has been here at the end of Lafourche Parish for years, gradually wearing out, beaten deeper every year into the sand. The front windows are large and low, and, standing before them, I can see the familiar span of sand and water. These three large rooms are seldom warm, and they smell of the Gulf and old furniture. My mother was here last, sweeping, mending, zipping on the white slipcovers against the damp air. She hasn't come here for the holidays since my father died. She says it is too lonely, and bad for her arthritis. Only the warm months can attract her. In summer, she calls and leaves messages at my office: "I'm going to the old house this weekend, Will. Don't you come down." And so I don't. I come back in the autumn to find a few things changed—a rug removed, a lamp broken or replaced, heavy white pottery mugs instead of the blue china ones. And I leave my own alterations: a cane chair bought for the porch, a shelf of secondhand books from a shop in New Orleans. Jean has added her grandmother's white quilt, tattered and sprigged with violets in an old pattern, and a small reproduction of a Bonnard interior, which hangs over the kitchen table. It is the only ornament in this house full of discarded furniture.

It has rained all morning. We woke early and lay in bed a long time without talking. Jean knotted her fingers through mine and drifted in and out of sleep. I smoothed her dark hair over her shoulder and listened as the rain beat into the waves. I thought about nothing. The air smelled damp and full of brine, and I wanted to get up and go outside. She woke when I moved, her eyes wide and inquisitive, and pulled me to her. I didn't want her. Her mouth had the same salt taste that I smell now on the porch.

The sand is packed and wet, littered with grass and bits of garbage. She has leaned over to roll her pants up to her knees, and seems bent in half, her long legs planted firmly in the sand. Her shoes lie abandoned on the bottom step of the porch, the socks hanging from them carelessly, bright as tongues.

She walks down the beach with a rapid, distinct stride, the way she might walk a city street. Her head is up, lifting her face into the spray, and her hair makes a dark streak down the back of her sweater. The waves move against the blue of her dungarees. After a while, I quit watching and turn back to the room, which lies quiet now without her.

After our coffee this morning, Jean pulled off her long white nightgown and went in to shower. I watched her swollen image in the mirror as she wound her hair into a bun. In the kitchen, I unwrapped the small blue hen that would be our dinner. Jean has never cared much for cooking, and she likes it even less now that she is going to have a child. I prepare most of our food—simple meals of meat and bread, green salad, and wine. I stuffed the hen and was lacing it up with large, loose stitches when Jean finished her shower. She came into the room wrapped in a towel, smelling of sweet soap and toothpaste. When I did not speak, her voice rose on its familiar, impatient note. "I told you I'd do that," she said. She was combing her hair, watching me as I cut small chunks of butter and placed them over the bird, then sprinkled the skin with herbs.

I covered the hen with tinfoil and put it in the oven. The low heat was already beginning to take the chill off the kitchen, but my glasses fogged as I leaned close. At the sink, Jean rinsed the cold coffee from her cup with a sharp twist of her hand. The cup clattered into the sink and she walked back into the bedroom.

I sat down at the kitchen table with a book open before me and looked out the window. Behind the house lay a hundred yards of sand, and beyond that lay the highway. I watched a long time, but no cars passed. It was quiet except for the thud of raindrops against the roof. An hour went this way, perfectly still and peaceful. Jean came through the kitchen once, but I did not look up as I heard her go into the living room and settle on the sofa. Perhaps another hour passed before the rain seemed to let up and I heard her throw down her knitting and go out, the screen door slamming behind her.

We have known each other for so long that I cannot pay attention to her moods. They are hard and black, but they leave with the same swiftness with which they come. In the living room, her knitting is strewn over the sofa, a soft, pastel mound. When we left our apartment last night, it was the last thing she put in the car. She spread it carefully over her lap and knees, and I heard the click of her needles before the city had receded in my rearview mirror. She has trained herself to work without light, and did not even notice when the pale orange lights of the expressway gave way to a black country road.

I believe that I come to this house now to escape the monotony of our square, white apartment, which is in a raw development just west of the city. Jean maneuvered us there, perhaps believing that our uneasiness with one another was due to the deteriorating house on Dumaine Street where we spent the first years of our marriage. The house was worn and white, with pillars and a bay window, an exaggerated frill of woodwork framing the porch. Upstairs, there were several stark, asymmetrical rooms we did not decorate or even use. There are no extra rooms in our new apartment. The white walls and wood floors give the illusion of space. The rooms are very small, and we are never far away from each other when we are in them.

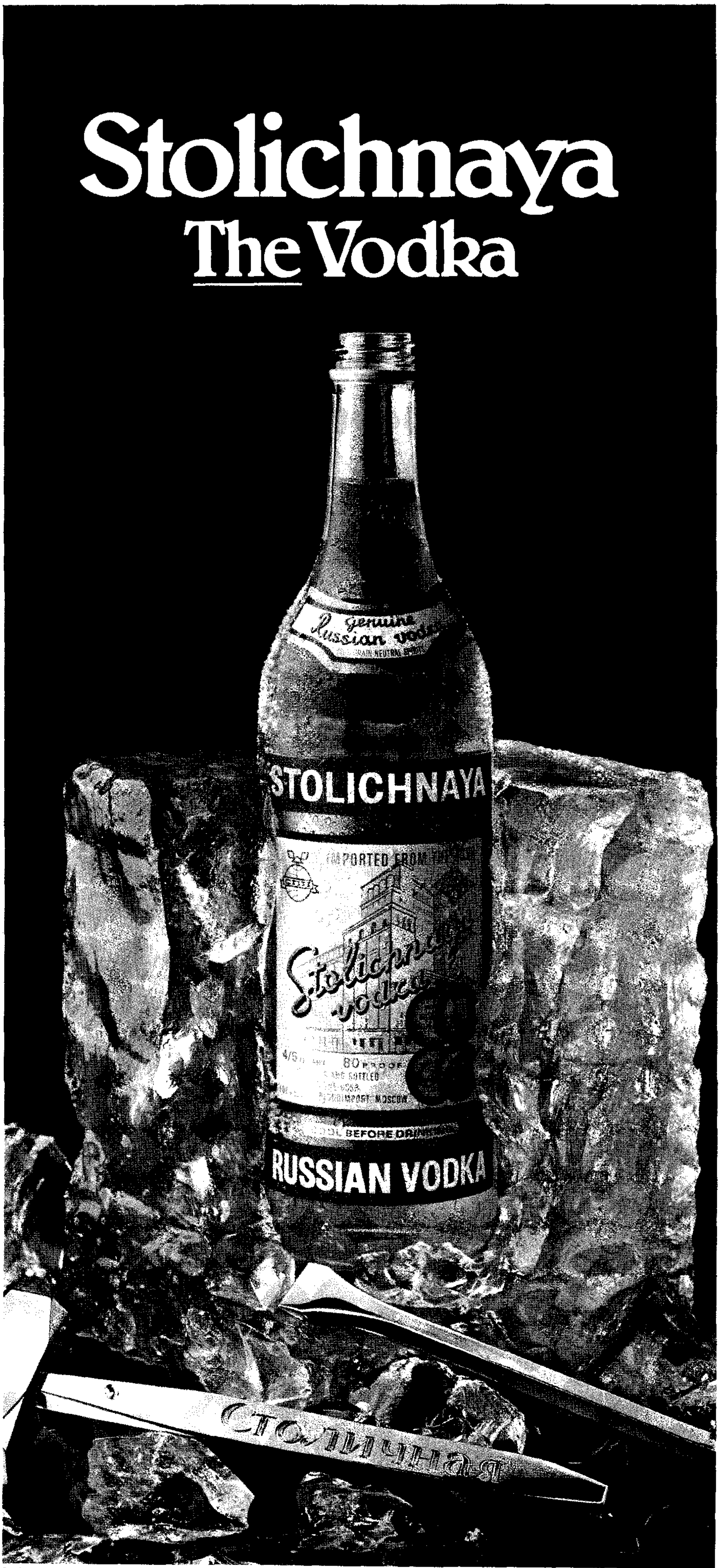
I can no longer see her through the front windows or the screen door. Yesterday morning, hours before we left to drive down here, we received a Thanksgiving card from my sister's four- and five-year-old daughters. Alice's large block printing filled the inside of the card. Beneath her name, my sister had printed Katie's in small letters, and had then written, "Just wait until you have two!" I would like to call and ask her what she means—what we should wait for, if all things must come in pairs—but she would only laugh at me as always and hand the telephone to my mother.

I HAVE wondered how it would be to live here alone. I imagine how the days would pass into other days, and I can see the rooms as I would have them, clean and still under square white patches of sun. I imagine walking the mile up the highway to Landry's store for groceries, and rising early to drink my first cup of coffee in the dark kitchen.

Seven or eight years ago, when I was in college, I came here alone for the weekend. Jean was visiting her family in Lake Charles, I think, or maybe we had had an argument. This was before we were married. I got drunk on Friday night, sitting on the beach with a bottle of Scotch my father had left in the house. All Saturday I slept, and nursed the hangover. In the evening I drove to Grand Isle for a seafood dinner. I bought drinks for a girl at the bar whose small, black eyes disappeared farther into her tanned face as the night wore on. We danced a broken two-step across the linoleum until I was out of money and the girl's brother came in to take her home. I woke up late on Sunday and drove back to school without stopping for breakfast. My car had a flat tire outside Denham Springs. It was September, but still hot as hell.

THE rain has beaten the sand into a pocked pattern of gray and darker gray. Jean's footprints are barely visible as they veer sharply down to, then away from the water. The beach is empty and quiet. So much has not changed in the nearly thirty years I have known this place. The house next door, empty today, is still painted yellow. A peeling boat sits beneath the high screened porch. The first night I brought Jean here, we lay under the boat with a six-pack of beer. We could see my parents moving around inside our house, getting ready for bed. We drank beer and kissed, and then we made love for the first time, though Jean was afraid of my parents' shadows and the small noises that came from around us. In the morning my father and I took a walk on the beach while Jean and my mother made breakfast. He asked me if Jean and I were "serious" about each other, and I said I supposed so. He smiled as if everything were settled. But it was several years before Jean and I were married.

Jean is clear-eyed, pretty in a



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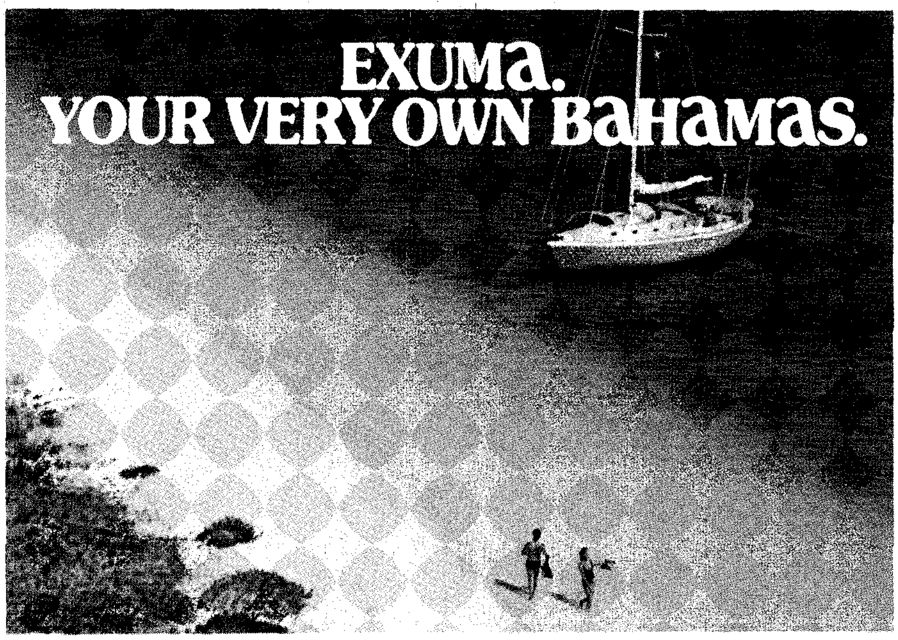

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healthy way. Her face pleases me the way my own face might if I examined it closely in a mirror. She has a fine, strong body, which has leaned a little awkwardly into pregnancy, and a wide, soft smile, which I do not see often anymore. But when we were first together she was very happy and light, and when she smiled I knew that we must love each other. I had never been in love with anybody before and neither had she, and when for a short time she believed there would be a child we began to talk of marriage. Then there was no child, but the talk continued, and at the end of it we were married. We moved into the house on Dumaine Street, which had once been owned by her relatives. She was happy, and when I read or wrote business letters upstairs in the evenings she did not complain. She had never lived in New Orleans before and she thought the city was exciting. It was not until later that the house became too large for her, and then the city became too dangerous and sad and we moved to the apartment. She explained to anyone who asked that the house had been too difficult to heat and to furnish.

THIS house, too, is difficult to keep warm. The Gulf sprays the windows with mist and a fine, corrosive salt. Even the furniture we bring here loses what little shape and newness it had retained, becoming so colorless and worn that I no longer bother to remove the white slipcovers. The pages of the book I have been reading feel soft and pulpy from the air.

In Jean's bag there are skeins of blue and pink yarn—which she is knitting together into a kind of tweed covering for the baby—and a book on child care. I put her shoes down beside the bag and turn off the light in the living room. The rain has begun again, but lightly this time, and the room is dark.

Jean is moving up the beach. She walks slowly, with her head bent, and stops occasionally to pick up a rock or a shell, or to look out over the water. She jumps back when a big wave breaks, and once I see her throw a rock into the water just as it begins to curl. She must hardly feel the rain.

I watch as the window screen becomes patterned with tiny, colorless drops, and feel a sharp wind rise. She is walking more quickly now, and from the kitchen the rich smell of our dinner drifts in over the darkness.

—CHARLOTTE HOLMES

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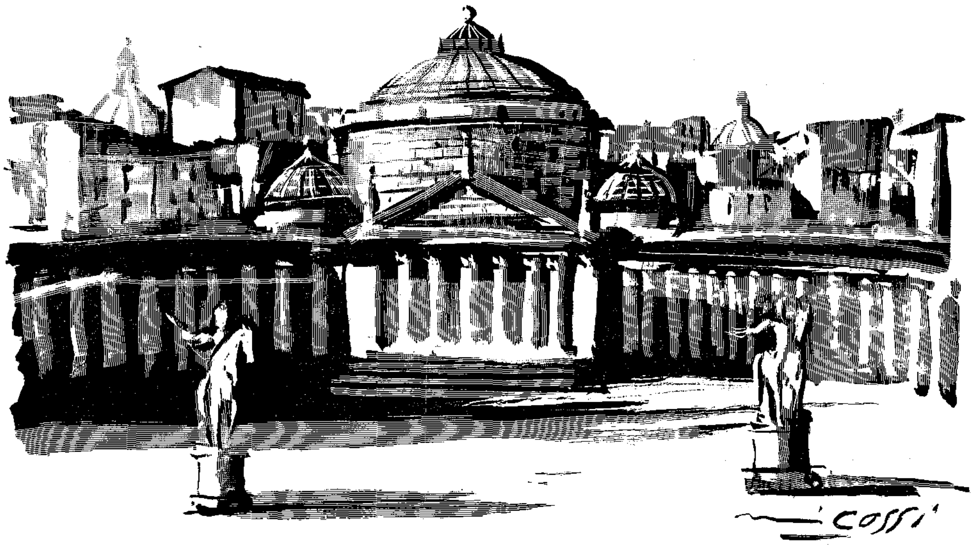
# LETTER FROM NAPLES



NAPLES today is an assault on the senses. From the heights of Posillipo, on the residential northern side of the bay, or the still relatively verdant slopes of Vesuvius, to the southeast, the city looks much the same as it always has: a great jumble of ancient palazzi, tenements, villas with small private gardens, churches, famous monuments like the Palazzo Reale and the Castel Nuovo, shipyards, docks, marinas, piazzas, the long, tree-shaded waterfront stretch of the Villa Comunale, the row of once grand luxury hotels nestling next to each other along the esplanade of Santa Lucia—each familiar sight a jigsaw piece in the huge sprawl of the city around its magnificent natural harbor. From such a distance, on a typically sunny day, nothing seems to have changed. Like an elegant old invalid somewhat overdressed in the glorious rags and tatters of a colorful past, Naples appears to bask in its history, content, as always, simply to survive. Seen through the haze that shimmers on the deep-blue water of the gulf, the city seems as reassuringly eternal as the familiar local songs that for centuries have celebrated its immortality.

When I beheld this sight again some weeks ago, after being away nearly seven years, my first reaction was one of elation, because I spent part of my childhood here and I have family roots in this area that go back many generations. Every time I have returned to Naples in the past, almost always after an extended absence, my first glimpse of the city, usually from above or from the water, has moved me, and this time was no exception. But as soon as I began my descent by car into the heart of the *centro storico*, I had a different feeling—a feeling that something drastic had happened, that just below the surface of life here some profound change had taken place from which the elegant old invalid might not recover.

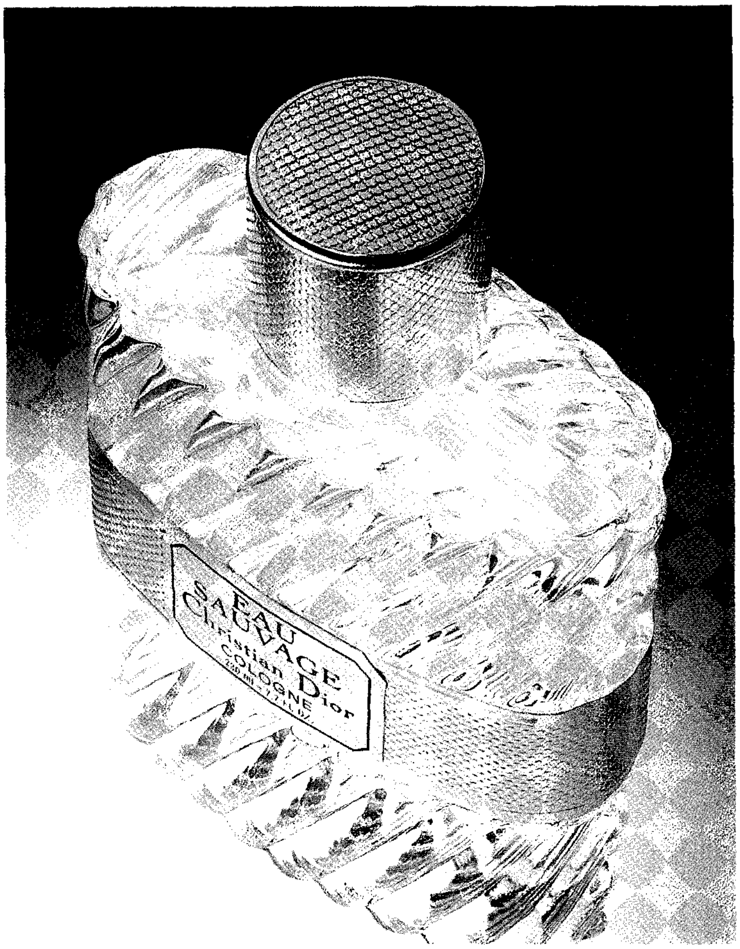
At first, I thought that my uneasiness might be due to the noise and the polluted air, both caused largely by the enormous amount of traffic that swoops along the avenues, clogs the side streets, washes over the main piazzas, obliterates sidewalks, makes a mockery of traffic signals and pedestrian rights-of-way. The Neapolitans ignore all attempts to channel the flow of their automobiles; they drive in bus and trolley lanes, through stop signs, over barriers, the wrong way on one-way streets, and through the narrowest alleys, always in a frenzy of honking horns and revved-up engines, with swarms of motorcycles and scooters weaving precariously through the bumper-to-bumper mass with the fearless bravado of Hollywood stunt men. The blind-side pass, the sudden turn from the wrong lane, the last-second lunge through a red light, the capture of an illegal parking space—all are considered routine aspects of driving here. An hour in the streets of Naples is a nerve-shattering experience, comparable, perhaps, to a day spent in the New York subway system. "The situation is agonizing," Maurizio Valenzi, the Mayor of Naples, declared in a newspaper interview a few days after I arrived. He went on to point out that the city's overworked traffic cops had pretty much given up, especially after the earthquake of last year, when some two hundred streets had to be closed to traffic permanently, because of the danger of cave-ins and collapsing buildings. "The Neapolitans, in flight during the earthquake, are still fleeing today," the Mayor continued. "And the chaos can only spread."

By the time I read these words, I had begun to understand the extent of what has been happening here since that terrible Sunday evening of November 23, 1980, when, at 7:35 P.M., the earth of Campania and Basilicata, two of Italy's poorest regions, began to shake. The first, and most severe, tremor, with its epicenter near Eboli, in the interior of Campania, some fifty miles southeast of Naples, lasted seventy seconds and affected an area about a hundred and twenty miles long and forty miles wide, which included Naples. It was succeeded by a series of aftershocks that devastated hundreds of communities in an area inhabited by about a million and a half people. As was reported at the time, the worst hit were hilltop villages nearest the epicenter: Laviano, Calabritto, Caposele, Conza della Campania, Teora, Sant'Angelo dei Lombardi—towns that literally ceased to exist. But the destruction was almost equally awesome elsewhere in the area, with over half the buildings in most communities reduced to rubble or rendered uninhabitable. No exact count of the dead has ever been made, but it has been estimated by the government that about three thousand people died—three times as many as perished in the earthquake in Friuli in 1976—while unofficial figures suggest that up to six thousand were killed.

Last year's seismic event was by no means the most catastrophic in the history of this volcanic peninsula (for example, at least seventy-five thousand people were estimated to have perished in Sicily and Calabria during the Messina quake of 1908), but it was bad enough, and it could not have come at a worse time for this part of the country. The area consists mainly of tiny villages, small farms, and vineyards scattered among the barren slopes of rocky mountains and linked mostly by narrow, twisting dirt roads. It has for centuries been ignored and neglected by the regional government in Naples and the national administration in Rome, and has become a place from which the younger men emigrate in search of work, in either the industrialized cities of northern Italy or the richer countries of Western Europe. The earthquake of 1980 served to exacerbate and also to focus attention on the related problems that for many decades have afflicted the Mezzogiorno, as the southern part of Italy is called: what to do about the underpopulated, depressed areas, where even in the best of times the living is precarious, and about the overpopulated coastal cities like Naples that lack any means to provide permanent employment for their slum dwellers, at least a quarter of whom are always without work.

The incalculable damage done by the earthquake, so immediately and dramatically evident in the interior, took much longer to manifest itself in Naples, where the tremors were less severe in intensity, very few buildings actually collapsed, and fewer than a hundred people died. Nevertheless, the “cold quake”—the local term for a seismic episode without a vast number of corpses and with only a few cave-ins—threatens to bring about the complete dissolution of a social structure that has for many years survived on the edge of an abyss by its wits and by all sorts of peculiar expedients. Before the cold quake, for instance, it had been estimated that about a quarter of the city’s buildings were unsafe for human habitation, but people went right on living in them. Nothing had been done in the past half century to repair or rebuild these crumbling palazzi and decrepit, dank tenements, where most of the city’s poor live. The postwar construction boom that, mostly in the twenty years between 1950 and 1970, threw up hundreds of ugly buildings, many of them in violation of the zoning and building codes, did almost nothing to alleviate this situation. It buried the outskirts of Naples in concrete blocks and enriched the builders and their cronies, the politicians in power, but left the heart of the old city untouched in its perilous squalor.

Already damaged and weakened by the bombing during the Allied campaign up the Italian boot in the Second World War, and by several previous cold quakes, most notably one in 1962, the old houses of Naples were badly mauled by the tremors of last November and occasionally cracked open. Within a week of the original shock, fifty thousand people, it is estimated, had been rendered homeless—an event that threw into startling relief the ages-old crisis of this city and activated the forces of despair that now threaten its very existence. “The



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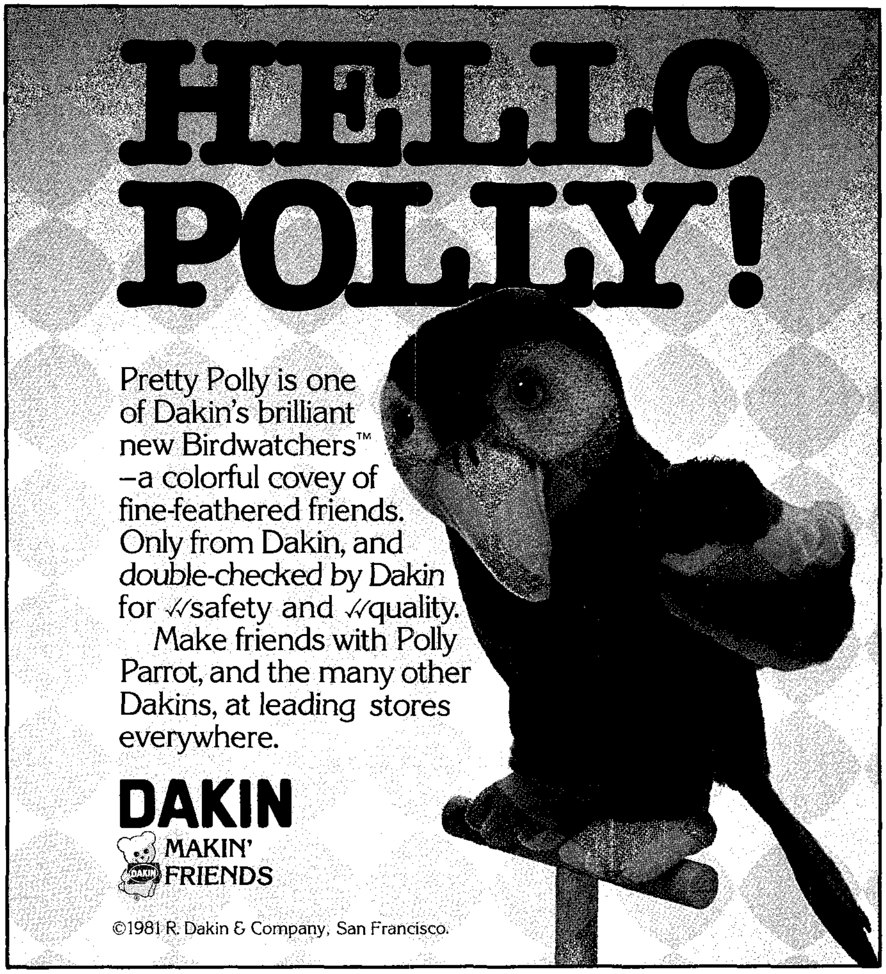

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earthquake of 1980 was like a dog that catches an old cat in its mouth" is the way a bookstore owner on the Via Roma, the main commercial avenue, explained it to me. "It took us in its teeth and shook us gently a few times and dropped us on the ground. And now we can't get up again."

The visual evidence of the earthquake's effect is readily apparent to anyone who wants to look. Off the Via Roma, in the celebrated *vicoli*—the narrow alleys—of the old Spanish Quarters, many of the buildings crowded along the cobweb of streets are propped up by wooden pillars and huge scaffoldings of iron girders, which shut off light and air but serve at least to keep the shakier structures from collapsing altogether. Across most of the streets, three-foot-high concrete walls—allowing the passage of pedestrians—have been thrown up to bar motorized traffic, with its dangerous vibrations. Printed signs warning of possible cave-ins and falling debris mark the entrances to many areas, not only here but elsewhere in the *centro storico*.

One of the great pleasures of a visit to Naples used to be a stroll down Spaccanapoli, or Split Naples—the local term for the succession of narrow avenues which divides the *centro* roughly in half and is flanked by the decaying monuments and great baroque palazzi of the Spanish aristocracy that flourished here during the era of the Bourbon monarchy. This part of Naples also includes a dense network of refuse-strewn side streets and fetid *vicoletti*—the sort of neighborhood in which about a quarter of the city's million and a half people live, often in the abject squalor one associates only with Oriental slums. Nevertheless, the scene, even to the most disapprovingly Anglo-Saxon eye, has never been without its purely picturesque qualities. And along Spaccanapoli itself, especially between the Piazza del Gesù Nuovo and the Via del Duomo, the view has always been grand and moving, rooted in the splendors of history.

Today, Spaccanapoli, like the Spanish Quarters, is a ruin. In addition to the metal gridirons across many of the side streets, about half the great palazzi are disfigured by supporting beams and scaffolding. On the Via del Duomo, the cathedral has been closed to visitors while it undergoes repairs, and even San Gennaro, the city's patron saint, whose dried blood, kept in a couple of ornate vials in a side chapel,

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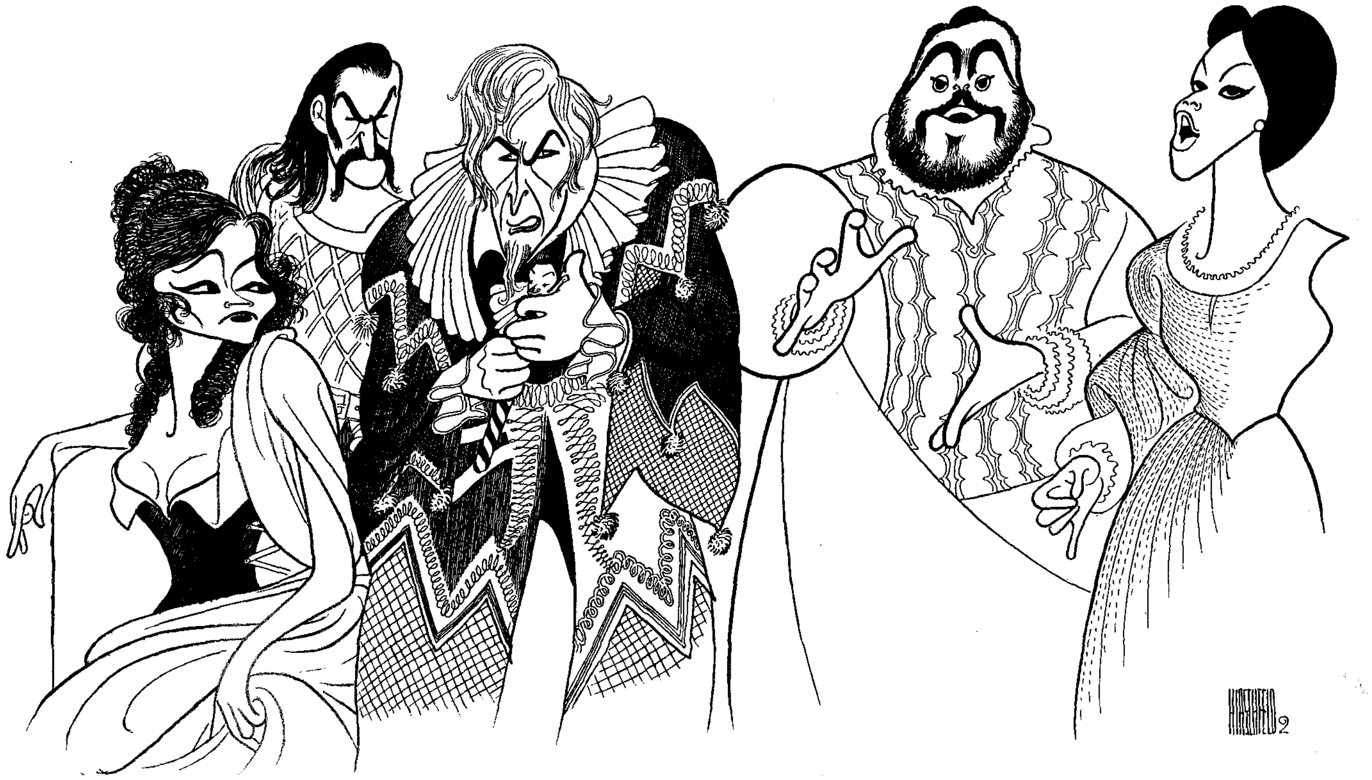

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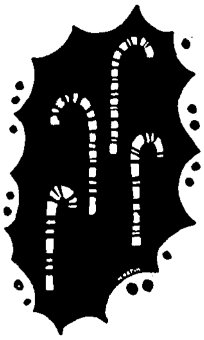
still liquefies on schedule twice a year, has had to perform his miracles elsewhere—most recently in the basilica of Santa Chiara. "It would take more than San Gennaro and his miracles to help here," a Venetian novelist named Piero Sanavio, who teaches literature at the University of Naples, remarked to me as we strolled through Spaccanapoli one afternoon. "Not only are the houses uninhabitable but the way of life here, based on the small enterprise, the craftsmanship of the few, the so-called black work that illegally employed thousands of people in turning out the small artifacts that kept them alive—porcelains, handbags, toys, paper goods—all this has changed. What is left is despair. And violence, always now there is violence."

IN the days immediately following the earthquake, the government in Rome dispatched a Christian Democratic politician named Giuseppe Zamberletti to Naples to act as "special commissioner" in charge of rescue efforts in the entire stricken area. Zamberletti, a serious-minded and honest administrator with a reputation for being able to get things done, immediately proposed a mass evacuation of the homeless, most of whom were then living in tents, trailers, or cars, or, in many cases, simply out in the open. He intended to put them up temporarily in requisitioned summer homes along the coast and in hotels, *pensioni*, and public buildings, such as schools and hospitals. Later, they would be moved into prefabricated houses provided largely by the government and by private builders working under government subsidy. At first glance, the idea seemed sound, since Zamberletti understood that the most urgent problem was to shelter people—especially the very old and the very young. A long-range rebuilding program could be undertaken later. It was the same technique he had promoted, with considerable success, in Friuli after the 1976 quake. But, according to a number of local critics of his scheme, he failed to grasp that what had worked in the north might not work at all in the Mezzogiorno, where vastly different social and economic circumstances of life were conditioned by a long history of exploitation and oppression. Although some of the children and a few of the older people were evacuated, most of the villagers in the interior refused to move. They preferred to remain near their homes and on their land, where they could continue to look after what was left of their property and, if they were farmers, their animals, which often constituted the only capital they had. "The basic feeling of these people was that unless they stayed nothing would be done to help them," a volunteer rescue worker in Avellino commented later. "They also believed that if they left, everything would be stolen from them, and in some cases that did actually happen."



Signor Zamberletti's attitude, in the face of this opposition to his plan, remained unbending. "I am convinced," he declared several weeks after his arrival on the scene, "that in a few days, exactly as happened in Friuli, reason will prevail over sentiment and the people will move." When he was asked what he would do if they wouldn't go, he indicated that he had "another card to play" but declined to reveal what it was. Two journalists from newspapers in Milan and Rome, Giovanni Russo and Corrado Stajano, who later collaborated on a book called "Terremoto," about the earthquake and its aftereffects, suspected that the commissioner's secret card was the weather—that he was sure the cold and snow of a mountain winter would succeed in forcing the inhabitants to leave. That also failed to happen, however—the peasants chose to remain, even in tents and unheated trailers—and, the writers reported, many northern Italians, angered by what they took to be the ingratitude and barbarous stupidity of the southerners, whom they had always regarded with contempt, thereupon became indifferent to their fate. Widely publicized incidences of looting and theft that occurred during this time also disgusted the northerners and, Russo and Stajano said, fed "the racist feelings and revealed how, more than a hundred years after the unification of Italy, many Italians are unable to understand the historical and social roots of these criminal manifestations in the society of the south, and use them to reinforce a surviving prejudice concerning the inferiority of the southerners."

In Naples itself, during those first few days after the earthquake, an overworked squad of eight hundred inspectors fanned out through the city to survey the damage, especially in the older quarters, and then the municipal government began to issue eviction notices. Almost twenty thousand people were put up in ninety-eight schools, ten or twelve thousand in requisitioned hotels and *pensioni*, a few thousand in private homes, and the rest in two old passenger ships moored in the harbor, in seventy railroad cars, in about a hundred and twenty buses, and even in empty storage bins and sheds along the shoreline. An effort was made to requisition vacant summer and weekend homes along the coast north of the city, but it met with organized resistance from the owners, most of them Neapolitan middle-class families who were appalled at the prospect of having their hard-earned vacation spots invaded by the so-called *plebei* of the slums. They set up street barricades and, in many cases, moved in themselves to prevent anyone else from occupying their refuges.

Eventually, some summer places were successfully requisitioned, but only after the authorities instituted a cumbersome, basically unworkable bureaucratic procedure designed to distinguish between "the real earthquake victims" and those people who had been evacuated simply because their homes happened to be uninhabitable anyway. The distinction, insisted upon by Signor Zamberletti and his staff of outsiders, made little sense to the Neapolitan officials, who pointed out, in vain, that last fall's disaster was not an isolated episode but merely another in a long string of calamities, always made worse by outside mismanagement. As for the local landlords, who were described in some media accounts of the episode as selfish and heartless, they, too, had their grievances. "Why hit at us?" one of them protested at the time to a reporter. "We are working people. We acquired our homes with our savings, to enjoy the sea and nature in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. And now they want to take this away from us?"

In any case, all these measures were intended to be temporary—the first phase of a broad, long-range solution to the whole problem of housing in Naples. The second stage, to be completed in a period of between eight and ten months, was to put up prefabricated buildings in designated open spaces, if possible within the city limits, where some thirty thousand people could be accommodated for up to three

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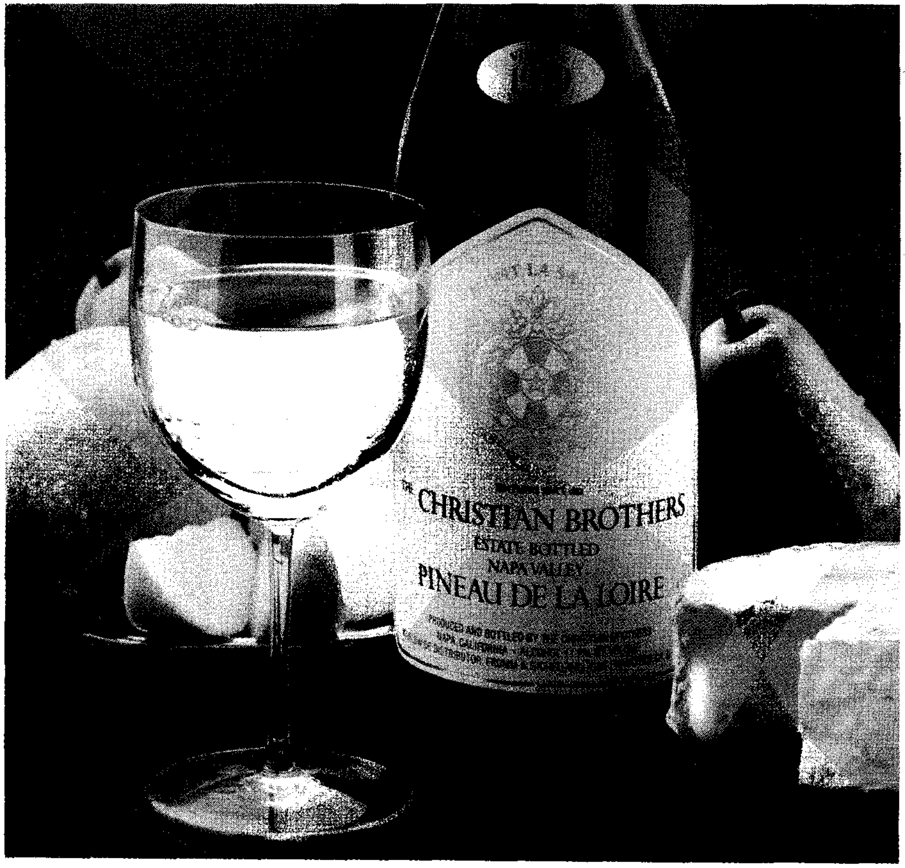

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or four years, until permanent public housing could be constructed and the damaged sections of the *centro storico* rebuilt.

By mid-July, almost eight months after the earthquake, very little had actually been done. An emergency reconstruction law to aid the victims had finally been approved by the legislature in Rome, but in Naples debate was still raging over how the money was eventually to be spent and who was to be entrusted with this huge rebuilding and construction program, carrying an enormous potential for windfall profits and outright theft. Traditionally, nothing works in Naples except through an elaborate system of patronage known as *clientelismo*, which has ties to political power, and often involves subtle alliances between private industry and organized criminal bands. This aspect of the problem, combined with the apparent confusion and foot-dragging of the local authorities, had evidently alarmed Rome, where the whole situation was interpreted by many, especially from the north, as a typical example of southern inertia, passivity, and dishonesty. "What does the government intend to spend on Naples?" Mayor Valenzi said in early May, in answer to his critics. "Do we have to rebuild under earthquake-proof criteria or not? Can we expropriate the areas for the prefabricated housing or must we leave people to go on suffering in trailers? All this has to be established by the reconstruction law, but the law delays."

When the law was finally put into operation, in mid-July, the system adopted was hardly reassuring to Rome. Backed by government funds and guaranteed bank loans, and under the direct supervision of Mayor Valenzi himself, the first phase of the reconstruction process was entrusted to about a dozen private contractors, who proposed to put up thirteen thousand units—a total of about sixty thousand rooms—on empty land to be expropriated by the city. Although few people in Naples question the probity of Mayor Valenzi, a middle-aged Communist intellectual who heads a left-wing coalition that has been in power since 1975 without being implicated in any major scandal, some observers were quick to point out that the rebuilding program was being turned over to the sort of profit-making enterprises that had for years been submerging Naples in a river of cement. Corrado Stajano had pointed out in Rome's daily *Il Messaggero* some

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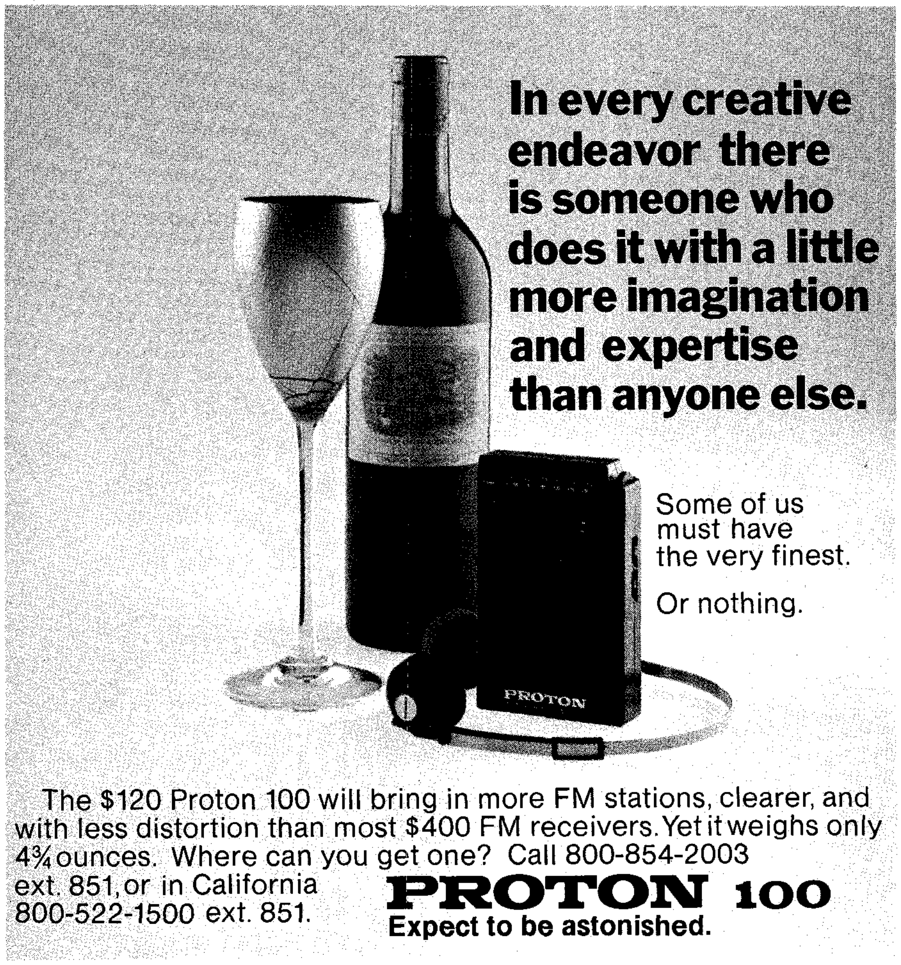
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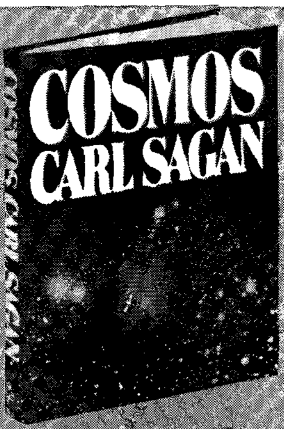

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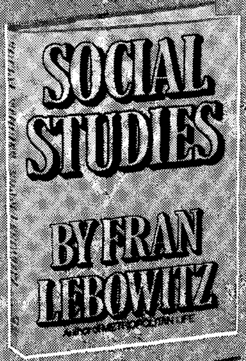

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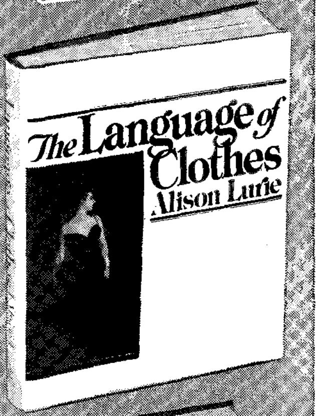

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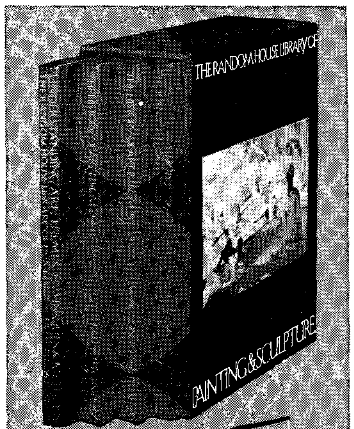

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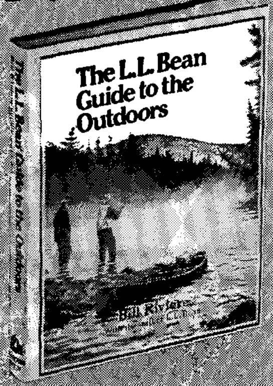

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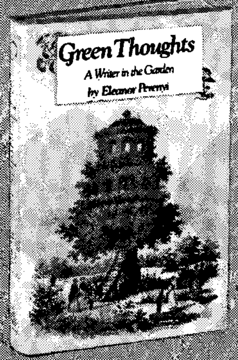

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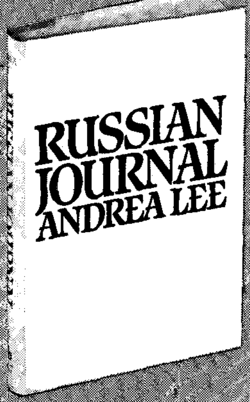

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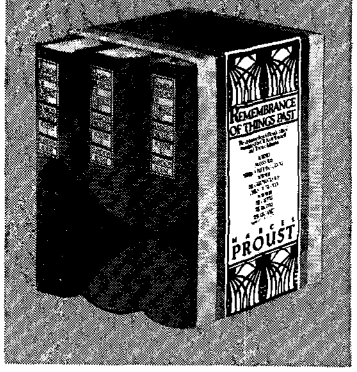

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Whether Mayor Valenzi will be able to insure a modicum of efficiency and honesty, however, is considered secondary to the increasing need of the city's so-called *terremotati* (literally, "earthquaked") to move into habitable lodgings. According to a United Press International story dated November 23rd, some twenty-eight hundred families were still quartered in schools; fourteen hundred other families remained in hotel rooms; and thirty thousand individuals still occupied trailers, awaiting the completion of eight thousand prefabricated houses. Even those lucky enough to have been put up in hotels and rooming houses have become impatient with the long delays of the past months. Many, in fact, have refused to wait any longer and have simply returned home. Along Spaccanapoli, where about half the buildings have been declared unsafe, people have been drifting back, making do as best they can in houses—some without light, heat, or water—where there is constant danger of a cave-in. "I couldn't stand it anymore," one woman told me as she draped her wet laundry over the iron brace propping up the wall outside her apartment windows. "I can't live in a school any longer."

On a corner of the Vico Tre Regine, in one of the most badly damaged areas of the Spanish Quarters, I came across an elderly retired couple watering flowers growing in boxes outside their second-story windows. They told me they had been evacuated to a hotel in another part of town, several miles away, but came back home every day to water their plants and feed their pets, a cat and two caged finches, which they had not been allowed to take with them. They were alone in their darkened building, which was propped up inside and out by wooden beams and had long, ugly-looking cracks in the walls and ceilings; access to their front door was up a short flight of lopsided steps sandwiched between wooden pillars. "What are we to do?" said the old man, whose name was Giuseppe Coraggio (the Italian word for "courage"). "We couldn't let them die. And, besides, this is where I have lived for forty-two years."

In such circumstances, it is easy to understand the feelings of frustration

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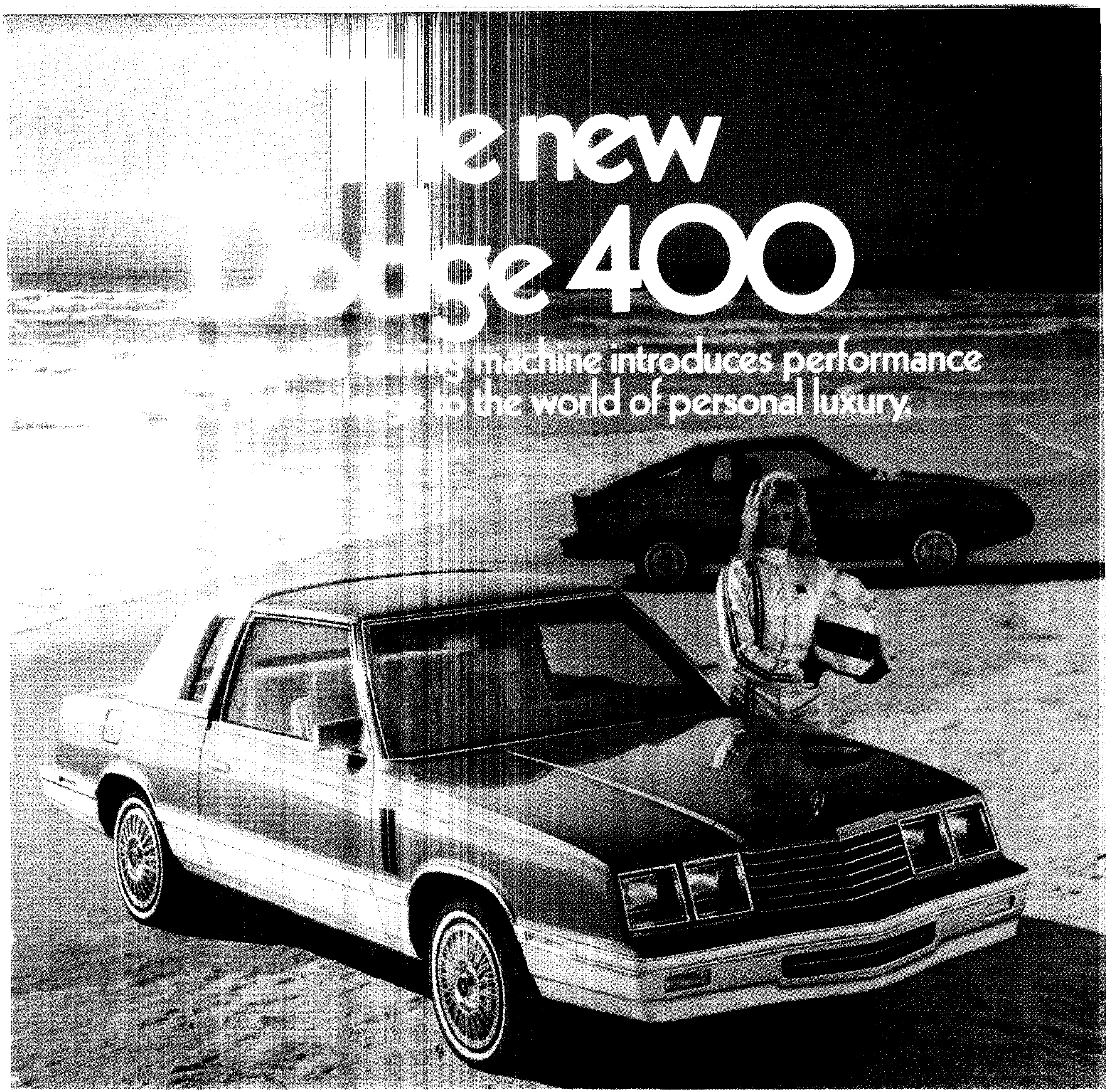

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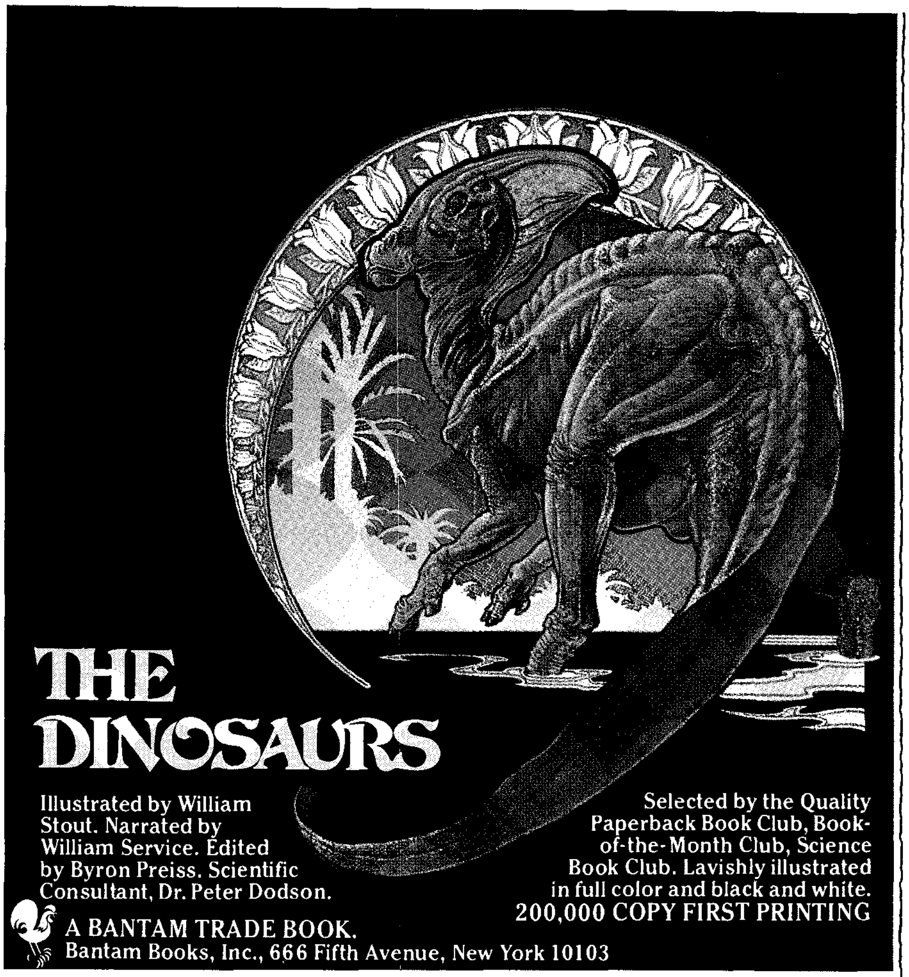

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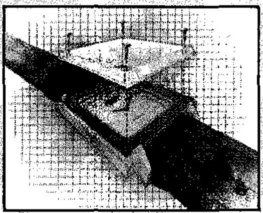

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and exasperation that since early last spring have impelled protesters into the streets to dramatize their plight. Periodically, the *terremotati* now drag what is left of their belongings outside to improvise barricades, primarily in order to remind their fellow-citizens, as well as the authorities, that for many of them the situation is desperate. On a Tuesday in early July, for example, about fifty families still quartered in a school set up a barricade of tables and chairs which shut off the Via Salvator Rosa, a major avenue, for most of the morning and created a huge, honking traffic jam in the center of town. Around the same time, another group of families, several hundred people in all, protested in the Via Domenico Morelli, outside their temporary quarters—a requisitioned empty building, where they had been living since the day after the earthquake without running water, light, or sanitary facilities. In the Via Ferrante Imparato, about fifty women and children living in condemned buildings improvised a roadblock of chairs and bedding to call attention to their plight and, especially, to the danger they were exposed to. A woman with three children pointed out, to a reporter covering one of the demonstrations, that her family and sixty other people were forced to share three bathrooms and that for over two months they had been unable to get a doctor—or anyone, in fact—to check on the sanitary conditions they were living under, which had caused most of the children and many of the adults to come down with ailments of one sort or another.

Even the most cursory tour through areas housing *terremotati* makes it clear why these people feel a need to protest in whatever way they can against what has happened to them. "You try to live for seven months like this," one man told a reporter. "You won't even feel like a human being anymore." A woman named Maria Cozzolino, who with her husband and three children had been living since the night of the earthquake in a small cabin on board the Città di Nuoro, one of the old ships anchored in the harbor, declared, "For months now, we've been told over and over that it's only a question of a little time, and instead we're rotting here, uselessly deluding ourselves." One of the ancient afflictions of life in Naples has been the inability of its people to believe in the possibility of a solution to their problems from any official source,

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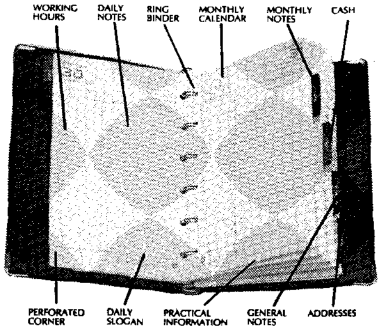

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whether the city hall or Rome itself. And their lack of faith in the political establishment has rarely been contradicted by events.

ON the night of July 1st, a forty-three-year-old man named Giuseppe Palladino was gunned down in the streets of San Giovanni a Teduccio, a suburban slum area where five persons had already been murdered this year. Surprised out in the open not far from his home, Palladino was killed by five pistol shots, fired by a man who then drove unhurriedly away from the scene in a car containing, according to witnesses, several accomplices. No one expected the police to be able to solve the killing, mainly because Palladino himself was a convicted criminal with a long record as a mob enforcer. His death was considered merely another episode in the bloody war that has been raging here for months between organized armed bands contending for territory and power. In one memorable twenty-four-hour spree on Friday, June 5th, and Saturday, June 6th, there were six similar killings. By mid-July, the death toll had risen to a hundred and fifteen, for an average of about twenty homicides a month—a rate that makes Naples by far the most violent place in the country. "An impressive record," Milan's *Corriere della Sera* noted, "which brings the Campanian city to the levels of Chicago during Prohibition times."

According to historians of the genre, the current outbreak of violence marks the emergence of the so-called fourth Camorra, which consists of a group of Neapolitan criminal organizations at war with each other, as well as with gangs of Calabrians and Sicilians, for control of the traditional rackets, such as prostitution, contraband, and drugs. Also being contended for are the lucrative possibilities opened up by the flow of money and goods into the Mezzogiorno after the earthquake. The original Camorra, like the Mafia in Sicily, was created in the early nineteenth century as a kind of protective extra-legal government, not without its romantic aspects, to redress local wrongs and keep order in a society under the heel of a foreign oppressor—in this case, the Bourbon dynasty. After the unification, however, it soon degenerated into a loose alliance of purely criminal organizations that controlled much of the commerce in the city, often working hand in hand with corrupt organs of the state. It did, however, help to keep order in the streets.

The second phase began with the Allied liberation and flowered during the postwar boom years, during which the Camorra took an active part in the uncontrolled real-estate speculation that led to the "cementification" of the city. This was made possible—indeed, inevitable—by a succession of dishonest municipal governments, which, always for a price, issued permits that consistently ignored the zoning laws and building codes. During this era, the Camorra acquired at least a surface respectability by involving itself extensively in quasi-legal business ventures, often operated out of luxuriously furnished office suites and from behind benevolent-looking front organizations headed by well-known businessmen and respected public figures.

By the late nineteen-fifties, much of the straight criminal activity in the area was being run by outsiders from southern France, Corsica, Calabria, and Sicily. In this third period, the Camorra sided first with one group, then with another, often splintering itself into contending factions—especially for control of the harbor area. This was the time of a great increase in drug traffic and of the creation of entire industries based on a tremendous flow into Naples of all sorts of contraband goods, from cigarettes and liquor to transistors and guns. By the end of 1980, the city had been roughly divided into five main zones of influence, under the control of separate criminal bands, each with its own boss, or "don." The five gangs

were kept at peace by a delicate network of tenuous but effective agreements founded on a common desire to avoid the excessive violence that is likely to cause unwelcome public attention.

The fourth Camorra is reported to be largely the creation of an enterprising boss known as Don Raffaele Cutolo, a youthful-looking but old-style organizer, who has publicly and patriotically proclaimed the rebirth of the Camorra as the upholder of traditional clan virtues and ideals, presumably in opposition to the savage, freewheeling tactics of his competitors. Don Raffaele, who has an unsmiling, long-nosed face, sometimes half hidden by large wire-rimmed glasses, looks in some photographs like a provincial pedagogue, but he has an apparently well-merited reputation as a formidable gang leader. Like most of his rivals, he has been arrested, and occasionally even brought to trial, but has never been found guilty of a major crime and has spent very little time in jail. Even when he has been imprisoned, as he recently was while awaiting trial on a number of serious charges, Don Raffaele is said to have continued to direct the operations of his followers, while venting his opinions concerning the war he himself seems to have been active in waging. When a magistrate named Mario Morgigni, in Don Raffaele's home town of Ottaviano, a few miles east of Naples, was attacked in the street by hired killers and fought them off in a gun battle that made him an instant hero, the boss expressed disapproval. "Shooting at a judge," Don Raffaele declared from his cell, "is always, and under any circumstances, a useless and damaging provocation."

However the present gang war turns out, it is by no means the only source of violence in the streets of Naples. Terrorist bands, most notably units of the Red Brigades, have seized on the chaos and misery in the area to step up their own activities. Having been for the most part scattered and immobilized in the richer industrialized cities of the north, where about a thousand of them have been arrested in recent months and sentenced to lengthy prison terms, the *brigatisti* and others have recently been concentrating their efforts in the south, and especially in Naples, with its huge population of homeless, destitute citizens, many of them young and very angry. Last spring, terrorists seized two city officials in separate raids,

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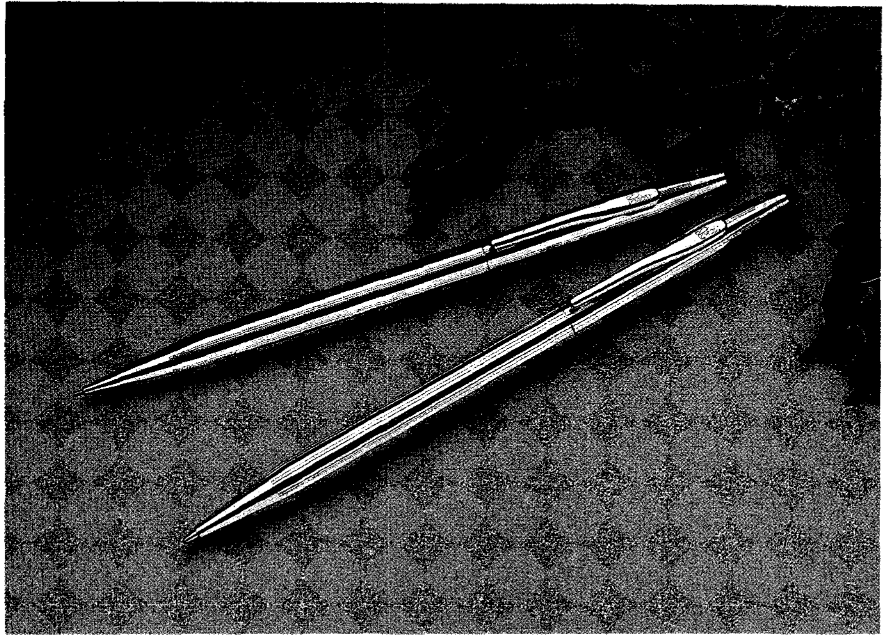

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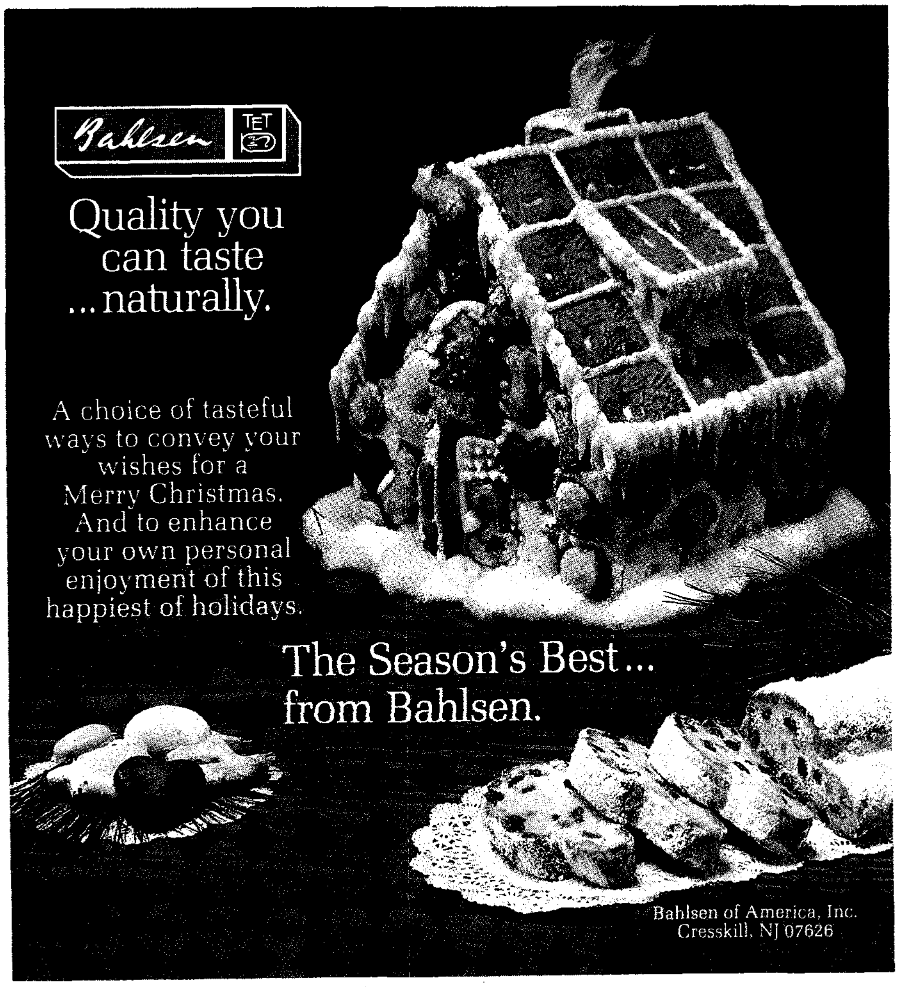

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held them long enough to photograph them with identifying cardboard signs hung around their necks, then shot them in the legs and left them in the street. In late April, the *brigatisti* kidnapped a regional Christian Democratic councilman named Ciro Cirillo and spirited him off to a "people's prison," where they put him on trial. They also compelled him to write a series of humiliating letters pleading for his life and demanding, as the price of his freedom, immediate housing for all the *terremotati*—a requirement that was obviously impossible to meet. Cirillo was held for ninety days and then released, in what the terrorists—obviously able to operate freely in one of the most densely populated cities in the world—proclaimed to be a gesture of magnanimity.

Of much more concern to average citizens, who don't see themselves as targets of either the Camorra or the Red Brigades, is the almost incredible level of petty crime in the streets. In addition to waves of small thefts and purse-snatchings which have become routine in most parts of town, every quarter seems to have its quota of small-time racketeers and extortionists. In some areas, particularly the older neighborhoods, shop owners keep their doors locked and open up only to trusted customers, while also paying a local ransom to avoid having their windows shattered. Each street corner seems to have its illegal parking attendant, who has to be paid off to insure that one's car will not be damaged. The buzzing of a motor scooter behind one's back too often indicates the onrush of a team of so-called *scippatori*—youths who work in pairs. One drives, and the other snatches whatever he can—bags, earrings, necklaces, even watches—from unwary pedestrians. Some teams attack cars halted in traffic, reaching in through open windows or unlocked doors to grab anything in sight. Everywhere my wife and I went, we were warned by strangers to be careful, and it did not surprise me to realize, after several days, that we had met no other foreigners on foot except groups of American sailors and Marines from the Sixth Fleet on nightly shore leave in search of excitement. During our stay, though we took every precaution, we were swooped upon three times by would-be *scippatori*, and one night somebody broke into our Fiat, tagged with Rome plates and parked outside the front door of our hotel, to steal our spare tire. "I'm a Neapolitan, and I'll never leave Naples," said a young policeman whom I told about our experiences. "But I'm ashamed to walk around my own city. It's not only money that's needed, it's a change of mentality."

THE young policeman's assessment of the situation is one that is espoused by many Neapolitans, who readily admit that daily life in their beloved city is becoming almost unbearable for nearly everyone and that too many people have abandoned hope in any possibility of a better future. A Neapolitan historian named Antonio Ghirelli has asserted that the major difficulty here, apart from the purely economic problem, is the inhabitants' conviction that Naples has never really been anything more than an occupied city. The plebiscites of October 21, 1860, that proclaimed a kingdom of Italy under the constitutional reign of Victor Emmanuel II, he points out in a two-volume history of the area, did not open up a happy new period for the Mezzogiorno as a whole or for Naples itself. The Spanish occupation that began in the sixteenth century had merely been succeeded by a new one—that of the Piedmontese, who started their rule by looting the Bourbon treasury, thus impoverishing the city permanently, and proceeded to administer it pretty much like a foreign colony. The pattern, obviously, was established early and persists, as in the case of Zamberletti and the bickering in Rome over the post-quake reconstruction law. Traditionally, all the decisions that have deeply affected the quality of life here have been made elsewhere or by outsiders collaborating with moneyed interests that have been entrenched, in some cases, since Bourbon times. The Neapolitans, under what has always seemed to them essentially a colonial system, have stayed alive by pretending to go along with it while simultaneously corrupting, undermining, and exploiting it. When Mayor Valenzi was asked recently what he thought of his fellow-citizens, he declared, "They are extreme individualists. They have no sense of the collective goal, the organized community. One's personal needs take precedence over all exigencies and over everyone else. In these people we find a great fatalism, a deep skepticism; they believe in nothing. They express an anger that is more or less typical of all great metropolitan cities. It must be said that historically they have al-

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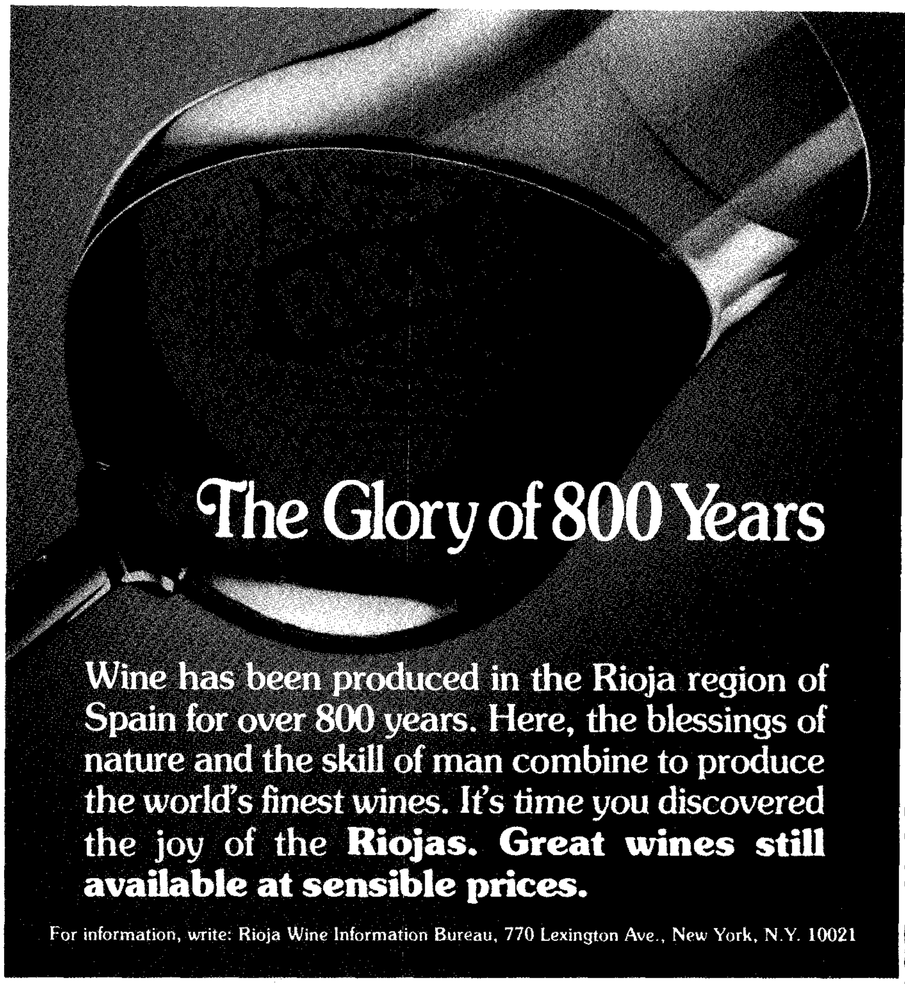
ways been subjected to outside authority and that they have often been betrayed."

In the past, what has usually enabled most Neapolitans to survive, and occasionally even prosper, has been their genius for improvisation—for finding the best way around the cumbersome roadblocks thrown up by history. Even in the most terrible adversities, the people of Naples have made do, usually with charm and a sense of humor that I think of as characteristic of them. To me, Naples has always been a city full of laughter and song, no less genuine for the often calculated way these qualities manifest themselves—whether in the delightful comedies of the great playwright Eduardo De Filippo, in the sentimental lyrics of its familiar songs, or merely in the humble transactions that punctuate daily life. And it is still possible to strike up a conversation anywhere in Naples which will often turn out to be illuminating, amusing, and, above all, civilized. The Neapolitans have a native gift for good talk, which probably accounts for the high percentage of local citizens who have become jurists, philosophers, writers, teachers, and other skilled practitioners of the word.

Whether such talents will serve to rescue Naples from what many people here feel is the most serious crisis in the city's long and troubled history is another matter. Certainly there are prominent citizens, such as Mayor Valenzi himself, who are doing what they can. Although all the major problems afflicting the society are likely to persist for many months, perhaps years, and may, indeed, become worse, a desperate effort is being made, for instance, to revive the local tourist industry, which has declined by about forty per cent just since the summer of 1980. Arriving visitors are now provided with an illustrated packet containing free passes to concerts, museums, sports events, and public transportation, including the ferries to the nearby islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida. Reconstruction is well under way in such badly damaged public buildings as the Duomo and the Museo Nazionale, with its priceless Pompeian wall paintings and mosaics. Pompeii and Herculaneum, which also suffered from the earthquake and were temporarily closed to visitors, have been reopened, though large areas are still off limits and undergoing repair, and others may never become accessible again. (For example, the magnificent ancient Roman villa at Ca-



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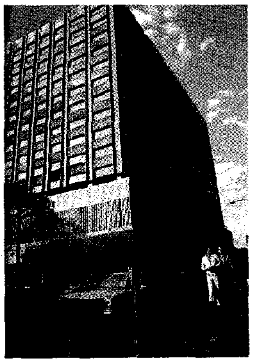

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stellammare di Stabia, in the shadow of Vesuvius, was shaken to pieces.) Whatever may eventually become of the *terremotati* and the omnipresent poor, there does at least seem to be an understanding by the authorities that part of the solution to the city's problems must come from restoring Naples to the rank of an important goal for foreign tourism, which has always been an essential ingredient of the local economy.

Domenico Rea, a well-known novelist who has lived in Naples most of his life, has pointed out that the city remains important not only as a great art center, like Florence or Siena, but also because of its spectacular natural setting. Among the traditional rewards of a visit to Naples, he recently observed in the newspaper *Il Mattino*, was a chance to see Vesuvius, to take a stroll along the promenade of the Via Caracciolo, "to look at the spontaneous theatre" in the streets, and "to assist at the comedy of the imagination." Today, he wrote, Naples has become "a bridge thrown over an inferno." He asked the reader to imagine a Spaccanapoli reclaiming its rightful place as the soul of the *centro storico*, and the city as a whole once more a gay arena of cheerful sights set to the music of guitars and mandolins. "Naples would become a trap from which no one would wish to escape," he concluded. Perhaps that dream was never a reality, but the sentiment is one that many Neapolitans share.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

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Armadillos have poor eyesight, but they possess keen senses of smell and hearing. They are born in litters of four and are always of the same sex.—*"Mark Trail" comic strip.*

Which simplifies life for armadillos.

•

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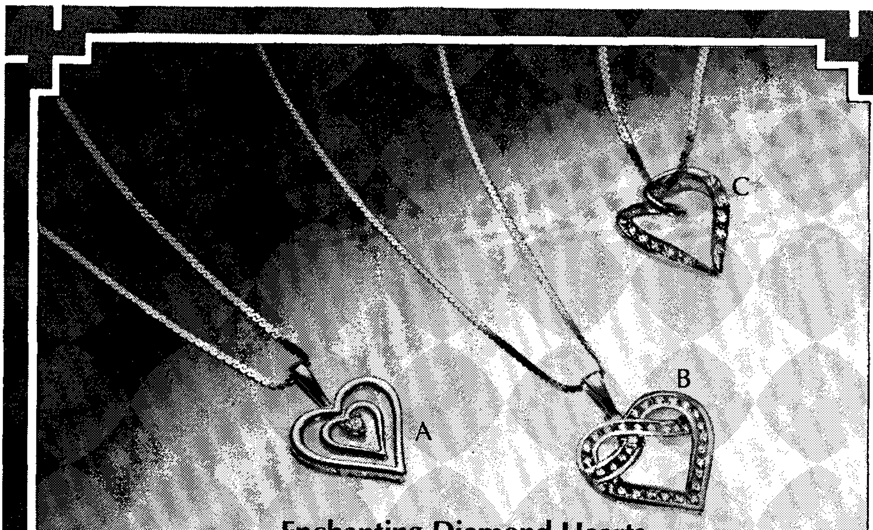
•

### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Boothbay Harbor (Maine) Boothbay Register*]

The regular island activities continue. This week's bridge party was hosted by Esther Sharp. Winners were Allyse Weeks and Florence Reed. The hostess thoughtfully provided drinking water, which was a new and very much appreciated twist.



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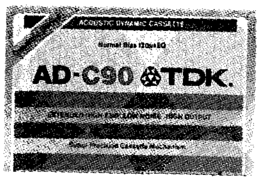

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[1] According to an Ætna study of auto insurance made in 1979, people generally warmed to the idea of equal rates for different groups. But when they were informed of the effect on their pocketbooks, the majority turned thumbs down.

[2] We admit it can be rankling to be treated as a statistic. But the whole idea of insurance is the pooling of risk among groups of individuals. Those groups are defined by the loss experience of up to millions of cases, and are charged accordingly—what we in insurance call "cost-based pricing."

[3] At last count, we had some 135 people looking into how risk can be measured in life, casualty-property, and group insurance.

[4] Ætna also charges less to accident-free drivers, for cars less prone to damage or theft, and for homes equipped with burglar and fire alarms. We think *positive incentives* make more sense than experimental policies that turn their backs on actual experience.

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## WITH A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO

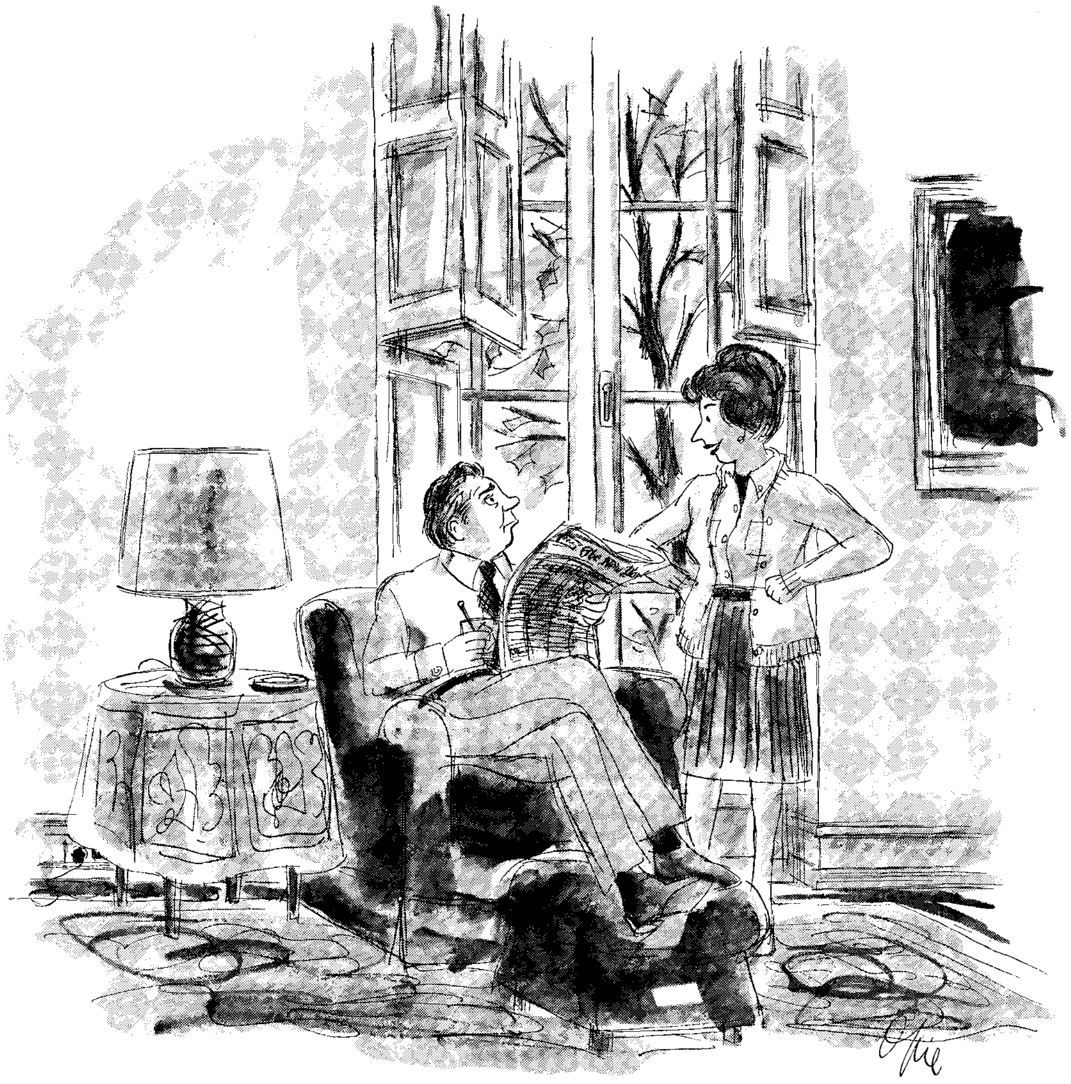
THE people who buy Christmas toys and the children they buy them for often seem to be living in two worlds. Left to their own devices, many of those grownups who move like foreign tourists through the toy departments at this time of year, convinced that the sort of thing that makes children really happy never changes, will be on the lookout for the same toys and games that they themselves once played with. Yet the Santa Claus lists they have been given may be made up of items they have never heard of, since members of the younger generation whom they hope to bring Christmas joy to often believe that everything changes, that new and different is better, and that, as L. P. Hartley wrote in the often quoted first lines of "The Go-Between," his novel about an adult looking back at a child's world, "the past is a foreign country; they do things differently there." If everybody is lucky, the story will end in a bang-up Christmas morning, and each side will turn out to have been right to a degree. Along the way, however, Santa's agents tend to be a confused, sometimes testy bunch, and matters aren't improved by the fact that in the stores and on the streets that they hurry through during these weeks, clutching their lists, the typical background music is the jangle of "Jingle Bells" or—what can be even more unnerving—"Silent Night," with its assurance that all is not only bright but calm.

d chwentsky

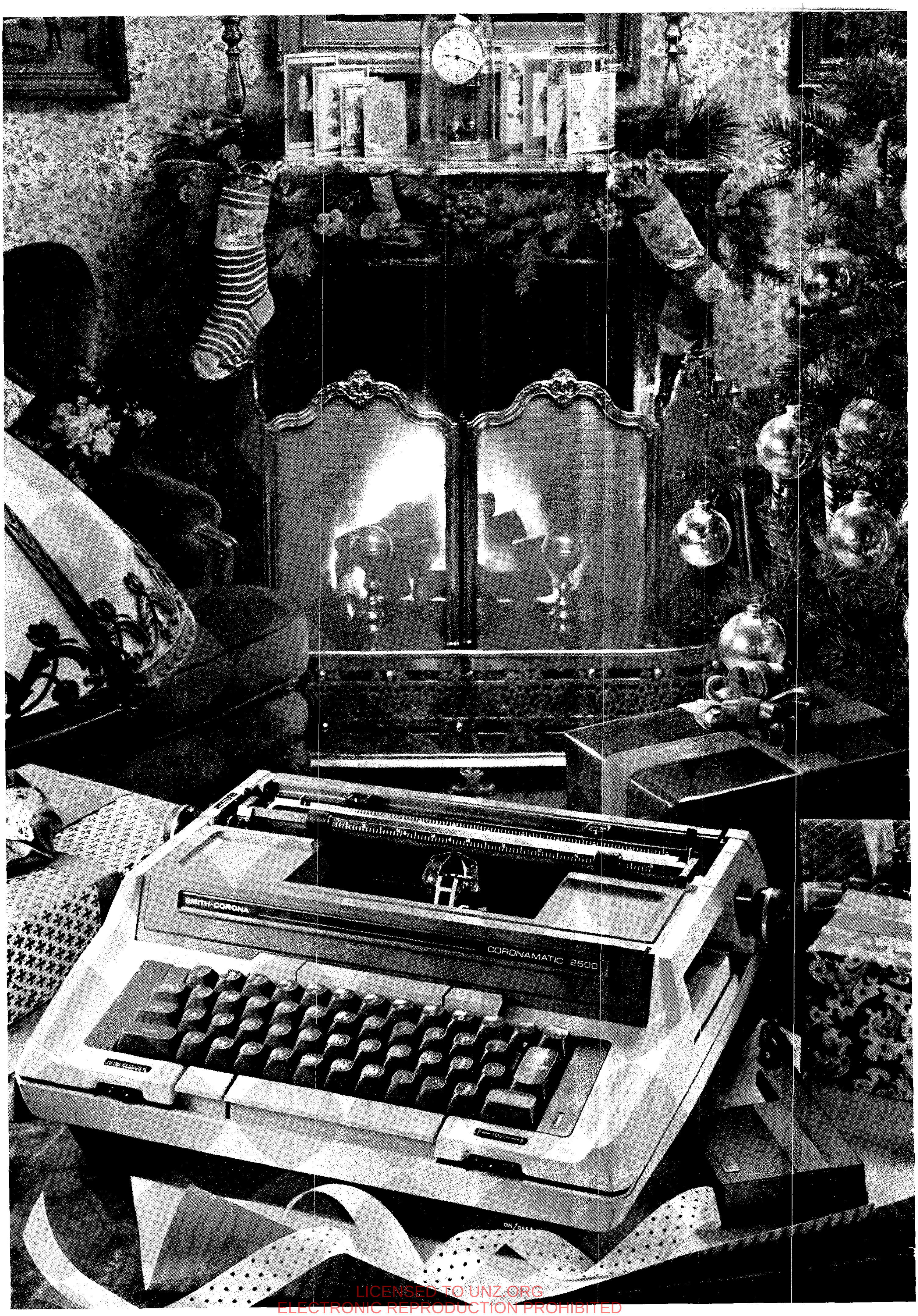
The response of some harried Christmas shoppers to the seasonal dilemma is to ignore the lists much of the time and settle for the toys they fondly remember. If they can find them, this will often turn out well. For example, Lincoln Logs are still around. "And they're still made of wood," it says proudly on the box that we found at Toy Works, 112 East 86th Street, for $14.29. Inside is a hundred-and-three-piece set—enough to build a pony-express stop and a general store. Plans and appropriate signs to hang from the roof are provided. According to the signs, the general store also houses the local post office. When they get to the games departments, some non-progress-minded shoppers will hurry past the throbbing, bleeping, flashing computer home video games and ask the clerk for Monopoly, in the conviction that children who are having a good time will provide their own flashing, throbbing excitement. Remembering long, happy afternoons spent in the vicinity of Boardwalk and Marvin Gardens, they are sure that the children they know will enjoy the same—and that's probably how it will work out. Though Monopoly, which is not on the market in computerized form, is still the familiar cutthroat battle over real estate, in which the losers are driven to the wall, there is a certain air of simplicity and innocence about it, because the prices of land haven't changed since it first came out, in 1935, during the Great Depression; a player can still be ruined for lack of a sum that wouldn't pay for the basic element of one of the home video games. At the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, 126 Fifth Avenue (18th), Monopoly is $8.95. Christmas-gift seekers who insist they are looking for the kind of doll that Grandma used to buy—the kind that doesn't *do* anything, as they sometimes plaintively put it—will have an easier time of it this year than in some years past. There don't seem to be nearly as many dolls on the counters that sass back or do rude things or are programmed to put their new owners down by beating them at Parcheesi—feats that often require them to be heavily encumbered with batteries. (If the sound of the word "Parcheesi" sets off more happy memories you'd like to share, Barnes & Noble has a pocket-size version of that game for $4.50.) A non-accomplished doll called Love 'n Touch Baby could make all generations happy. Twelve inches long, she comes wearing a hooded yellow sleep suit, has a mop of dark hair, and her head is weighted so that her new owner can practice supporting it as if it were that of a real baby. She's $19.99 at Toy Works. If you have a beneficiary in mind who's had some practice along these lines by reason of having a little sister, she might be pleased with another very nice doll, called Real Sister, who is said to be about one year old. Sister is fifteen inches tall and has curly blond hair and a face that—in keeping with her name, and unlike the faces of many too-cute-for-words dolls—looks as if it might belong to some real little kid down the block. She wears pink tights, a pink-and-white dress, and a pair of white sandals that could be her first pair of shoes. At Polk's Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), she's $15.55. For children who want a bigger armful to hug—and many of them still do, just like children in that country of the past—there's an eighteen-inch doll called Softina. Softina can go right into the tub, and meanwhile she wears a snuggle suit. She's $18.95 at the Childcraft stores, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street. Over the years, baby dolls—or their heads and hands, anyhow—have been made of china, wax, bisque, and other compositions, and, most recently, of plastic, sometimes of a hard and unresisting sort, especially if their insides had to accommodate batteries or other machinery. These three dolls have wonderfully soft skins, made by a process that wasn't available to doll manufacturers until a few years back. Sometimes the kids are right: the good old days weren't always better.

NOT all of Santa's emissaries who look back with admiration at the way things used to be will be able to find toys that are associated directly with some special interest of theirs. Take the fans of the television series "Little House on the Prairie," based on Laura Ingalls Wilder's books about her own childhood on the American frontier in the last century. (And never mind that Michael Landon, who plays the hardworking, earnest father and is also the show's executive producer, was once best known for his performance in the title role of "I Was a Teen-Age Werewolf.") Among the "Little House" fans is President Reagan; indeed, he says that it is his favorite program. The President and Mrs. Reagan, in their White House quarters, just elaborately refurbished, thanks to private (and tax-deductible) contributions, try to save time on Monday nights to watch the latest episode about the little family struggling against the harsh deprivations of pioneer life in the last century—and without any handouts from the federal government, one can imagine someone in the room remarking. You can't say that the toy industry hasn't tried to come up with items in honor of this prairie family. A few years ago, the Knickerbocker Toy Company, whose slogan is "Toys That Love You Back," and which makes, among other items, the Raggedy Ann doll, brought out dolls based on two of the Ingalls girls, Laura and Carrie, in period outfits. The free market was not coöperative, however (even the "Charlie's Angels" dolls lasted longer), and Laura and Carrie are no longer on the Knickerbocker list. Perhaps the best answer—as it often is in the case of dolls based on literary characters—is to go back to the books themselves. Apparently, such an answer is increasingly popular. "CHILDREN'S BOOKS BECOMING PROFIT CENTER IN TOY OUTLETS," read a headline in the November issue of the trade publication *Toy & Hobby World*. A boxed set of all nine paperback volumes in the series, including "Little House in the Big Woods," "The Long Winter," and "These Happy Golden Years," is $24.95. (Like all children's books and records mentioned in this report, they can be bought almost anywhere such items are sold.)

Of course, all nostalgia-minded Christmas shoppers aren't looking back as far as the frontier. Clerks in doll departments tell us that middle-aged women sometimes ask them if they have one of those dear little Shirley Temple dolls. A few years ago, the Ideal Toy Corporation tried to bring back the Shirley doll, who was popular in the nineteen-thirties, but the enthusiasm of the older generation was insufficiently contagious, and she also disappeared from the lists. However, the original Shirley of the nineteen-thirties is usually among the most popular dolls at doll auctions. An original Shirley Temple doll, M.I.B., goes for several hundred dollars nowadays. (M.I.B. stands for "mint in box"—but doesn't that mean that the child who once got it didn't have much fun with it? That's the trouble with this collector's world.) Curators of collections sometimes point out that the valuable dolls of seventy-five or a hundred years ago—the ones with the wax or bisque heads—are usually dressed not like children but like grownups. In those days, they report, little girls used to dress their dolls that way, much as the children themselves—then as now—liked to parade about in their mothers' or older sisters' clothes. We suspect that some of the parents and grandparents of today who receive this report with interest are the same people who get crabby at the sound of the name Barbie, one of their objections being that the five-to-eight-year-old girls who most often play with Barbie enjoy dressing her up in the sort of clothes that are worn by girls of a much older and more sophisticated age group. (In her new book, "The Language of Clothes," Alison Lurie suggests that lately in real life the influence has often been the other way around: grown women run about in shorts, above-the-knee dresses, knickers, and sneakers—the kind of thing that, at one time, only children wore.) We've noticed that some of these complainants about the unduly mature Barbie outfits (for the unduly mature Barbie) feel much happier if the clothes are presented as showing the way dolls dress in a foreign country—educational, you know. At Altman's, you'll find three examples of what the store calls "collectible" Barbies—but we have a feeling that these dolls will make it out of the box. Like all Barbie dolls, they are eleven and a half inches tall, and they cost $11 each. They are labelled Oriental Barbie, Scottish Barbie, and Parisian Barbie. This last doll wears a very educational cancan dress. We do agree that it would be a good idea to get Barbie out in the open air more, so we were pleased to learn that one of the latest entries in the series is called Western Barbie and that



*"Might the coiled spring be prevailed upon to uncoil long enough to take me out to dinner?"*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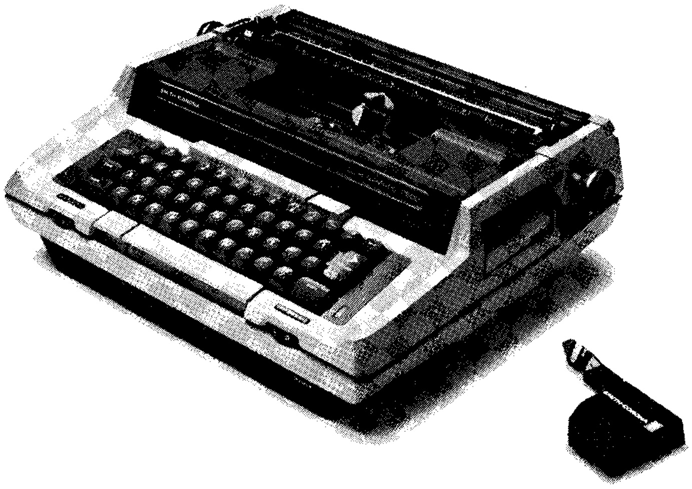

**Smith-Corona**

you can buy her her own horse to ride. At the top of the Western Barbie box, however, it says, "Barbie, Gorgeous Western Star!" This girl's mind doesn't seem to be on the outdoors, particularly. She does wear a cowboy-style hat, a sleek, fringed jump suit, and white Western boots, but she also brings along her own comb, brush, perfume bottle, pretend mirror, and six press-out pictures of herself, along with her "personal autograph stamp," a tiny plastic affair that she can use to autograph the pictures (or whatever) for her fans. If you press her back, she winks; no one says what she's winking about. She's $16.69 at Toy Works. The horse is quite nice. It's a golden palomino, just the right size for Barbie to ride. The name is Dallas (no kin that we know of to the horses at J. R. Ewing's place). Also at Toy Works, it's $17.79. It has a removable Western saddle, stirrups, a bridle and reins, and a comb and brush. The commercials for Dallas—the horse—show little girls happily combing its blond mane and tail. ("What a ponytail! So soft!") It says on the box that Dallas can be ridden by any other eleven-and-a-half-inch doll who, like Barbie, has bendable legs. Next year, such equestrians could include the Brooke Shields fashion doll. (Many parents probably feel they can wait for this one.) The head of the L.J.N. Company, which is making the Shields doll, says he hopes that the Brooke and Barbie dolls will be friends and "share clothes," which is not necessarily a way for dolls to stay friends. If you'd rather not worry about how a doll sits on a horse or whose clothes it wears, you and somebody else could be happy if you decide to settle for Raggedy Ann, whose legs only flop around, and who has worn the same outfit since 1918, soon after Johnny Gruelle, of Indianapolis, wrote his first storybook about a rag doll of that name who had belonged to his daughter. When you buy her now—in the twelve-inch size, she's $13.50 at Penny Whistle, 1281 Madison Avenue (91st)—she wears the message "I Love You" over her heart. However, the original Raggedy Ann, who's in the doll collection of the Museum of the City of New York, also wears something else over her heart—the key to the city of Indianapolis. Four years ago, the mayor of that city sent two first-class round-trip plane tickets to John Noble, the curator of the collection, so that he and Raggedy Ann could fly out in style to the doll's birthplace for the key-presentation ceremony. Another doll whose clothes are timeless and permanently in place is Holly Hobbie, who's $9.95 in the twelve-inch size at Toy Works. She has yarn braids and wears a patchwork dress with ruffles at hem and wrist, pantalets, and a sunbonnet. And at Altman's you'll find, for $7, a seven-inch doll with a porcelain head and a stuffed body. She wears a long red-and-white dress, a bonnet, and a ruffled white pinafore, and is meant to be hung on the Christmas tree. Or, like Holly Hobbie, she could help remind the children, as they read about what went on in the little house on the prairie, of how little girls used to dress before the age of children's designer jeans. Since 'tis the season to be jolly, 'tis probably better not to bring up the matter of how the pioneer mothers found the time and the strength to iron all those ruffles with a flatiron that, in those good old days, had to be constantly reheated on the wood stove.

Although it's sometimes hard to remember—especially on Christmas morning when you discover that the sign on the doll-house box saying "Some assembly required" turns out to be a gross understatement—the people in the toy business are real people, who have the same measure of sorrows, joys, and small intramural triumphs as the rest of us. Which brings us—or will bring us in a minute—to a matter involving a doll called G.I. Joe and a doll called Pretty Cut & Grow. A few years ago, we were reminded that toy-company executives enjoy engaging in a bit of competitive fun when we learned that in the Fisher-Price Play Family Village, which included a jail, the face in the "WANTED" poster on the jail wall was easily recognizable as that of a former Fisher-Price vice-president who had left the company to head Louis Marx, a Fisher-Price rival. Even more fun: the word "REWARD" at the bottom of the "WANTED" picture was followed by a question mark. Later, the Marx Company ran into some financial difficulties, and a large share of its assets were taken over by other toy companies. Distress over Marx's troubles was not universal, since it had been one of the companies that held out longest against the pressure of angry parents in their drive to stop the heavy production of toy guns and military toys in the late nineteen-sixties. Fisher-Price, which has never made guns—a fact that has nothing to do with its being a subsidiary of Quaker Oats—has continued to prosper and is now the second-largest brand name in the business. (Remember the dour-faced old Quaker who used to decorate the cereal box? After Quaker Oats bought into the toy business, a decade ago, the picture suddenly began to show the old boy wearing a broad smile.) Fisher-Price no longer makes the Play Family Village, however. If you are looking for a police station, Polk's has one for $4.75—a kit that has to be put together with glue. It's the right size to go with HO-gauge train sets. There's an American flag to fly out front, and at the rear of the station, conveniently, is a door marked "Bail Bonds, 24 Hours Service." No "WANTED" poster, though. The latest Fisher-Price Play Family set is a jetport. This is quite an elaborate small world. There is the jetport (just one building) and a sturdy plastic jet, with a pilot and two crew members and four passengers, all of them the knob-headed people who look very much like the ones who used to live in the old Play Family Village. There's a tractor to pull the passengers' baggage, and a fuel trailer with which children can pretend to fuel the jet. And, to cap the fun, there's a helicopter on the roof, and a crank on the roof turns its propellers, as well as the blades of the radar antenna. In case there's a delay, amenities are provided: two tables and four chairs—captain's chairs, of course. ("This is your captain speaking.") Fortunately, all seven figures have peg bottoms so that any of them can sit at the captain's table. At Toy Works, this is $34.99.

To get to the G.I. Joe doll. You remember Joe? So far as we know, there was never a song by that name, but G.I. Joe Action Soldier, along with his rifles, Jeeps, and tanks, was the stuff that dreams were made on for so many small boys in the nineteen-sixties and early seventies that his manufacturer, the Hasbro company, reported that it had sold some ten million of these eleven-and-a-half-inch plastic soldiers. In charge of marketing G.I. Joe for Hasbro was Joseph Hyland, now a local toy designer. With the increasing unpopularity of the Vietnam War, G.I. Joe fell out of favor with parents. He had a brief incarnation as G.I. Joe Adventurer, an alleged civilian who went on Afri-

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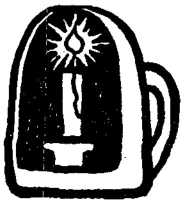
can safaris and presided over architectural digs in the Middle East, leading some people to wonder if Joe had simply gone under cover. (C.I.A.? Special Branch?) Then he disappeared from the toy counters, ending up, for all we know, running the bail-bond service beside some HO-gauge railroad tracks or piloting the Fisher-Price jet. The Hasbro company still has a substantial toy list that includes the "Romper Room" toys, which are named after the television show of that title. This year, the line included a jack-in-the-box, which is in the shape of Snoopy's doghouse. Wind it up—the manufacturers insist that the tune it plays is "Pop Goes the *Beagle*"—and Snoopy emerges from the door while Woodstock pops out of a plastic nest on the roof. Polk's has this for $7.88. Incidentally, 1981 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the "Romper Room" show in New York. You may be pleased to know that at least one "Romper Room" alumna is now close to the center of national power and possibly in a position to be helpful to children who need help. Mrs. Richard Schweiker, the wife of the Secretary of Health and Human Services, once served as the "Romper Room" teacher, Miss Claire. The Schweikers, as you may remember, had some problems a few months ago because they posed for a picture showing them dressed to the nines at what seemed to be a banquet. The picture appeared on the cover of a Washington magazine at about the same time the Reagan Administration announced that it was cutting down on the number of children eligible for free school lunches and specified that in counting nutrition points for those children still eligible it would treat ketchup as a vegetable. Fortunately, it turned out that the event the Schweikers had got all dressed up for was in the interests of a charity that benefits sick children, so all was forgiven. Anyhow, while toy-designer Hyland was working on the G.I. Joe doll, among other toys, his wife, Barbara, whose career in the advertising business had nothing to do with toys, kept saying that she bet she could design a best-selling toy. (We reminded you that there are real people in the toy business.) It took her a while, but Mrs. Hyland finally remembered how upset she'd been as a child because a doll of hers had somehow lost its hair. The result is a doll, manufactured by the Gabriel company, called Pretty Cut & Grow. It's thirteen and a half inches tall (and not a bit cuddly, we have to say) and has hair that can be combed, braided, styled (all kinds of possibilities are pictured in an accompanying folder), made to grow (you just pull on its ends), and *cut*. This is possible because the hair is only a ball of yarn: yellow yarn for the white version of the doll, black for the black Pretty Cut & Grow. She wears a largely lavender jumper dress and brings with her a comb, two flower barrettes, a hair band, and a pair of scissors. These are kindergarten-style scissors with rounded ends, but they really cut. In case the haircutting project gets out of hand, an extra batch of yarn hair is provided, more can be sent away for ($4 a package), or, best of all, somebody can just run down to Woolworth's and buy a one-ounce skein of acrylic yarn of the size specified in the instruction booklet, which also describes the replacement process. This doll is $26.99 at Toy Works. (All right—have you priced doll haircuts lately?) She's said to be selling nicely, though she's not the year's best-selling doll—we'll get to *her* a little later.



A FEW weeks after last year's Presidential election, Jack Curry wrote a piece in the *Daily News* about cast-iron locomotives for toy-train sets—locomotives that, he said, earned more respect than cheaper models. He hailed the fact that a heavy-duty Lionel engine was being made again. "It is possible," he wrote, "that this toy's unpopularity in the last few years was as much a result of cultural factors as marketing ones. Buying Johnny a Lionel in the sixties was like voting Republican. Well, this year, America did vote Republican. Americans signalled loud and clear that they were tired of the rhetoric of despair, the politics of doing without. They responded to a man who promised them full speed ahead, who told them America was a giant parlor car with a seat for everyone. And Americans more or less rode out on the rails a fellow who believed it would be impossible to stoke the engine in the future with as much abandon as we had in the past." And he went on, "Looked at this way, the model train may be the perfect Reagan-era toy. Its mass marketing now may just symbolize the return to a sort of muscular, open-throttle ethic of a past era." The tracks for the Lionel trains, as you may know, are the relatively wide O-gauge or O-27. You can buy the Lionel heavy-duty twin-diesel locomotive for $280 at Polk's. This Pennsylvania Railroad double engine has a working headlight, is painted "authentic Tuscan red," with gold markings, and is a substantial item in every way; the two engines together measure twenty-nine inches, and they weigh six pounds. So far, however, Polk's and other model-railroad departments we consulted haven't noticed any open-throttle demand for them. Perhaps, as Republican railroad buffs wait to see which way the economic signals go, there are still some things that even they feel they can do without, or maybe they are waiting for another kind of signal: in the new era, will Amtrak run on time—or will it be around to run at all? The Lionel Train Company, which is part of Fundimensions, a subsidiary of General Mills, has added no new heavy-duty cars especially for this locomotive. However, the rolling stock includes an item with heavy implications: a toy radioactive-waste car, which is $29.95 at Madison Hardware, 105 East 23rd Street. If the young model-railroad buffs you know are inclined to take a more frivolous—and more apolitical—approach to the industry, Polk's has a Tyco Chattanooga Choo-Choo, made by Tyco (which is a subsidiary of Consolidated Foods). With this set, which costs $80, you get a power pack, a seventeen-piece bridge-and-trestle set, enough track to make a thirty-six-by-forty-five-inch oval, a pulpwood car, a hopper, a caboose, a billboard boxcar (it says "Old Dutch Cleanser" on the side), and an old-fashioned locomotive with tender. Some so-called smoke liquid is provided so that the engine can puff real smoke, if you're willing to break the house rules against air pollution. This train is designed for the narrower HO-gauge tracks and is in just the right scale for the police-station kit we mentioned earlier. Also, although we know that one of the lifelong rules of the late Nelson Algren was "Never eat at a place called Mom's," Polk's has a kit with which children can construct a restaurant called *Ma's* Place—right next to the police station if it seems appropriate. It has forty-three pieces, measures five by six and a half inches when glued together, costs $5.85, and we can't speak for the food. For a child who takes a really frivolous view of mass-transpor-

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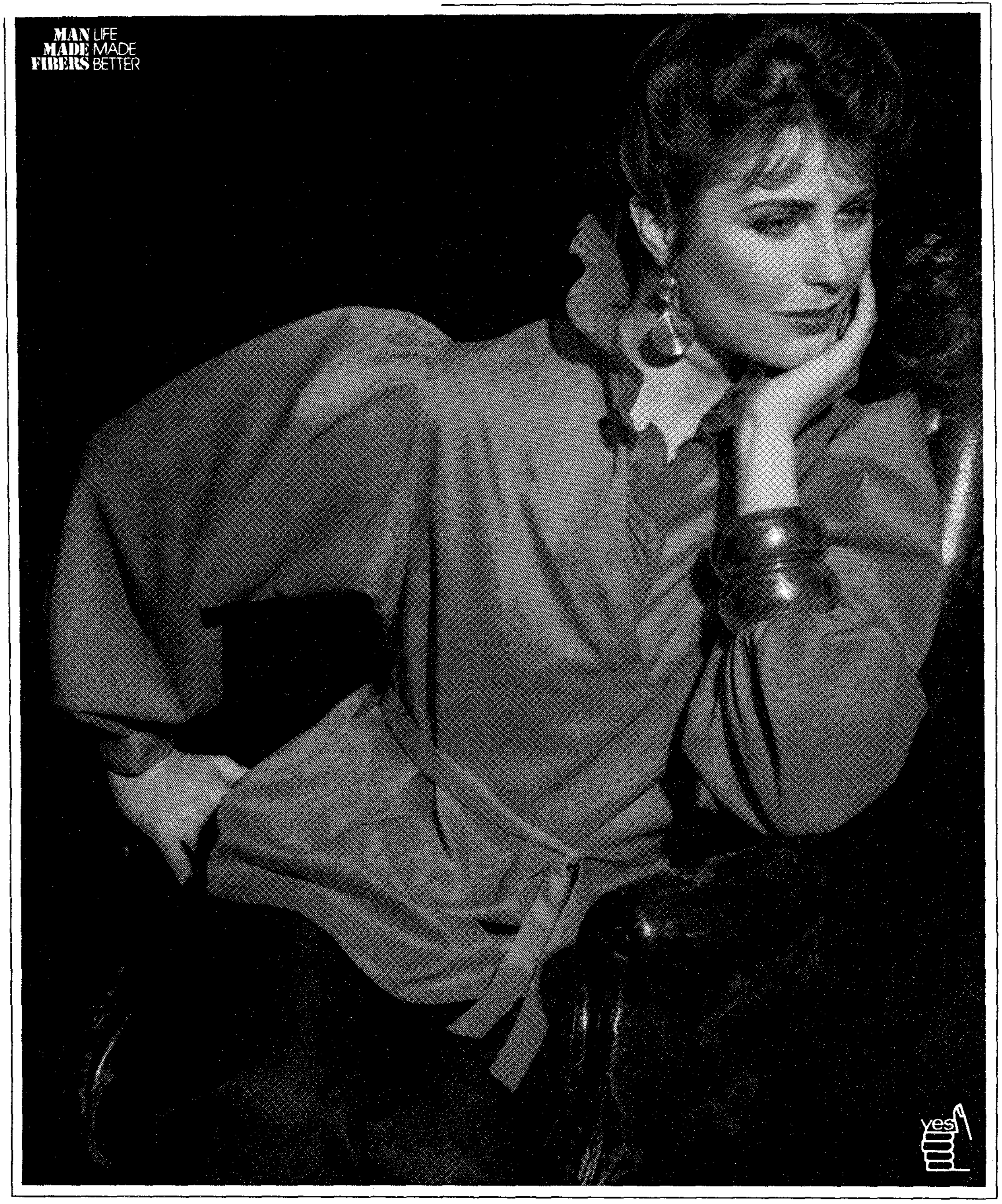

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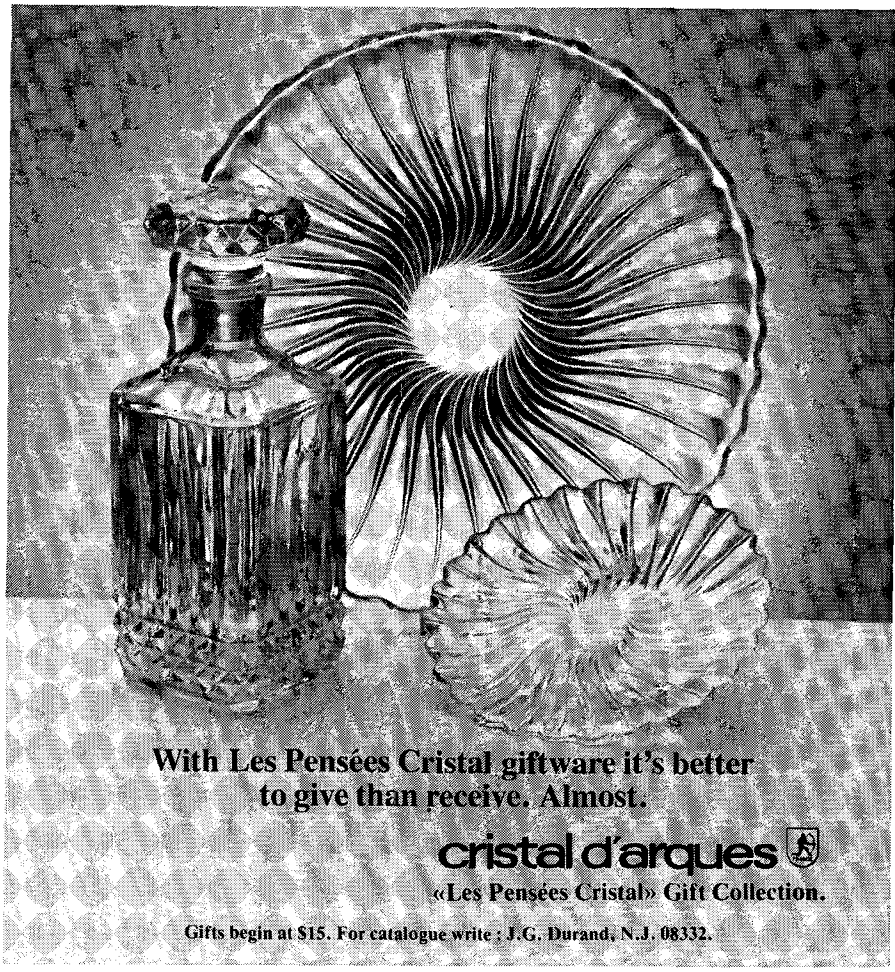

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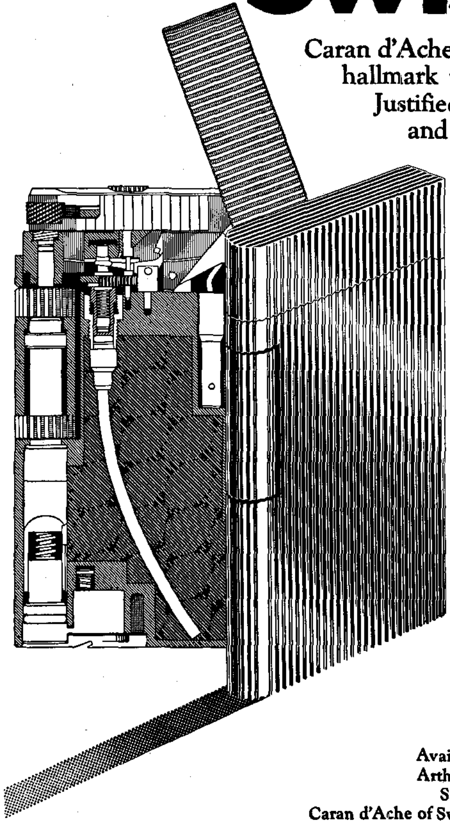

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tation models and is a much younger sort, Toy Works sells Tuneyville Choo-Choo for $21.29. This is a bright-colored plastic engine, nine and a half inches long, with a slot at the top into which a child can drop any one of four records; the child then flips a switch and makes the records play as the little engine travels along. You'll need to lay in two D batteries for this one. There is a repertoire of eleven cheerful songs in all, including "Down by the Station" and "When the Saints Go Marching In." And at the Childcraft stores you'll find what they call a Riding Locomotive, a heavy plastic vehicle big and strong enough to hold a child who weighs as much as fifty-five pounds. There are controls for forward, stop, and reverse. The plastic track provided makes a sixty-nine-by-eighty-five-inch oval, and there is a horn to toot in case any Tuneyville Choo-Choo threatens to get in the way. The price is $69.95, and you'll need four D batteries for this one. And again at Penny Whistle there is a tiny train inside a top; $18.75. As someone pushes the plunger, the train moves around a track, and a gate lifts up and then settles back into place once the train has gone by.

Of course, trains aren't the only form of transportation. F.A.O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), offers a small cable car that can be operated indoors or out. A lever at the power plant (provided) sends the four-and-a-half-inch car up and down. There are four play figures, and the car has a sliding door; $49.95, and that includes the necessary batteries. At Toy Works, a twenty-eight-inch-long steel truck-and-trailer rig called Overnight Express, has doors that open so that many smaller toys could be part of the load; $29.99. A child can ride on this, too, if he's not too heavy. Or he might prefer a dark-pine rocking horse thirty inches long, whose seat is twenty-three inches from the floor. It's $48.59, also at Toy Works, and there's no assembly required, you'll be happy to hear. Some people wouldn't call the Stomper 4X4s a form of transportation; they're more a form of sport. These plastic vehicles, which get their power from one AA alkaline battery you'll need to have handy, are almost four inches long and have what is described as "real four-wheel-drive power;" thus 4X4. With the cars come two sets of "super-grip traction" tires, one set for indoor and one for outdoor use, which allow them to climb briskly over reasonably rough terrain and, as their manufacturer, the Schaper Manufacturing Company, puts it, “laugh at mud, water, dirt, and dust as they keep on climbing.” The nine models, mostly trucks, include a Ford Bronco, a Jeep Honcho, and a Subaru Brat, and you'll find them at Toy Works, among other places, for $8.99 each. Three million of them were sold in 1980; the total is expected to be at least double that this year. Of course, there are separate Stomper sets to provide even more over-hill-and-dale thrills. A Stomper Wild Mountain Set, which includes two Stompers, a three-piece plastic mountain, two bridges, and six obstacle logs, is $28.50 at Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (between 83rd and 84th). Or you could suggest that your young friends make their own obstacles with some of their Lincoln Logs. In some places, kids have increased the Stomper fun by attaching towlines to the little trucks to see how much they can pull, in imitation of the competitive truck-pull exhibitions in some rural areas. (Sometimes we get the impression that people in such neighborhoods have more free time than they used to in the “Little House” days.) According to an article a few months ago in the *Wall Street Journal*, Stomper pulls in Western Kentucky have been so successful (Liberty, Kentucky, for instance, is now the headquarters of the National Miniature Truck Pulling Association) that the Schaper company, aware that art follows life, is considering a Stomper-pull game for 1982. So far as we know, there are no contests involving the last vehicle we want to mention: the Takara Penny Racer. The eight car models that are available have rear-wheel action, too, but they're about an inch and three-quarters long and cost $2.49 at Toy Works. No batteries; you wind them up by pulling them backward until they click, then you let go. Or, better yet, put a penny in the back bumper first. When released, the car will race along on its rear wheels, zigging and zagging and spinning in a very satisfactory antic fashion. It's a way to prove to the kids that you can still do something with a penny.

OF course, the puzzle of the year is Rubik's Cube. You'll find it everywhere, at prices that range from $5 to $10 (variations in toy prices being another of the puzzles that are almost impossible to solve). You doubtless know all about how the cube was in-

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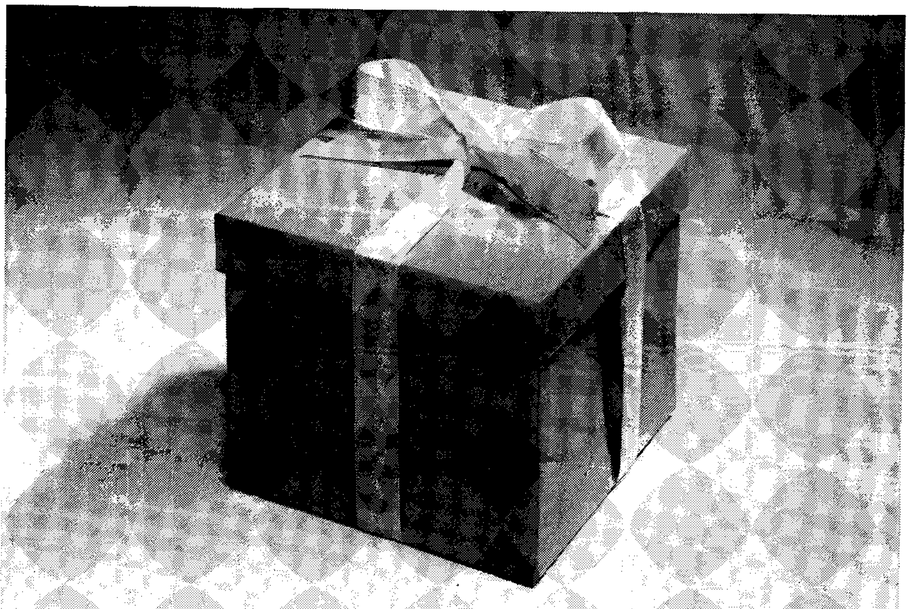

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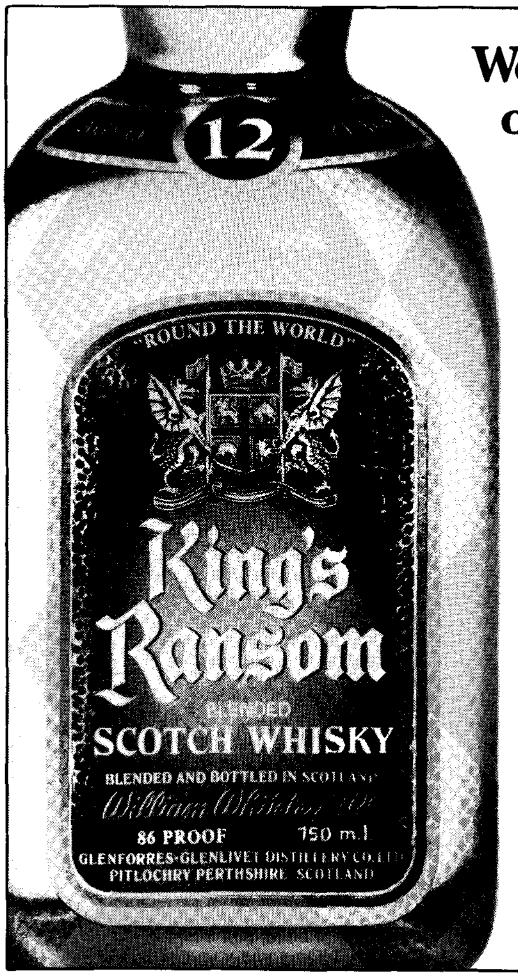
vented by Ernő Rubik, a Hungarian professor of architecture. You know that not only are people in the toy business delighted with its huge success ("God himself couldn't stop one of these things once it gets started," said the head of a big toy chain contentedly) but so are many scientists. The mathematician Douglas Hofstadter, writing in *Scientific American*, called the cube "a model and a metaphor for all that is profound and beautiful in science." The struggle to try to solve it has resulted in a disease described by one physician as "a localized, exquisitely tender swelling on the volar surface of the left metacarpophalangeal joint," or Cuber's Thumb. You may also have heard of one father who bought the puzzle to amuse the kids and became so frustrated at being unable to solve it himself that he spray-painted each of the cube's sides a single color so that it looked as if he hadn't let it beat him. Just the books giving the solution have sold nearly ten million copies. Three of them are on the current paperback best-seller lists, and we even read one review that respectfully compared the treatment of the subject in the three books. The book that would probably be the most interesting to a child on your list is that of a thirteen-year-old British boy, Patrick Bossert. His "You Can Do the Cube" has sold over a million copies, at $1.95, and has been translated into Danish, Portuguese, and Greek. Since the Cube, Dr. Rubik has created two new puzzles, called the Missing Link and the Magic Snake, which are $7.95 and $9.95, respectively, at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. Although they're selling nicely, so far they haven't attracted enough addicts to have dread diseases named after them.

Over in the games department, Scrabble celebrated its fiftieth birthday this year. It was invented by Alfred Butts—now eighty-two years old and a resident of Stanfordville, New York—when he was an out-of-work architect living in Queens. In considering all the game-inventing possibilities, he says, "I didn't think I could improve on chess." The anagram field looked promising. He kept track of how often the letters of the alphabet appeared in articles in the *Times*, assigned them values based on this frequency, and devised the now familiar little tiles. Calling the game Lexiko, he tried to sell it for $1.50 and was able to get rid of only twenty-four sets in the first year. Some years later, someone else gave it the name Scrabble. It is now owned by the Selchow & Righter Company, of Bay Shore, Long Island, which also produces Parcheesi, another of the three best-selling games—the third, of course, being Monopoly. If you know some children who are shy about playing Scrabble because they're not such hot spellers, you can remind them that, according to Mr. Butts, he has never played it very well himself, for the same reason. If you buy such children Scrabble—Polk's has a handy travel edition for $13.13—you might add to the package "The Misspeller's Dictionary" ("Over twenty thousand difficult-to-spell words"). It's $4 at Macy's, and, while you're about it, why not have them wrap up one for Mr. Butts, in honor of Scrabble's fiftieth birthday. UNO may not be the best-selling game this year, but it's coming up fast, and it does stand as a nice example of the old American free-enterprise spirit. Bob Tezak, who is the coroner of Will County, Illinois, near Chicago, encountered UNO, which had been mildly popular in the South and the Middle West, in 1971, when he was on a visit to Louisville, Kentucky. He bought up the rights, set up International Games, Inc., and although in the first year only about five thousand UNOs were sold, annual sales are now around ten million. Much of this year, UNO was near the top of the *Toy & Hobby World* best-seller list for items that are not advertised on television. In the UNO game, there are a hundred and eight color-keyed cards, including cards marked Reverse, Wild, Skip, and Draw Four, which cause a player's fortunes to take various toward and untoward turns. Anywhere from two to ten people can play at once, the object being for a player to get rid of all his cards, which will make him Numero Uno. At Toy Works, this is $3.59. Of course, there is also a deluxe UNO set, with tray and scorecards, which is $7.50 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. A new game on the market which might be of some special interest here is called In the Chips—New York, and describes itself as "the local investment game of the Big Apple." The object is "to negotiate your way down the expressways and streets and make your wealth through proper management of your income." The Chips people go on to tell you, "Buy stock from a real New York broker, read the *Daily News*, spend an afternoon at Aqueduct, and much more." The players, in response to the numbers thrown on a die, move through the city along a winding path that includes stops at such places as the Off-Track Betting Corporation; Paine, Webber; and Bay Ridge Toyota. Polk's has this for $15. In the Guinness Book of World Records Game, which is $5.99 at Macy's, children—say, those eight years old and up—"vie to be the first to capture and hold five records" that were invented just for the game. It might be useful for them to know that the Guinness people have recently announced that they will no longer report weirdly dangerous achievements, such as swallowing swords or lying under heavy weights on beds of nails. This means that Michel Lotito, of Évry, France, will not in the future be subject to challenge, at least in the Guinness book, on his record of having eaten a whole bicycle during a fifteen-day period. Apparently, Jay Gwaltney, of Chicago, will also remain the permanent tree-consuming champion, for his feat of having eaten an eleven-foot birch sapling, branches and all.

As it was put shortly before last Christmas by that well-known philosopher Erma Bombeck (who was quoted by President Reagan this fall in a speech in which he also quoted Franklin D. Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy, and Gary Cooper), if you ask a child what he wants for Christmas, "an infant who . . . is unable to feed himself and cannot focus both eyes in the same direction, says clearly, 'I want the Rattell Pirate Ship, Catalogue No. 90456, made of non-toxic-super-constructed balsa and equipped with a two-masted square rigger, a crew of fourteen, a dinghy, treasure chest, cannons, adjustable sails, working anchor, derrick for hoisting, and a crow's nest, cost $85. Don't accept a substitute.' " If you decide, against what you had previously decided was your better judgment, to venture into the electronic-games department after all, you will probably have received similar implacable counselling from some young persons—counselling that you do not necessarily intend to follow. Among the choices offered in this very confusing world are video-game systems, which are meant to be attached to—and played through—a television set. Most of these cost two or three hundred dollars. (It's remarkable how many of today's children seem to have no problem at all writing out the sum of $299.95.) One such system is recommended by George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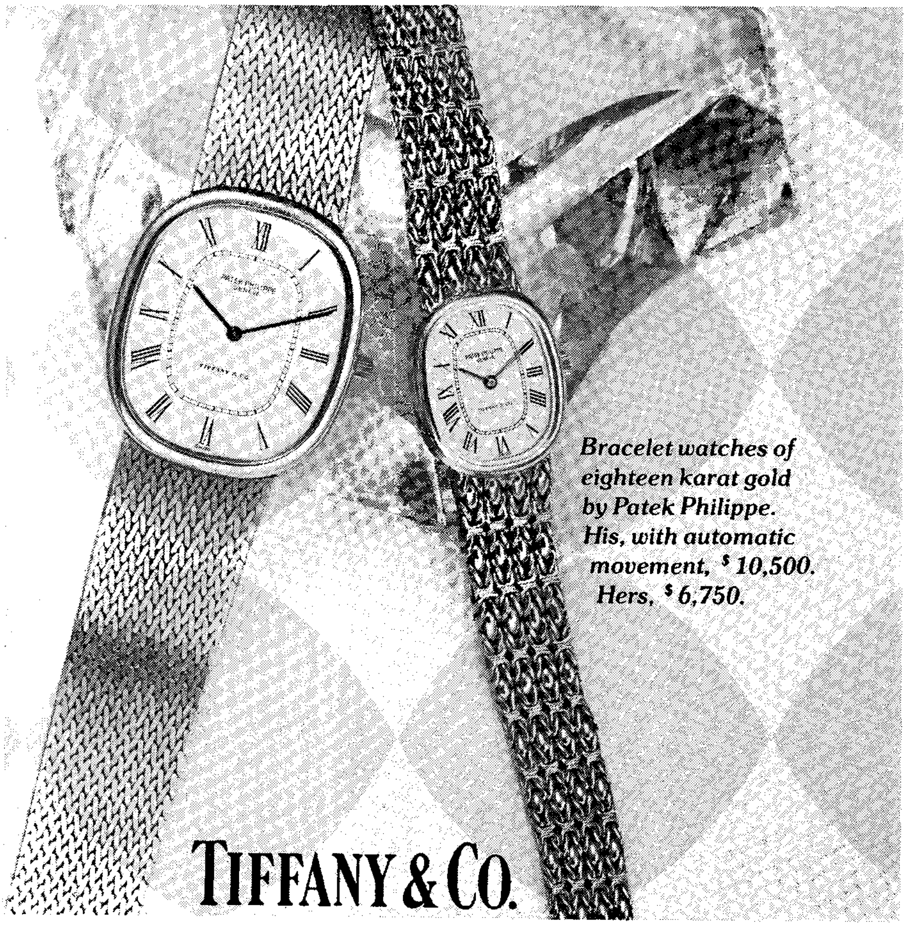

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Plimpton; several are not. For each system, numerous cartridges are available, at about $20 to $35 a throw, which allow a child to play games, especially team sports; to fight wars, especially in outer space; and, in some cases, to get a little education. Then, there are the hand-held or tabletop games, which accounted for one in every ten of the more than six billion dollars that Americans spent on toys last year. With these, a child can play games, especially team sports; fight wars, especially in outer space; and, in some cases, get a little education. The hand-held games are much cheaper at the start—$40 to $50 on the average—but, of course, the argument is that the bigger investment will save money in the end. The whole problem is so vexing (there goes "Jingle Bells," jangling again) that one is tempted to feed all the facts into a computer and see what comes out. There are several things you might like to think about as you blunder about this department. Much of the time, these games are played one-on-one—that is, man (or child) against the computer—in a kind of metaphor of modern civilization which not everyone finds profound and beautiful. And though today's dolls may have stopped doing so much sassing back and putting down, the computers are beginning to take their place. For example, there's the Fidelity Voice Sensory Chess Challenger ($350 at Bloomingdale's), which not only plays chess with a human opponent but also carries on a sort of conversation. It says such things as "Illegal move." Trying to maintain the pretense that human beings are still in charge, a man named Steve Rotterdam, who then worked for the magazine *Games*, last year pitted the Chess Challenger against another, even more elaborate chess-playing computer, which spells out such comments as "Nice move!" or "Silly move!" He insists that after about three moves with Chess Challenger the second computer said, "You are another computer." Considering all the ominous implications, you may take some comfort in the knowledge that the electronic-games business, too, has its traditions. Two of the best-selling games are still two of the earliest entries, dating all the way back to 1978. Merlin, which needs six AA batteries, challenges a player to six games involving memory, logic, chance, and skill, including ticktack-toe and blackjack. And Simon, which needs one nine-volt and two D batter-

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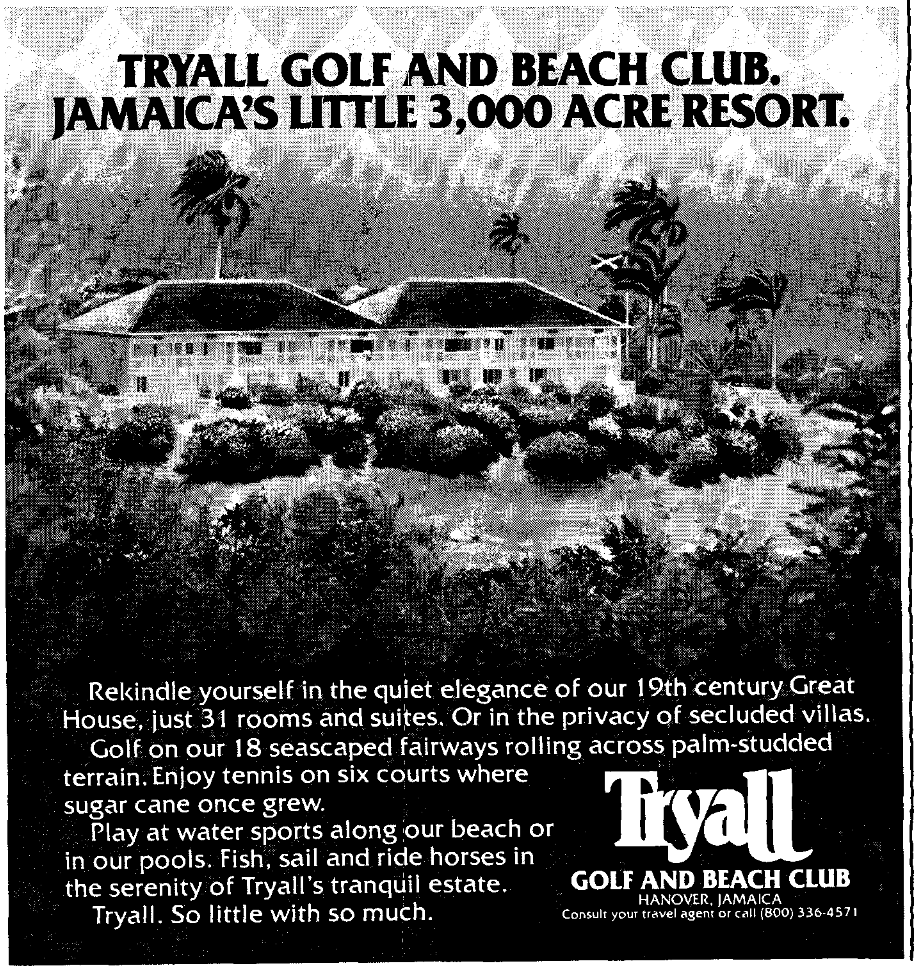
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ies, challenges a child to repeat after it increasingly difficult sequences of sounds and colored lights. These games are $55 each at Brentano's.

IT'S hard to go wrong with blocks, and there are some people who think you can't start children on them young enough. F. A. O. Schwarz has six fabric-covered, foam-filled washable cubes with pictures of animals, people, boats, and houses on their sides for $13.95. At Childcraft, you'll find eighteen wooden blocks in various sizes, all with magnetic attachments so they will stick together easily, for $16.95. The Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street, has twenty-two interlocking Duplo blocks—the large interlocking blocks made by Lego for preschool children. These come in a cardboard box that has a handle, so that it's easy to carry around; it's $15.95. At Penny Whistle, among other places, what Lego calls its Universal Building Set, in the more familiar Lego size, offers not only blocks but wheels, roofs, figures, and so on, and costs $34. The Lego people like to quote Jean Piaget ("Play teaches children to master the world") and Albert Einstein ("Imagination is more important than knowledge"). At the Museum of Modern Art gift shop, there is a building set called Bauhaus Blocks. (From Bauhaus to your house.) It was designed at the Bauhaus by Alma Siedhoff-Buscher in 1923 and includes twenty-one geometric wooden pieces of various shapes; $25. And if you want something very different in the way of a building set, there is Capsela, which calls itself the construction set of the eighties. It is a system of interlocking gears, wheels, propellers, lights, and, above all, clear-plastic globelike capsules, with which someone can build futuristic-looking boats, vehicles, rocket launchers, and whatever else comes to mind. The unusual five-and-a-half-foot Christmas tree in Schwarz's window this year is a Capsela construction. The assembly is of the snap-together sort. A couple of AA batteries are usually needed. Since all the machinery is visible through the clear capsules, the effect, as the colorful gears and wheels and propellers turn and the lights blink and flash, is striking, and even lovely. The construction set has been accepted as part of the Design Study Collection at the Museum of Modern Art. There are various sizes: the Capsela 1000, with instructions for a hundred different models, is $79.95 at

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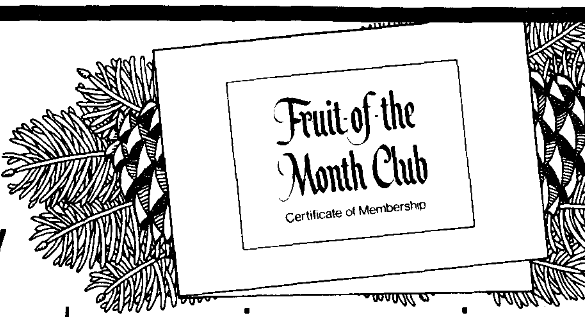

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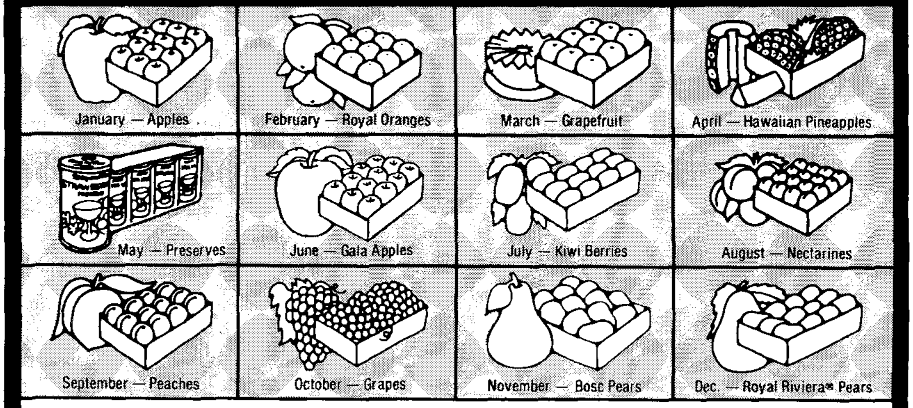

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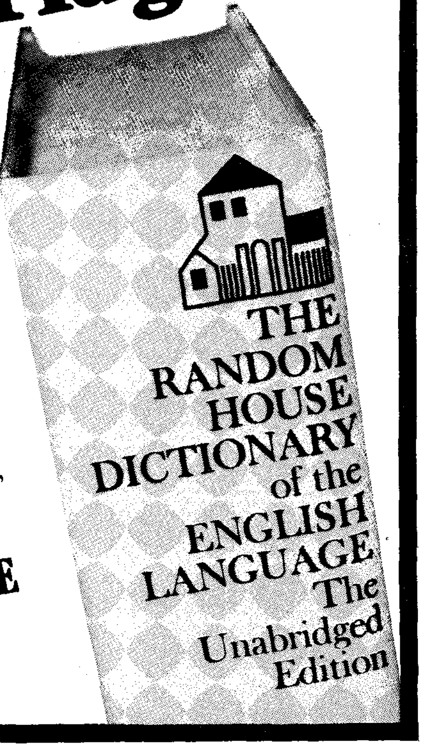

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Schwarz, and at the same place a less elaborate set, which will build thirty-nine different models (and innumerable others if some child wants to use the imagination that Professor Einstein spoke so favorably of), is $43.95.

A doll house is often another kind of construction set. Actually, the Fisher-Price Victorian doll house goes together with relative ease, and the results are fine. The house, made of sturdy plastic, has three stories, a balcony with a sliding door, a spiral staircase, a working ceiling light, a table light, also operative, and seven battery-powered safety outlets for other lamps when somebody gets around to providing them. Like all the doll houses discussed here, this place comes unfurnished, but there is sure to be a remedy for that condition on the adjoining counters. The Fisher-Price house is a little less than two feet high, fifteen and a half inches wide, and a bit over thirteen inches deep. At Macy's, it's $35, not counting two necessary D batteries. At Polk's, for $60, a house called The Pierce is quite a different proposition. Made of pressed wood, it comes in kit form, has six large rooms, a curved staircase, two fireplaces, eight gables, a cupola, a widow's walk, a wraparound veranda, and some porthole windows. It rambles so—it has close to an octagonal shape—that it's hard to measure, but it is two and a half feet to the top gable and maybe three feet wide, and has more decorative gingerbread than you've seen since "The Magnificent Ambersons." Putting it all together could be just the kind of puzzle that some children you know might enjoy. We know some who would prefer it to Rubik's Cube.

The year's best-selling doll, traditionalists will be pleased to learn, does not wear designer jeans. She wears a red-and-white dress and a floppy pink bonnet decorated with a strawberry design, and she smells like strawberries—or the way toy-company chemists believe strawberries smell. American Greetings, a company that makes greeting cards, wrapping paper, and party items, introduces about a dozen new greeting-card characters each year, and in 1980 she was one of these. At the same time, she reached the toy market as a five-and-a-half-inch doll, through an alliance between American Greetings and the Kenner toy company, which also makes the "Star Wars" figures. The rest is doll history: last year, a hundred million dollars' worth of Strawberry Shortcake figures were sold, and this year the number has more than tripled. "It's our Snoopy. It's our Raggedy Ann" is the way one Kenner executive happily put it. Strawberry Shortcake also has a lot of doll friends, with such names as Blueberry Muffin, Huckleberry Pie, and Apple Dumplin', for whom appropriate fragrances were also arranged. The Kenner company is owned by General Mills, but that's not the reason for all this hyping of pastry, although General Mills probably isn't cross about it. Most of these hydrocephalic dolls are five and a half inches tall, like Strawberry Shortcake, but the Purple Pieman, who plays the not too villainous villain in the group, and smells "like a fresh-baked cinnamon apple pie," is eight and three-quarters inches tall. He is $12.99 at Toy Works, while Strawberry Shortcake and most of her friends are $10.79. The way these things work, a character no sooner makes a name for itself in one field—say, Snoopy in the comic strips—than negotiations begin to have that name licensed for use on games, puzzles, toothbrush holders, shoe bags, sheets, coloring sets, even step stools. (For $9, at Macy's, you can get a Snoopy step stool.) There are now over a thousand different items made under the Strawberry Shortcake license. "It's added a whole new dimension to licensed products," said Jim Swearingen, who is Strawberry Shortcake product manager for Kenner. The situation became so complex that early this fall the group in charge of licenses for Strawberry Shortcake (its corporate name is Those Characters from Cleveland) held a Strawberry Shortcake Seminar for licensed representatives at the Harmonie Club in New York. The now celebrated doll had a float in the Macy's Thanksgiving parade and has been the subject of two television specials, including "Strawberry Shortcake in Big Apple City." (It was lucky for New York, which does not smell of apples, that its nickname includes the name of a fruit; otherwise, the television special might have been called something like "Strawberry Shortcake in East Orange.") There is also a Parker Brothers game called Strawberry Shortcake in Big Apple City. Among the places Strawberry Shortcake stops at is Times Pear. That's on her way to the Big Apple's television bake-off, which the Purple Pieman tries to prevent her from reaching. Apparently, she didn't encounter any of the In the Chips players along the

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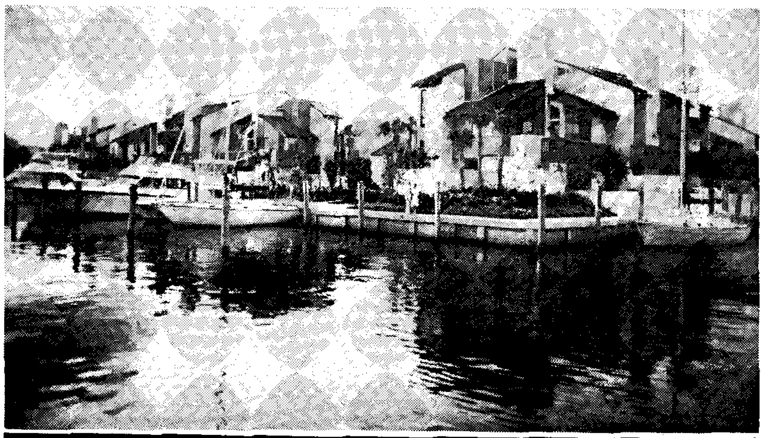

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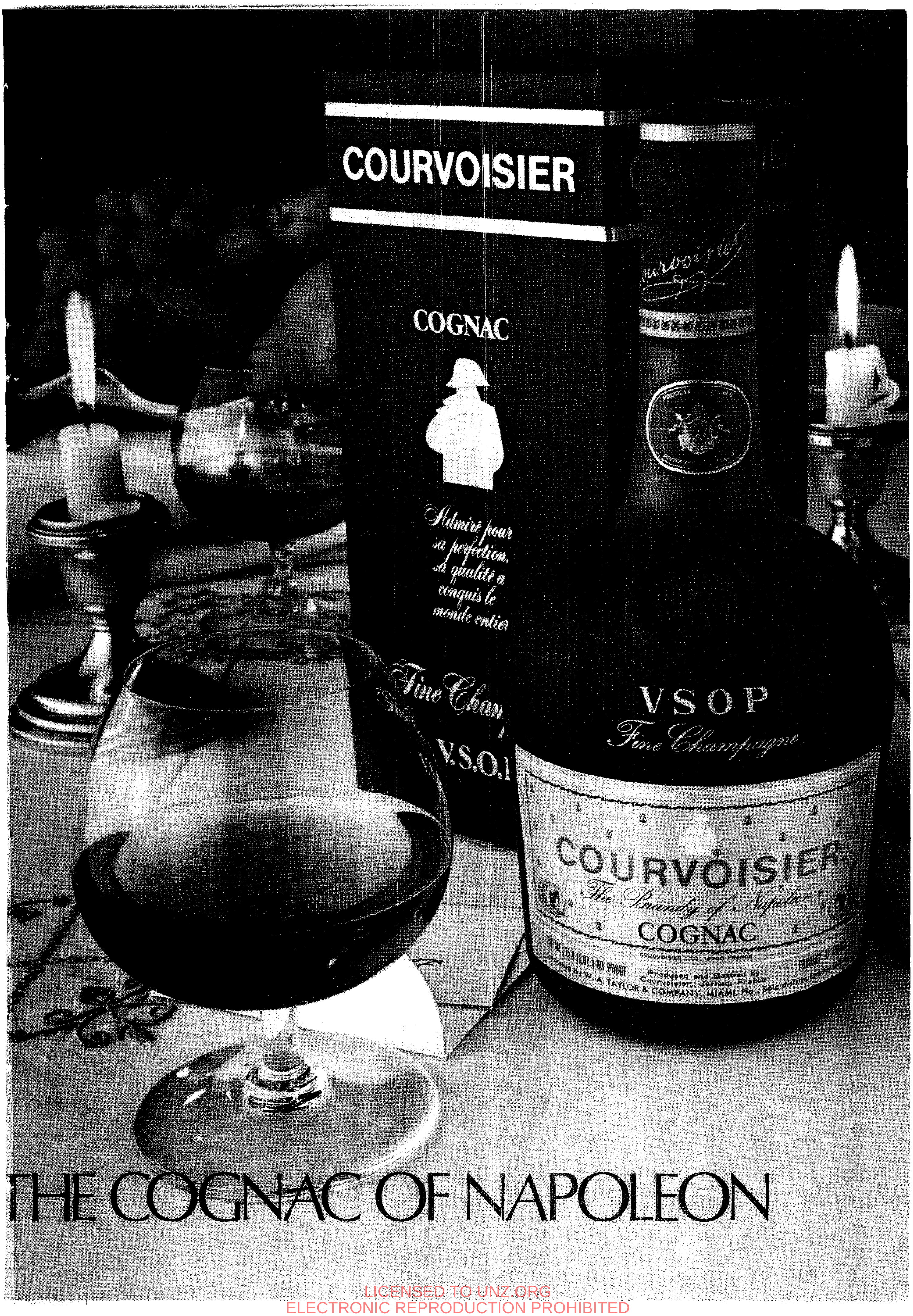

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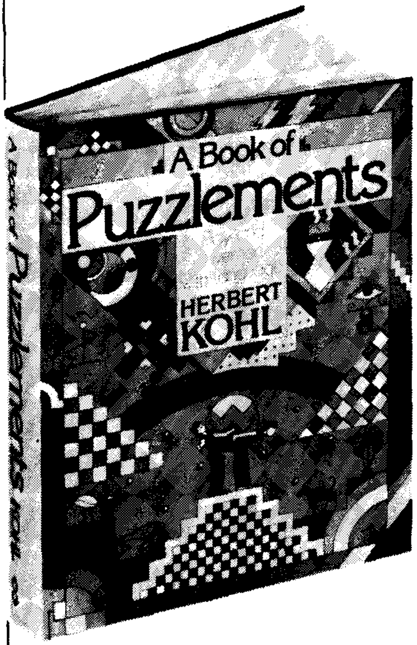
Babar, the king of the elephants, is fifty years old this year, making him one of the world's longest-reigning rulers. This is particularly astonishing because his espousal of cradle-to-grave social welfare once led the *Nouvel Observateur*, in Paris, to brand him a radical socialist. To others, however, Babar and his family seem to represent the essence of French bourgeois life, in which, as Frank Prial described it recently in the *Times*, "the family, all important, is in the center, with the father and mother as benign rulers; then friends, then country, and, finally, without any fundamental importance, the world." The king has travelled quite a bit in his time, but we hear that lately he seems to prefer to spend most of his hours pottering about in his garden in the capital of his kingdom, Celesteville, which is named for his wife. Penny Whistle has plush versions of Babar and Celeste in the eighteen-inch size—both wearing their crowns, of course—for $20.25 each. We must report that we've encountered still another elegant plush female elephant, eighteen inches tall, dressed in what is described as a ball gown. It's really just a wraparound red jumper, but hanging from its bodice is one perfect fake rose. This elephant, whose name is Tasha, is *very* soft and full of smiles and is $10 at Mary Arnold Toys, 962 Lexington (between 70th and 71st). Since the Babars are so bourgeois, Celeste probably needn't worry, but we did notice that this Tasha is made by Determined Productions. She might not be interested, though. It turns out that Tasha is a career woman. (This kind of thing didn't used to happen in the plush-animal world, which has tended to be *very* bourgeois. Can you imagine Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Sr., working outside the home?) Tasha is the entertainment director of the S.S. Happiness, a ship whose crew has been the subject of two children's books. The more recent of these, "Mystery in the Middle of the Ocean," is $5.95. At Grassy Point Woods, 266 West 23rd Street, you'll find, for $8, a pair of plush elephants (and also a pair of cats) about nine inches tall, hugging each other. The Dakin company, which makes them, calls them Huggables, and Velcro is involved. And the plush-Peanuts crowd has an addition this year who is worth attending



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to just because he looks so unworthy on the shelf with the rest of the obviously sweet-natured plush menagerie. It's Snoopy's brother, Spike. He has black yarn whiskers and wears a slouch hat and a jaundiced expression, which might mean he's congenitally saturnine or only that he has had a bad night. On the whole, we think that, if pressed, he would give you the time of day if he could remember what day it was. In the twelve-inch size, he's $12.95 at Schwarz. We can imagine that this Spike might be just the kind of kindred spirit some child might want to grab for after he'd lost his sixth space-wars game in a row to a blinking computer.

AT Disneyland Records, they decided that one thing that was wrong with the world—or the children's world, anyhow—was all those dark-looking, monochrome records. In the latest series from that company, on each side of the record itself there is a colorful scene from the Disney movie whose soundtrack music the record is playing. The one that features songs from "Cinderella," for instance (Disneyland 3107), shows Cinderella in her ball gown on one side, and the other side shows various scenes including the crisis when the Prince's emissary tries to force the glass slipper on the oversize foot of one of the bad stepsisters. The theory is that when these records aren't being played they would make cheerful wall decorations, and indeed they would. This same treatment is given to the soundtrack versions of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (Disneyland 3101), "Pinocchio" (3102), "Lady and the Tramp" (3103; with Peggy Lee doing the singing this time), and others, including "Mary Poppins" (3104), with the familiar voices of Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. Each picture disc, as Disneyland calls its innovation, is $7.98. The best record for babies and toddlers is still Tom Glazer's very slow and gentle "Music for 1's & 2's" (CMS 649; $8.98). Over at Peter Pan Records, they concluded that many children's records were too fast and furious for the very little kids. They brought out two albums, at $6.98 each, one of them called "Mother Goose Favorites" (GT 10), the other "Playtime Favorites" (GT 11). The latter includes such joining-in songs as "Where Is Thumbkin?" and "If You're Happy and You Know It, Clap Your Hands." These are sung and spoken

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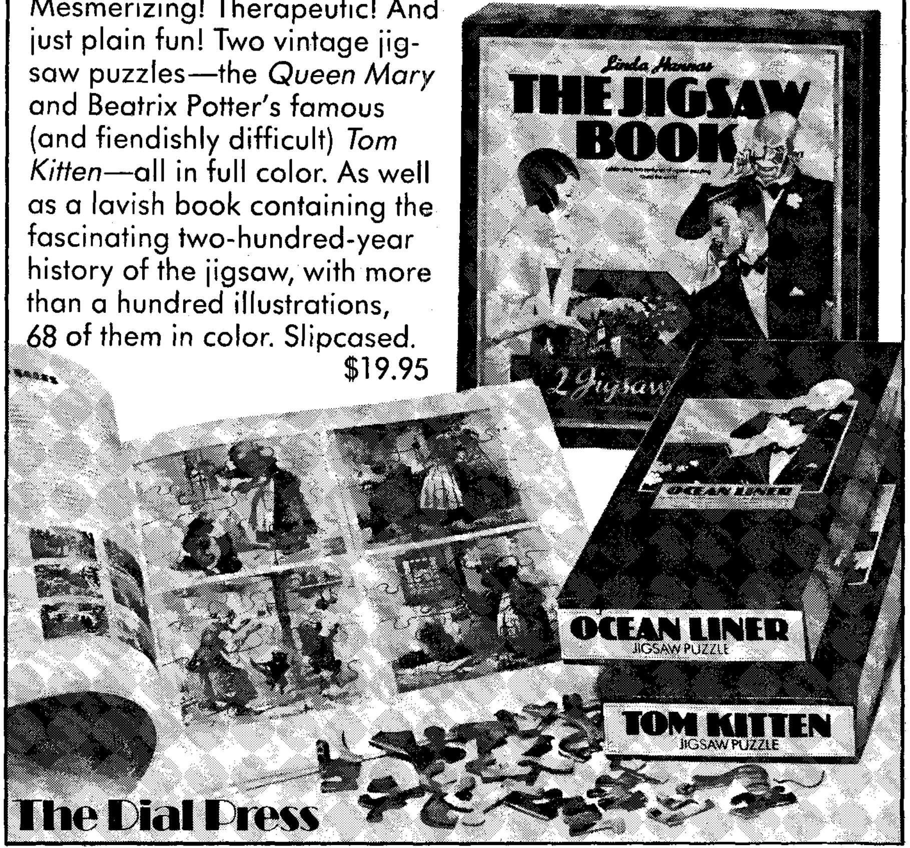

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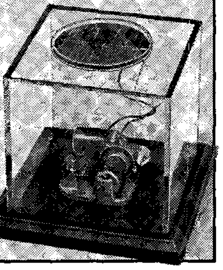

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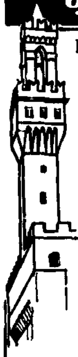

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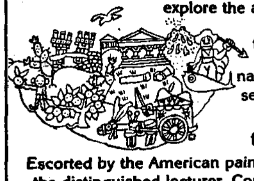

slowly ("just like mother does," it says on the jacket; apparently, Father spends a lot of time off on Stomper pulls). Each of these albums includes the printed lyrics of the songs and some cutout dolls with play instructions. Another thought they had at Peter Pan Records was that there must be many Spanish-speaking children who watch the Saturday-morning cartoons, which are in English. The company has brought out a series of records, at $3.98 each, that have original soundtracks of "Woody Woodpecker," "Mighty Mouse," and "Popeye" but with the narration and lyrics in Spanish. For instance, the Popeye record (Peter Pan 802) presents six "*historias originales*" in this fashion, with Popeye shown on the dust jacket brandishing his *espinaca*. To play records on in any language, a Fisher-Price phonograph with quite a good tone is $40 at Macy's. The big Muppet news this year was the new movie "The Great Muppet Caper," which is about their involvement in an international jewel heist. Of course, a cast record is available (SD 16047; $8.98). In his review in the *Times* of the movie performances of Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy, Vincent Canby wrote, "After decades of doing without, moviegoers have a team of stars on which to heap the adoration they once dumped on Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald." Canby added, "Miss Piggy would probably resent being compared to Miss MacDonald. She obviously considers her *je ne sais quoi* unique, which it is." The Muppets are the only puppet commune we know of who have their own store. Muppet Stuff, at 833 Lexington Avenue (between 63rd and 64th), has not only all the Muppet records but all the Muppet dolls, games, coloring sets, etc., you can imagine. Naturally, the Muppets are another bunch waist deep in franchises—if Miss Piggy can be described as having a waist. The big hit at Muppet Stuff and at other stores is the Miss Piggy doll, thirteen inches tall, for $20. The people at "Sesame Street" were nagged a bit for supposedly concentrating too much on the interests of city kids. Just to show everybody, their new record is called "Sesame Country" (CTW 89003; $9.98). The songs, by all the gang, have such titles as "Count Von Count's Continuous Cookin' Downhome Diner," "You'll Never Take the Texas Out of Me," and "The Last Cookie Roundup"—this

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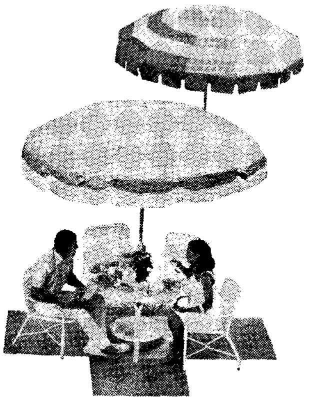

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one sung, of course, by the Cookie Monster. If you know some children who can't get enough of Babar, on a Caedmon record Louis Jourdan reads "The Story of Babar" and "The Travels of Babar" (TC 1486; $8.98). If you know some who feel the same way about "The House at Pooh Corner," on a new Caedmon record (TC 1670; $8.98) they can hear Carol Channing reading some selections from that book, including "Piglet Does a Very Grand Thing" and "Christopher Robin and Pooh Come to an Enchanted Place, and We Leave Them There." And a very special treat, also from Caedmon, is the cast album of Maurice Sendak's "Really Rosie" (TRS 368; $12.98).

AND now for a miscellaneous roundup. We forgot to mention that there is on the market a doll called John Wayne—American, another sign, perhaps, of the resurgence of the muscular, open-throttle ethic. He's seventeen inches tall and has a realistically sculptured head. He wears red long johns, a corduroy shirt, "saddle-worn" pants, cowboy boots, and a cowboy hat that is a replica of one of the Duke's own, as is the saddle carbine in the doll's hand. Schwarz has him for $69.95, and he'll be manufactured only this one year, so his collectible quotient, which has nothing to do with play value (Take your hands off that doll, kids! He's mint in box), will be higher. An anniversary we forgot to mention: Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" with the memorable N. C. Wyeth illustrations was published seventy years ago, and has been reissued. It's $15.95 at the Metropolitan Museum Children's Bookshop. For younger children, you'll find for $6.95 at the same place an "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" pop-up book, from the moment she goes down the rabbit hole to the line "I've had such a curious dream." Antic Sarang crocheted finger puppets—more animals than you can imagine—are $3 or $4 at the Gingerbread House and would be just right for someone's stocking. Some families may worry about video-game systems and all those cartridges. Others will be far more interested in a new crib system made by the Fischer company, which is also responsible for the Fischertechnik construction blocks. The basic element of this system is a bright-red plastic rod that fits across the top rails of the crib. Available to be attached to it are nine different toys—

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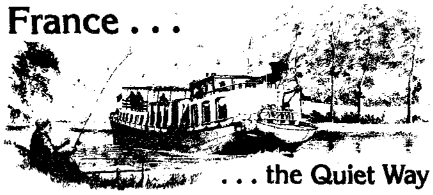

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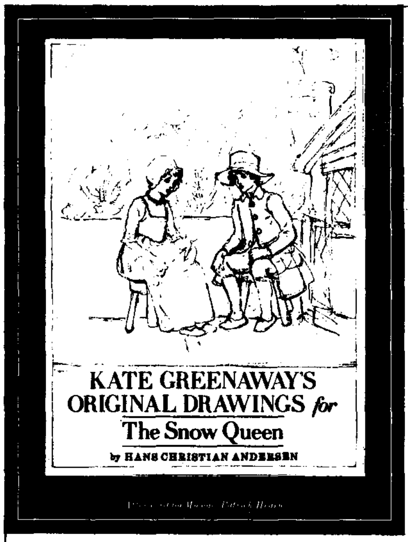
they come in see-through packets—that the newest member of the family can bat about and activate, exercising his growing sense of strength and fun. The packets range from a mirror for someone one week old which will give him his first glimpse of himself to a small trapeze for a baby six months or older who is ready to try to pull himself into sitting position. The rod is $13.50 at, among other places, Ben's Babyland, 87 Avenue A; at the same place, the packets cost from $6 for a color mobile to $14 for a music box that plays the theme from "Love Story." And a security blanket that is also a rabbit and can be used as a hand puppet when security-blanket days are past is $9.69 at Toy Works. There's one development you probably ought to know about. In the latest issue of *Toy & Hobby World*, there's a full-page ad from the Hasbro company announcing, "G.I. Joe: The Best Is Back!" By "back," they mean that he will be available for toy-order purposes at the national Toy Fair that is held here each February. His return, the Hasbro people have explained, comes "at a time when children are looking for new heroes, at a time when respect for our nation's military is again a popular concept." The background lighting of the trade-paper ad is shadowy, and Joe stands somewhat in silhouette, a dark, helmeted plastic figure, rifle in his hand, at the ready. Ah well, this Joe is only a doll, right? Right?

It's almost time to gather around in that enchanted place by the Christmas tree (and we'll leave you there). We didn't mention a new Anne Murray record, "Christmas Wishes" (SN-16232; $4.98), in which she sings some of the familiar carols—"Joy to the World" and "Silent Night"—and other songs, such as "I'll Be Home for Christmas" and "Silver Bells" ("It's Christmastime in the city . . ."). And then there's the Caedmon version of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" (TC 1135; $8.98), with Ralph Richardson and Paul Scofield, which promises "bells, laughing, ghostly shivers." Says the message on the jacket, "We recommend it heartily for any family with a Scrooge Problem. If the Problem is not saying 'God bless us every one' by the end of this recording, we'll eat our Christmas tree"—and under the new rules that's without any chance of making it into the "Guinness Book of World Records." If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands! Merry Christmas!



A first publication of Kate Greenaway drawings.

When Kate Greenaway died in 1901 she left a series of pencil drawings that she had sketched as studies for a group of twelve illustrations intended for a new edition of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Snow Queen*. While unfinished, the collection is complete in that it includes all of the illustrations planned for the work, and the complete text.

The nine full-page and three smaller drawings are all published here for the first time. Indeed, until recently, their existence was generally unknown and they have been exhibited only once, prior to being auctioned at Sotheby's in the early 1970s.

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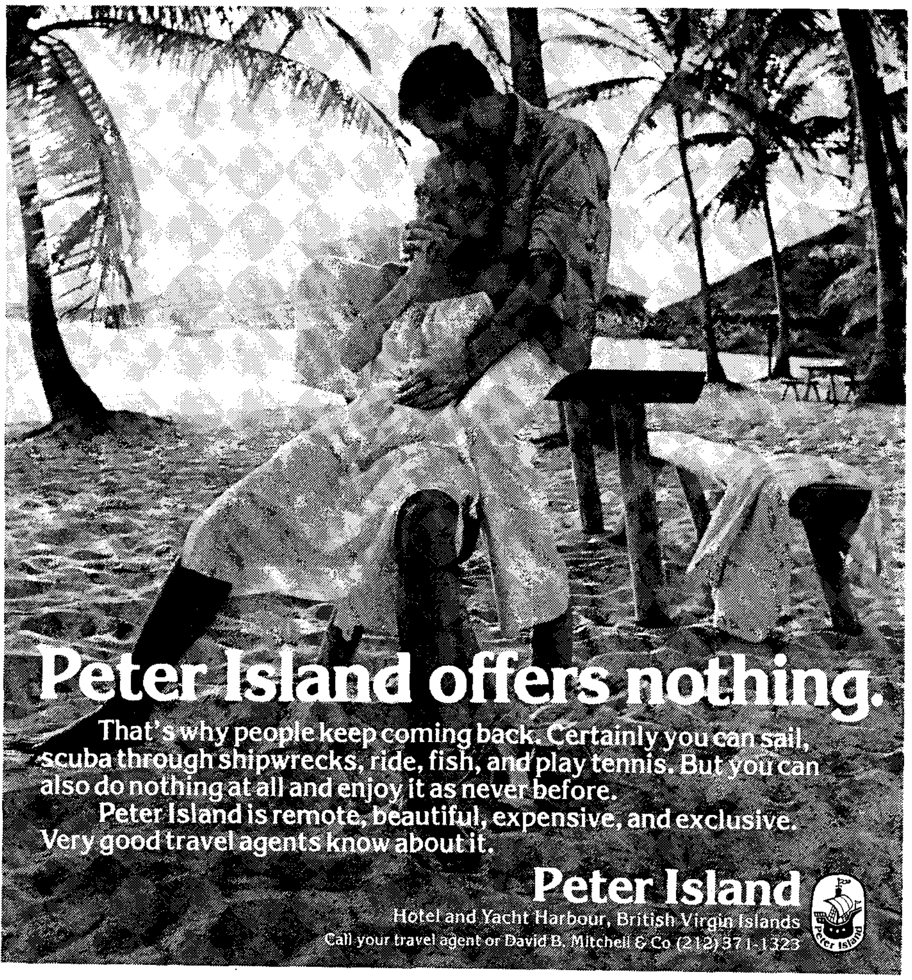

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Excursions*

THE standard work on Leoš Janáček, Jaroslav Vogel's careful, loving, and thorough study, is available now in a full English translation (published by Norton), and that is good news. The book, which is subtitled "A Biography" but contains much musical commentary, was first published not in Czech but in German translation, in 1958. Four years later, an English version appeared, inaccurate and abridged; musicians unable to read the Czech original (which was published in 1963) had to stick with the German volume. The new English edition, edited and revised by Karel Janovický, includes a catalogue of works and a bibliography, and takes account of Janáček research done in the decade since Vogel—a friend of the composer and a fine Janáček conductor—died.

CHR
AS
SUSAN

In his introduction, Vogel remarks that Janáček had "two teachers to whom he remained faithful throughout his life: nature and the simple human being who was, for him, what the mythical man was to Wagner." And that "thanks to these two teachers, he made his greatest contribution: truthfulness, even to the point of ruthlessness, if necessary." It is this quality of truthfulness, I think, more and more fully appreciated, that brings Janáček's operas to the world's stages with increasing frequency. In America this year alone, the City Opera has done "The Makropulos Affair" and "Vixen Sharp-Ears." Baltimore has done "Jenůfa." Houston has done "Kát'a Kabanová." And the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington, has just given, as its two-hundred-and-second production, the American stage première of "Mr. Brouček's Excursions." (Earlier this year, the Berkeley Symphony put on an underprepared concert performance.)

"Mr. Brouček" is the Janáček piece companies tend to be shy of. (It was the last of his mature operas to reach the London stage, in 1978.) But when it's done, it captivates. Mr. Brouček is a comfortable Prague burgher—a landlord—and fond of beer. One night, outside the Vikárka Inn, he looks up at the moon wistfully—no taxes there, no leaky roofs to repair. His head nods. He wakes up on the moon, where his Prague acquaintances are metamorphosed into lunar beings. The hero's dream projections of everyday life refashioned by subconscious evaluations and wishes give the work some psychological interest, but a good part of the moon excursion is taken up with satire. The artists who frequent the Vikárka are transformed into a self-adulatory lunatic circle, reciting silly, pretentious poems and spending hours in ecstatic contemplation of ridiculous pictures. Aesthetes and art unrelated to life are made fun of, but the philistine Mr. Brouček also comes in for some censure. The moon-dwellers feed only on the scent of flowers; he takes a piece of a sausage from his pocket and starts to munch. Because they are so absurd, he (in Vogel's words) "far from disgusting us with his down-to-earth materialism, gradually gains the better part of our sympathies"—which may not be what Janáček originally intended. Mist covers the scene. Mr. Brouček flies off on Pegasus. The lunar hymn turns into the farewells of artists leaving the Prague inn, and, as the first act ends, a very drunk Mr. Brouček is carried home.

There are at least three Pragues present in the artistic experience of the Western reader and music lover, and discoverable still by the visitor to that great city. One is Kafka's, sinister and secret, with the tyrannical Castle brooding over the life of the town. Another is the warm, romantic, joyful, and very beautiful place made for love, friendship, merry company, and music—and this Prague finds magical expression in "Mr. Brouček." The principal singers in the first act are a pair of young lovers—Málinka and Mazal, a new Nannetta and Fenton—and the orchestra. Their romantic, moonlit pages before and after Mr. Brouček's lunar trip breathe the distilled enchantment of being in love in and with this most lovable of cities. The third Prague is heroic, drenched in stirring patriotic history—the city founded by Libuše, celebrated by Smetana, and lit, unto our own day, by martyrs burning for Czech freedom. This is the setting for the second act of Janáček's opera, Mr. Brouček's excursion to the fifteenth century. Janáček took nine years over the excursion to the moon, but the second excursion was completed in a matter of months, in 1917. "The great day is approaching," he wrote. "Will the star of hope shine out? . . . The more dreadful the time, the swifter the rush of musical ideas." The opera was dedicated to Tomáš Masaryk, a founder and the first President of the independent Czechoslovakian state.

This time, the talk at the Vikárka has been of secret passages leading from the Castle to the Old Town. Mr. Brouček stumbles out of the inn and in a dream goes stumbling on through a secret passage that leads him to fifteenth-century Prague and into the heart of a Hussite rising. Again, his cronies appear in new guises. There is some fun with anachronisms—Mr. Brouček's curious dress, his knowledge of the forthcoming battle's outcome—but basically the tone is heroic, and there is a stirring use of Hussite hymns. Mr. Brouček is recruited. A pike is put into his hands. But, alas, he proves a coward and grovels before the first German soldier he meets. The Hussites condemn him to be burned in a barrel—and in a barrel he wakes up next morning outside the inn.

Janáček declared that he wished his countrymen to be disgusted by Mr. Brouček's behavior and to stamp on such people wherever they met them—especially within themselves. But his innate humanity tempered the theme so that one cannot feel very indignant at Mr. Brouček's reluctance to become a hero. The composer's generosity and warmth of personality were incompatible with the one-sided presentation that keen, tidy satire requires. The patriotic pageantry is rousing; an elegy for the fallen is poignant; but we can't lose sympathy for the amiable little burgher caught up in it all. Similarly, in the moon act Janáček's natural lyricism invested his intended parody of a tenor's high-flown lament with a tone that rings passionate and true. How can anyone not love him?

An unusual opera, then, and a difficult one to bring into focus, but rich, filled with beautiful, brilliant, strange, and moving music. Some episodes are lunatic and glittering, some poetic and tender, some patriotic and noble, some funny; and through it all Janáček's genius for thematic metamorphosis is evident. The interlude transporting Mr. Brouček from fifteenth-century back to nineteenth-century Prague is one example among many of the composer's musical mastery transcending the libretto's ambivalent tone and, in several places, shaky construction. Fragments from both dreams swirl about the hero, hold steady for a moment, then drift elusively away as he returns to waking life. To verbalize what is expressed would be very hard; to mistake the experience it tells of is impossible.

The Bloomington décor, by Max Röthlisberger, was distinguished. At the start, a projected view of the city led to one of the Charles Bridge, seeming vividly present, stretching before us, inviting us to step out of the auditorium and cross into the quarter where the Vikárka (which was then realistically represented) still stands. Bryan Balkwill conducted the score with an ideal combination of sharp-edged accuracy and tenderness. The orchestral playing was very good. Carlos Alexander's direction was less sure; there were passages of clumsy, unconvinced acting and occasional uncertainties of tone. Joseph Levitt portrayed a Mr. Brouček without the customary good humor and geniality; the hero won less of our amused affection than he usually does. It was an adept portrayal, justified by the composer's pronouncements but not, I feel, by his music. The best voice in the lively young cast was that of Philip Skinner, as Würfl, the innkeeper, and his later transformations. The Málinka became edgy when her line rose. The Mazal was patchy but had some good moments. The work was sung in Norman Tucker's English translation, and the English was not particularly well handled. "Weak hands" was given the stresses of "weakens," "fancy dress" those of "fanciful." But the opera triumphed. It always does.

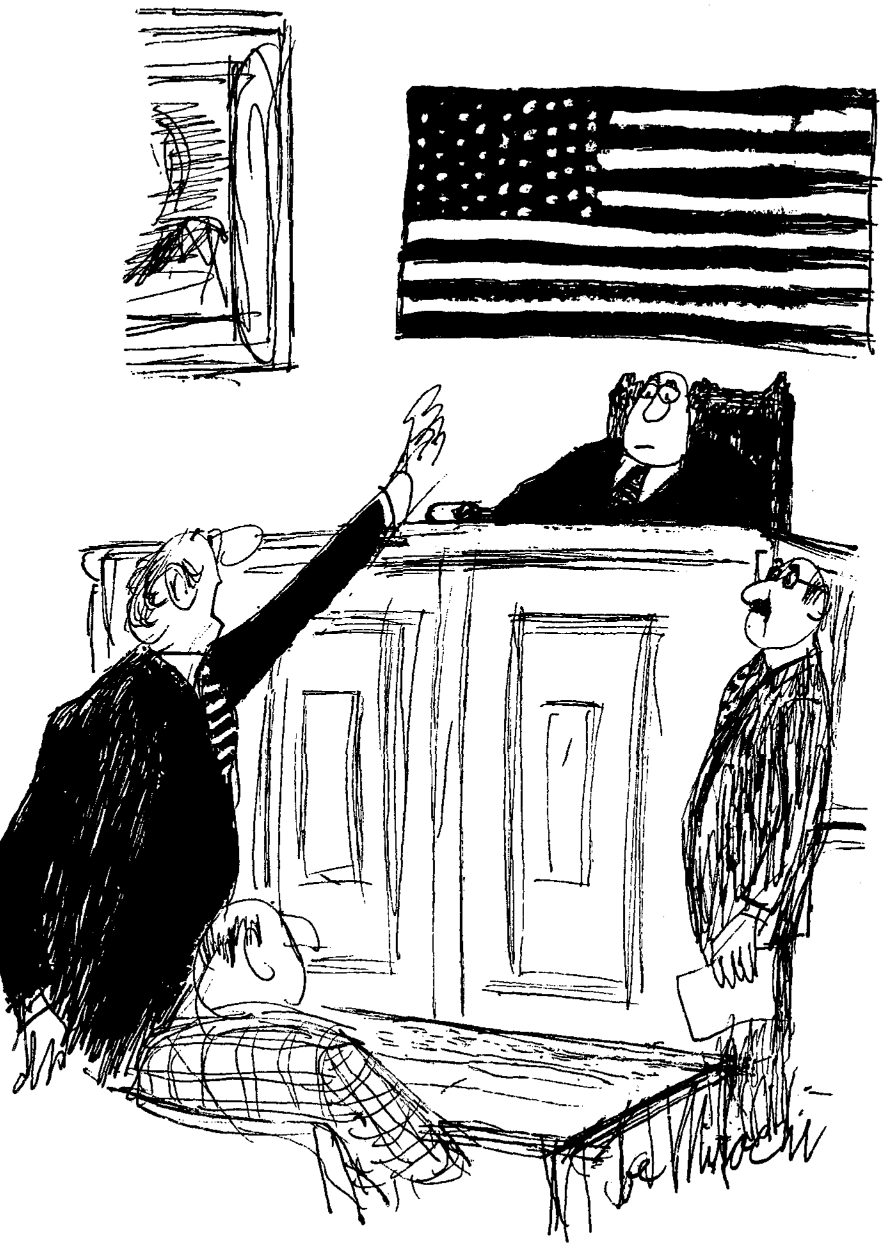
—Andrew Porter

## FURTHER EVENTS

### *Solos*

PROBABLY not the most important but certainly the most sensational session of the annual meeting of the American Musicological Society held last month in Boston was devoted to the music of J. S. Bach. The last paper of the session, "Bach's Chorus," was given by the musicologist and conductor Joshua Rifkin; it was a prelude to and in part a justification of a performance of the B-Minor Mass under Mr. Rifkin's direction the following evening in Jordan Hall. The publicity for that concert proclaimed the "first performance in the original version" of the Mass; no chorus was advertised as taking part. The published abstract of Mr. Rifkin's paper suggested that he would demonstrate that "the overwhelming majority of Bach's vocal compositions" were performed with only one singer to each part, and that these singers performed both the solo and the concerted movements. This radical notion was enough to raise scholarly eyebrows; the circumstances of the session only added to the curiosity. Mr. Rifkin, who had been rehearsing that afternoon, was forced to arrive an hour late; his paper began as the other sessions were finishing, and drew an enormous crowd. Robert Marshall, of the University of Chicago, and the author of a fine study of Bach's compositional process, was due to respond to Mr. Rifkin's paper. He claimed an equal share of the hour that remained. The atmosphere of a prizefight hung over the room; there were cheers, laughter, and some unscholarly hisses. Mr. Rifkin read his paper at speed but had to stop well before the end; Mr. Marshall delivered a stinging reply, heavy with sarcasm. Mr. Rifkin then claimed that Mr. Marshall was replying to points that he had not raised. There was no time for discussion. The session broke up in some acrimony. This all made a lively change from the usual cool, scientific tone of the A.M.S. meeting but it shed more heat than light on the issues.

In view of these unsatisfactory happenings, it is good to be able to report that the subsequent performance of the Mass was a considerable success. (It will be repeated at the 92nd Street Y



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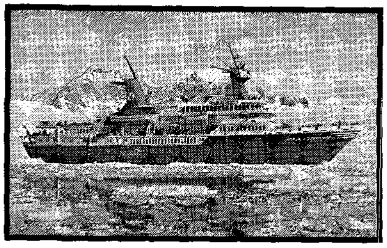

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on January 2nd.) It proved, for those who wanted proof, that Bach's textures are no less impressive when sung by single voices—highly skilled, modern, soloistic ones—than when sung by a choir. Even in the festive trumpets-and-drums music of the Gloria, Credo, and Sanctus, the orchestra, of original instruments, did not overwhelm the few voices. Though there was a slight hardening of tone toward the end of the evening, the five principal soloists survived well the challenge of singing the concerted parts of this most demanding of choral works in addition to their solo numbers. The bass, Jan Opalach, had splendid, fiery sixteenth notes in the "Cum sancto spiritu" and "Et resurrexit" choruses, but his tessitura, like that of most bass soloists in this work, was not ideal for both the bass arias. The mezzo, Judith Malafronte, was searingly intense in the choral "Crucifixus" but a little rigid in the roulades of "Laudamus te." The countertenor, Jeffrey Dooley, was the only voice that did not blend well in the choruses, but his solo singing of the "Qui sedes," perfectly matched to a fine oboe-d'amore obbligato, was well judged. One extra singer joined the ensemble for the Sanctus, and two more for the eight-part choruses in the final group of movements (which Bach planned as a symmetrical rather than a liturgical unit). The final, four-part "Dona nobis" was sung by all eight singers; even such a modest doubling provided, in this context, an apt climax.

Still, the pleasures of this performance were mainly those of any small, stylish account—hearing the inner working of the polyphonic parts, revelling in the sonorities of natural horns and woody bassoons, of plangent oboi d'amore and bright, light trumpets. Two first violins and one second (another was added from the Credo onward), led by Nancy Wilson, played with scintillating precision and a smooth, unmannered articulation; they balanced both the voices and the wind instruments surprisingly well. But the architectural alternation of solos and choruses was missing; I searched in vain for any especially soloistic character of the performance. There was no unusual handling of rhythm or of line. Just once, when the soprano, Judith Nelson, rose to an unaccompanied C-natural at the word "expecto" with a wonderful, subtle change of vocal color, was there a hint of the freedom that solo performance might have brought. The "Et incarnatus" and

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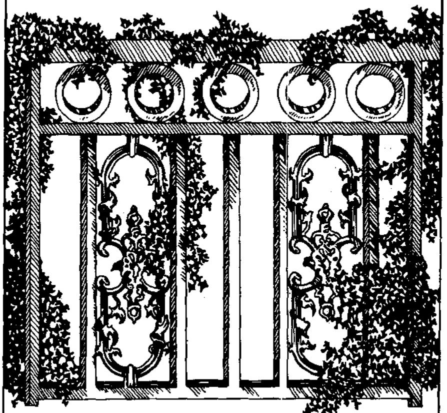

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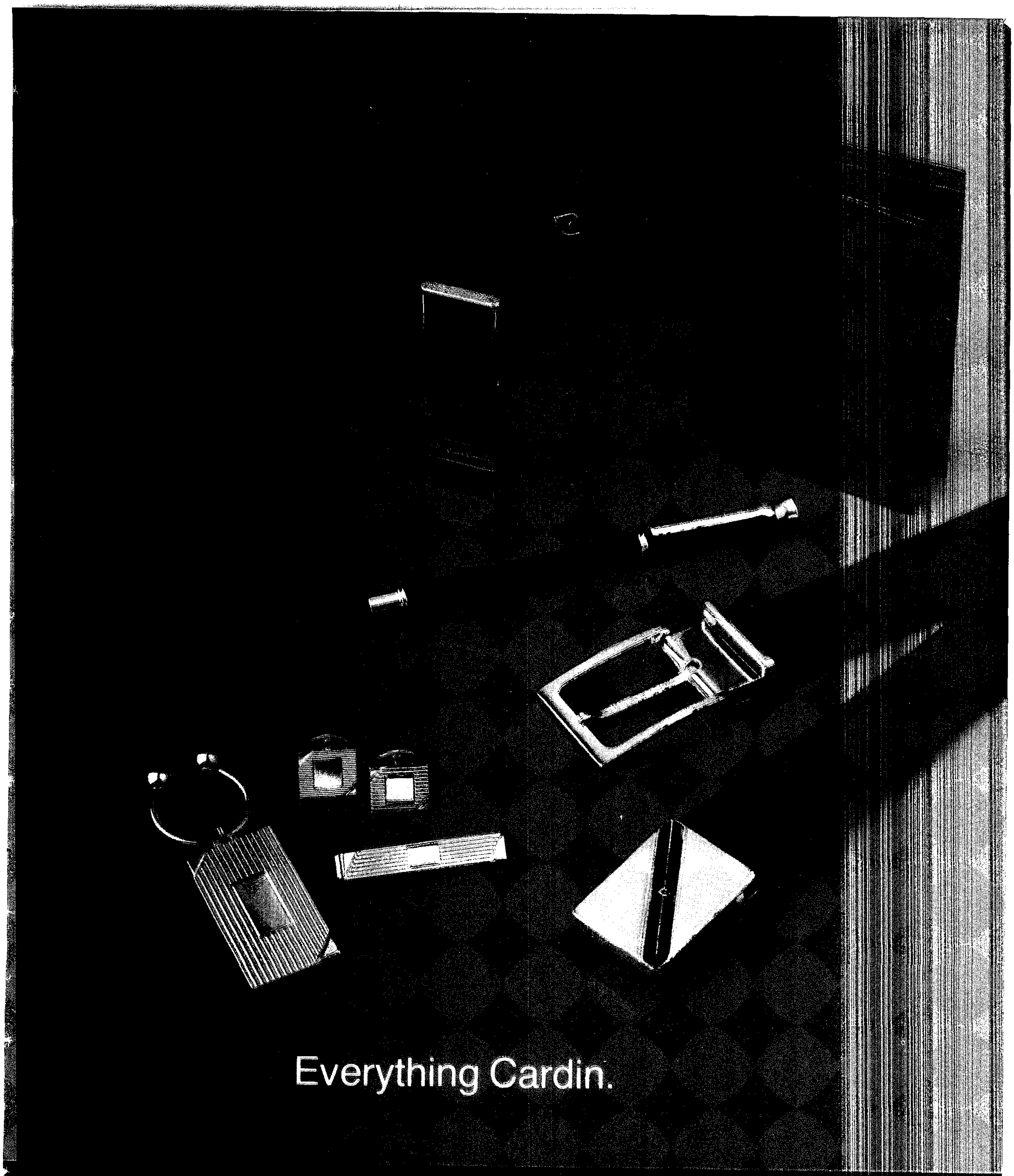

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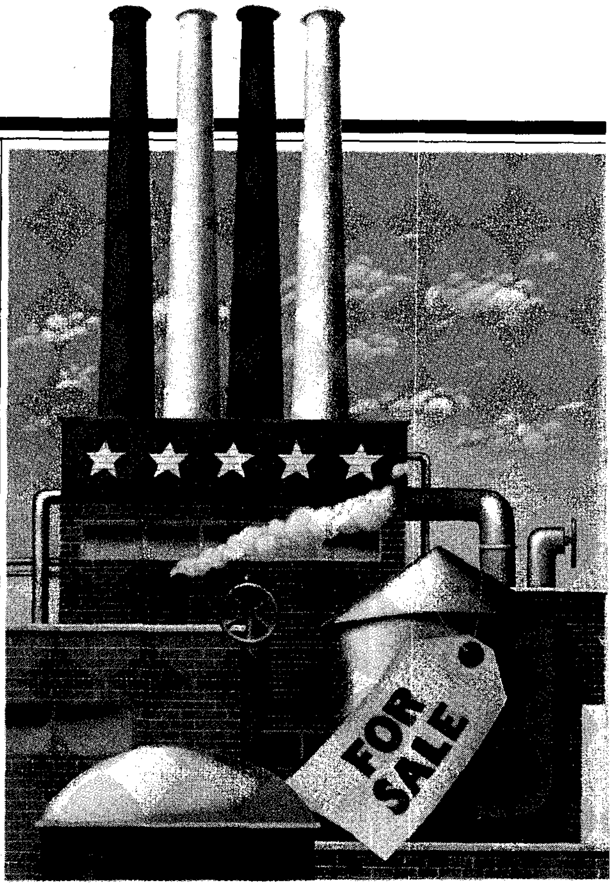

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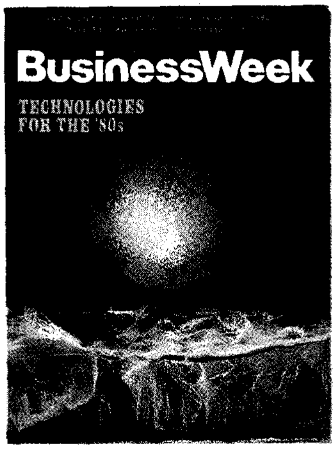

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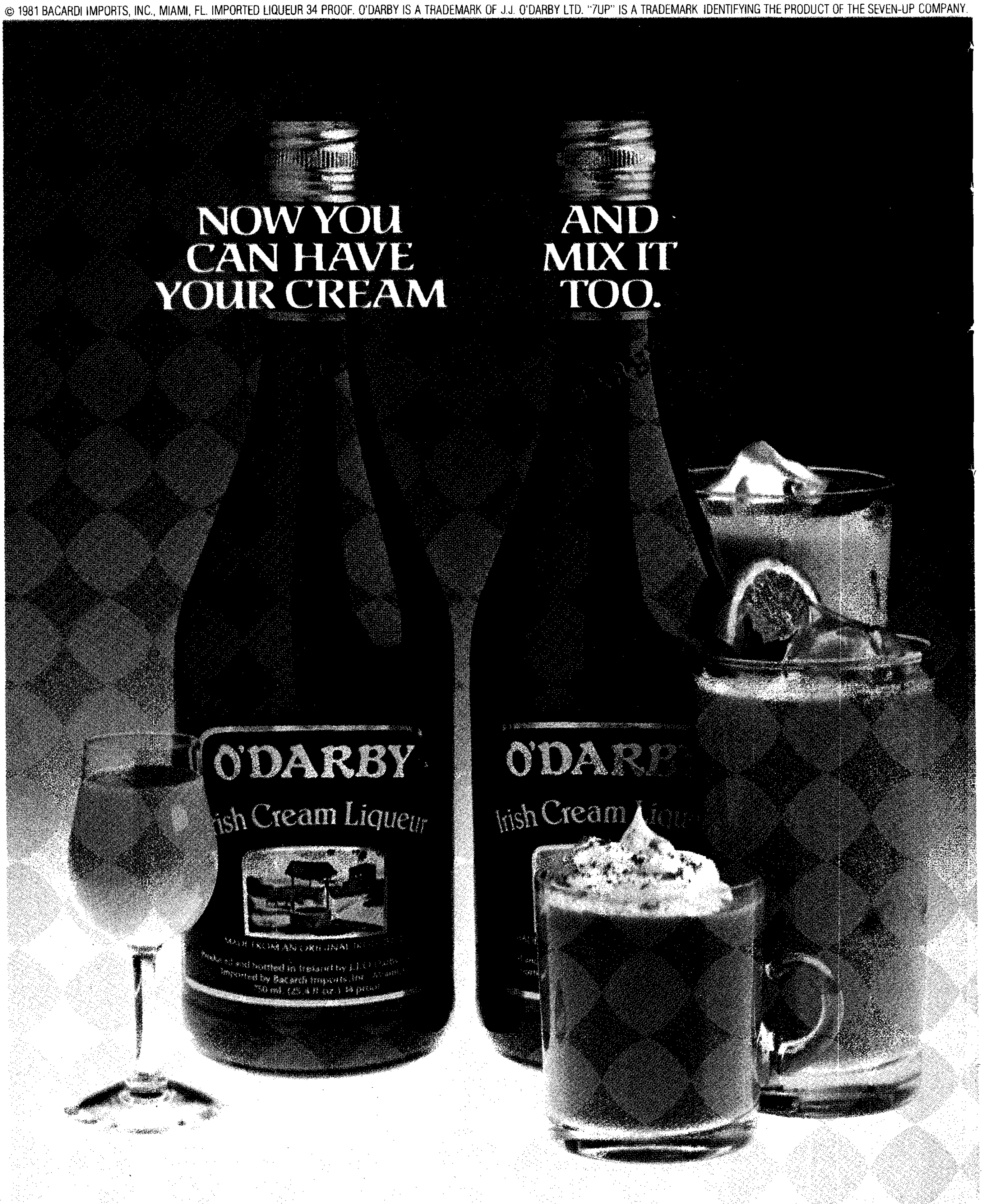
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“Crucifixus” (marked in late, post-Bach copies of the Mass for soloists) could have moved with a madrigalian cohesion and intensity, but Mr. Rifkin—aided by unimaginative cello playing—made the rhythms plod. Even the opening cry of the Kyrie (which is perhaps an elaboration of a chant by Martin Luther) had no flexibility, and the fugue proceeded solidly. What Mr. Rifkin gave us was not, fundamentally, a performance by soloists but a scaled-down version of a choral performance. Perhaps that was the intention.

THOUGH the St. Matthew Passion is fixed in our minds as the work with which, in Mendelssohn's 1829 performance, the Bach revival began, the B-Minor Mass was the focus of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century admiration for Bach's choral works. C. P. E. Bach performed the Credo in a 1786 concert alongside parts of “Messiah” and his own Magnificat. (He made alterations to his father's autograph of the Mass which have confused scholars ever since, and Mr. Rifkin's version was apparently the first to remove all those changes.) Haydn owned a copy of the Mass; Beethoven twice tried to obtain one. As early as 1811, Carl Friedrich Zelter declared it “the greatest work of art that the world has ever seen.” Samuel Wesley, in an enthusiastic letter of 1816, proposed to publish the Credo to show “how mistaken and false [is] the report of those who have impudently pretended to prove that the great Sebastian Bach could not compose truly vocal music.” (Wesley's letters have just been reprinted by Da-Capo, with an introduction by Percy Young.) In Frankfurt, Johann Nepomuk Schelble conducted the Credo in 1828, the Kyrie and the Gloria in 1831, and all three sections later that year. Spontini included part of the Credo alongside parts of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis and Fifth Symphony in a Berlin concert of 1828. Gerhard Herz, who described these early performances in the *American Choral Review* of January, 1973, notes that although several complete performances took place in England after the Bach Choir sang the Mass in 1876, the difficulties of the work delayed a complete American performance until 1900, when it was sung first by the new Bethlehem Bach Choir and then by the Oratorio Society of New York.

The rush to perform and to publish the B-Minor Mass has had some adverse effects on its reputation. The great Bach-Gesellschaft edition of 1856, by Julius Rietz, was prepared without access to Bach's complete autograph; most of it had to be scrapped and hurriedly replaced a year later, when the autograph became available. The New Bach Edition of 1954, by Friedrich Smend, with a critical commentary added in 1956, had the ill fortune to appear just as revolutionary work was being completed on Bach manuscripts. It thus misdated much of the work, and was also marred by Smend's obsessive insistence that the work was a collection of Mass movements, not a unity. Georg von Dadelsen, who had re-dated many of Bach's works, made many objections to this edition in a detailed review in 1959. No new edition has appeared. Indeed, the most commonly used vocal scores still seem to be, in America, the Schirmer edition of 1899, by Frank Damrosch, and, in England, the Novello edition of 1886, by Arthur Sullivan. Both Karl Richter and Nikolaus Harnoncourt recorded the work early in their careers (Harnoncourt's, of 1968, was one of his first “authentic” choral recordings, and stirred a controversy here), but neither version represents the conductor's best style. Except for Christoph Wolff's careful few lines in the New Grove, there is no up-to-date survey of the work in English. Walter Blankenburg's “Einführung in Bachs H-Moll Messe” (1974) is the best recent summary.

THE B-Minor Mass is an odd work to choose in order to demonstrate any conviction about Bach's “original” performances. We have no certain knowledge about any performance of any part of it. The Kyrie and the Gloria were presented to the Dresden court of the new Elector Friedrich August II in July, 1733. It used to be thought that Bach performed this section when the Elector was in Leipzig earlier that year; a more convincing hypothesis is that Bach arranged a performance in the Sophienkirche in Dresden, where his son Wilhelm Friedemann was organist. Little is known of the available resources. Mr. Rifkin's soloistic account was based partly on the fact that the Dresden court chapel employed only one tenor (though there were thirteen other singers, including Faustina Hasse, for whom the modern-style “Laudamus te” and “Christe eleison” were surely designed). Only the

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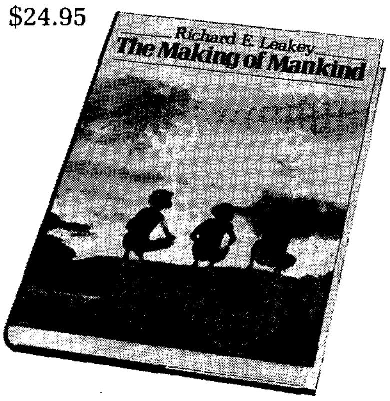

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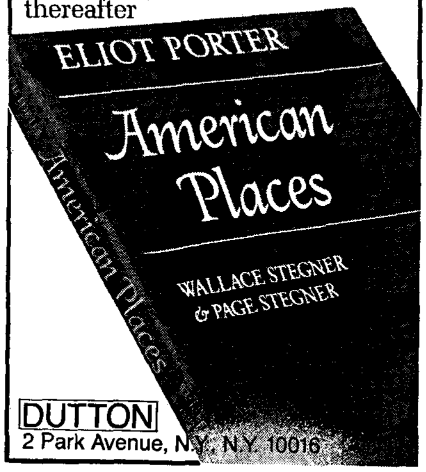

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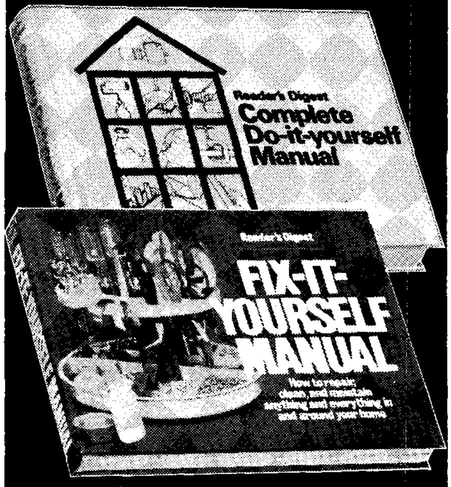

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Sanctus is definitely connected with Leipzig. An earlier version was heard in 1724, at Christmas—the time of year when Bach seems to have had the most singers available. The eight-part "Osanna" may possibly derive from a lost festal secular cantata sung in 1732. The great Credo, which so excited the Romantics, remains a mystery. Though it reworks movements from cantatas of 1714 and 1728-29, it was put together only in the last years of Bach's life, as late as 1747-49. I would guess that its composition stimulated the compilation of the complete Mass. The date 1747-49 for the Credo fits with Bach's calligraphy, with the rich and wide-ranging combination of *stile antico* and modern idioms, with the magnificent symmetrical structure of the work, and with its extraordinary and detailed number symbolism. It was surely intended to be heard, but no performing parts survive. Now that the bulk of "The Art of Fugue" has been re-dated, to the earlier seventeen-forties, this Credo and the compilation of the whole B-Minor Mass appear as the largest achievement of Bach's final years.

Mr. Rifkin applied to the whole Mass the theories he had developed for Bach's vocal music generally. These are, briefly, that when, in 1730, Bach submitted a memorandum to the Leipzig Town Council stating that he needed twelve or sixteen competent singers for his first choir (the one that sang Sunday cantatas) he was stating an ideal. In reality, Mr. Rifkin argues, Bach had far fewer singers; the document actually "creates a strong impression that he would have had difficulty having [his cantatas] sung by anything more than a quartet of soloists." Mr. Rifkin supports this argument with an analysis of the performing material; he claims that each singer always had an individual written part, and that when Bach occasionally used extra singers he wrote out special parts for them. Mr. Marshall disputed both Mr. Rifkin's arithmetic and his analysis. He made the telling point that Bach wrote out extra vocal parts for cantatas in his first weeks at Leipzig, perhaps making explicit a practice of solo-chorus performance which he later assumed. The argument is far from over, for in the conclusion of Mr. Rifkin's paper (which I read after the meeting) there were some astute observations about the performing parts for Bach's Passions. These parts clearly imply that the singers of the small character

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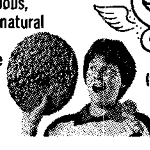

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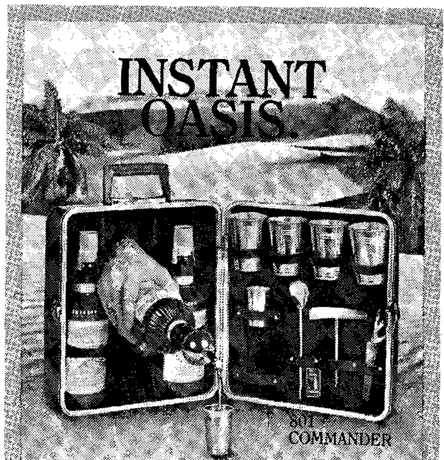

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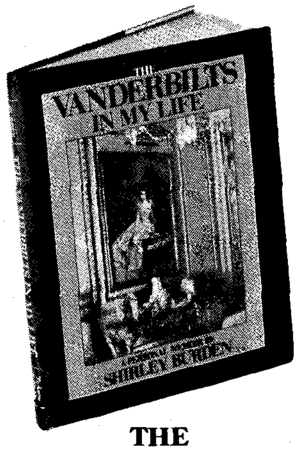

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roles, such as Peter and Pilate, did not contribute to the performance of the choruses. The choruses were included only in the solo parts, such as those of the Evangelist and Christus. Was most of the St. Matthew Passion, then, sung by eight solo voices? At present, the two elements of Mr. Rifkin's argument do not seem to mesh. Bach may well have had to cope with only four cantata singers on some Sundays, but if that happened every Sunday might he not have said so in his memorandum? It is easy to agree that he often had fewer than twelve, but a flexible number does not fit with Mr. Rifkin's rigid one-singer-one-part analysis.

In any case, the attempt to find a precise modern equivalent of Bach's performing resources is fraught with problems, as Mr. Rifkin's performance of the Mass demonstrated. Miss Nelson, Miss Malafronte, and their colleagues may perhaps resemble the singers of the Dresden court chapel, but they bear no relation at all to the boys of the Thomasschule. The real test for Mr. Rifkin's theories would be a cantata performance by four (not *outstanding*) members of the Vienna or the Tölz Boys' Choir. I would be happy to be convinced. Fewer choral singers than are currently employed on the Telefunken recordings of the cantatas by Harnoncourt and Gustav Leonhardt might work well, and match the instruments better. But the traditional picture is of about three young singers to each part; it was established by Arnold Schering and is supported, with some qualifications, in a new study, "The Music of Johann Sebastian Bach: The Choral Works," by Stephen Daw (Fairleigh Dickinson). This seems the best estimate of the forces for which Bach designed the bulk of his church cantatas.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

SACRAMENTO—Former Assemblyman Charles Conrad (R-Sherman Oaks), who created a stir a decade ago by proposing that a nude Jane Fonda be sprayed with a defoliant used in Vietnam, was appointed to the Fair Political Practices Commission Wednesday.

•

## CORRECTION

THE DATE OF NOV. 12, 1981 IS SUPPOSE TO BE NOV. 21, 1981 IN THE IMPERIAL FURNITURE CO.—*Adv. in the El Paso (Texas) Herald-Post.*

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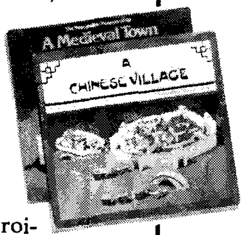
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# BOOKS

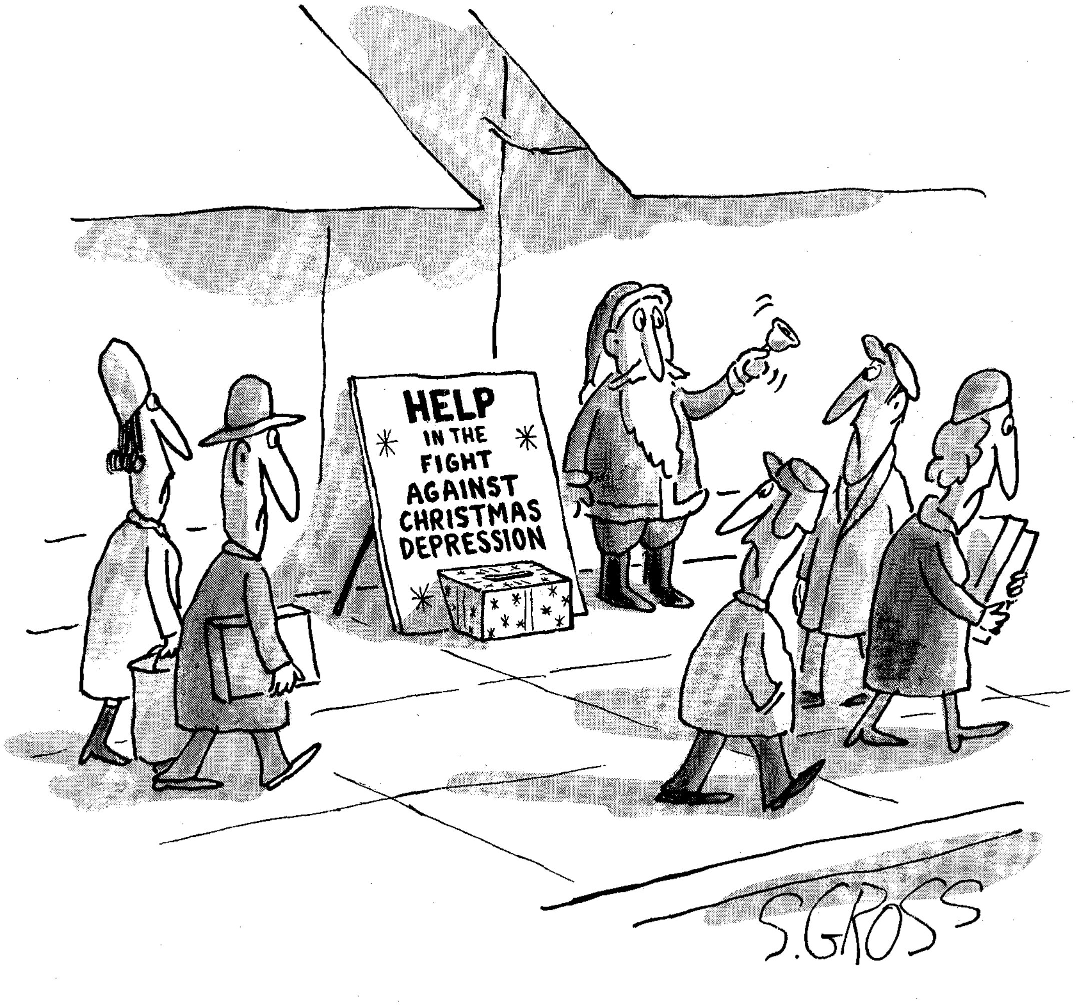
## *Two Late Arrivals, Featuring Resilient Females*

RAYMOND QUENEAU, that most learned and lighthearted of experimental modernists, in 1947 published, under the pseudonym Sally Mara, a kind of thriller set in Dublin during the uprising of 1916, entitled in the belated English translation recently issued by New Directions "We Always Treat Women Too Well" ($14.95). The book, unlike the American-style novels, sexy and tough, that it burlesques, did not prove popular with the French public in the forties; nor has it been popular with the *Queneauistes*. Excluded from the official Gallimard edition of Queneau's œuvre until 1962, it has been persistently regarded by academics, a foreword by Valerie Caton tells us, as "an unfortunate but forgivable interlude in a distinguished man's career." She describes as "disturbing" the "flippant and amused manner in which its brutal scenes are presented to the reader," and vouches that the novel's many instances of "deliberate bad taste . . . instead of making the reader laugh, leave him feeling uneasy, even downright appalled." She then cites as an example a passage that did make at least this reader laugh:

> Corny Kelleher had wasted no time in injecting a bullet into his noggin. The dead doorman vomited his brains through an eighth orifice in his head, and fell flat on the floor.

Perhaps "We Always Treat Women Too Well" is less funny in French than in Barbara Wright's frisky, deadpan translation; the borrowing of its Dublin locale and personnel almost entirely from Joyce's "Ulysses" is certainly a less circuitous joke in English than in French, and the risibility of sex and violence may more readily strike American readers hardened by Hammett and Chandler and Spillane than readers saddled with tender Gallic sensibilities. Queneau himself, in a 1944 essay, attacked the greatly successful thriller "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" as glorifying "fascist" behavior at a time when the Western democracies were battling fascists in war. Yet the sado-erotic tradition in French literature has a pedigree going back beyond the notorious Marquis to Rabelais and Villon, and it seems unlikely that the postwar critics who embraced Genet and Georges Bataille would snub Queneau's sportive travesty out of mere squeamishness.

"We Always Treat Women Too Well," though sufficiently endowed with Queneau's cerebral prankishness, electric pace, and cut-on-the-bias poetry to give glimmers of delight, is a work of casual ambivalence, neither wholeheartedly parody nor thriller, and with a moral by no means as simple as anti-fascism. A group of Irish Republicans, all named from minor figures in "Ulysses," storm and take a post office at the corner of Sackville Street and Eden Quay; they kill the doorman and the postmaster, who bears the un-Gaelic name of Théodore Durand and cries "God save the King!" in token resistance. The other workers in the post office are expelled, but one female clerk, Gertie Girdle (close verbal kin to Gerty MacDowell, the limping temptress of Leopold Bloom in the "Nausicaa" episode of "Ulysses"), remains in the lavatory, where she entertains a series of Molly Bloom-like interior monologues until her eventual discovery by the rather bumbling and scatterbrained rebels. Once discovered, she, though at the outset a virgin given to inner raptures over her "beloved fiancé, Commodore Sidney Cartwright," embarks with inexplicable expertise upon a guerrilla campaign of seduction among her captors, eventually making sexual contact with six of the seven men. Meanwhile, the British soldiery and a gunboat in the Liffey commanded by Sidney Cartwright besiege the post office and at last recapture it. Yet—and this is the curious fact—no connection between Gertie's seductions and the rebel band's defeat is insisted upon, though it would have been easy for Queneau to make connec-



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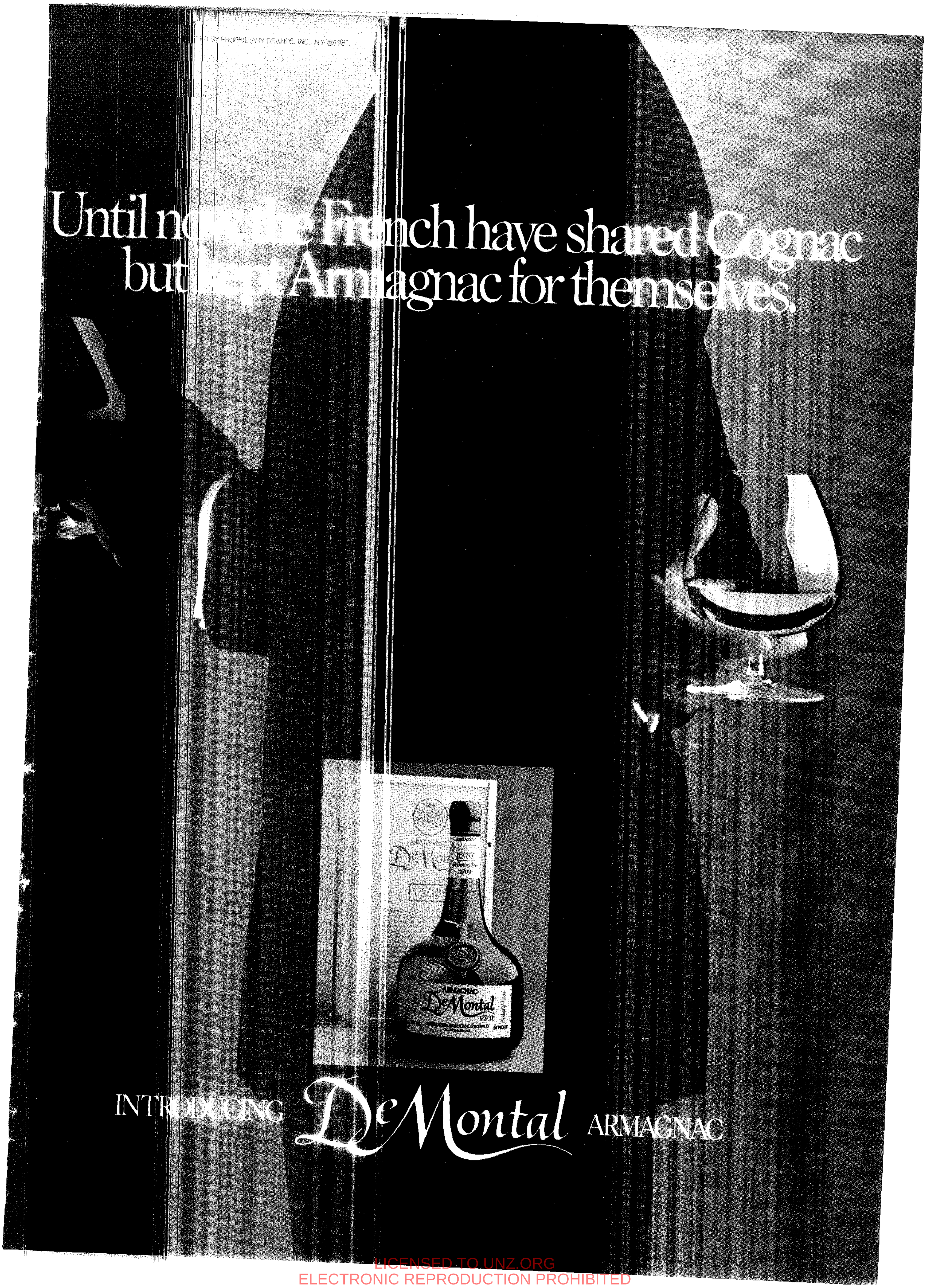

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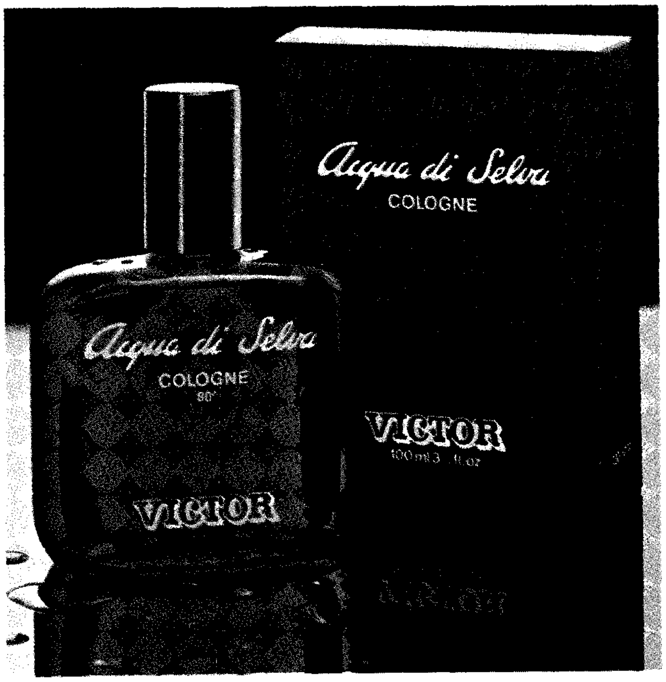

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tions, and what little he has of a plot would seem to hinge on them. The rebel leader, Caffrey, is beheaded by a shell while engaged in intercourse; but the hit is a lucky one, from the very erratic gunners of H.M.S. Furious, and a quite accidental consequence of his pose. Gertie's sexually active presence among the men functions as a distraction, to be sure, but is never made to appear detrimental to their defense against odds that all come to recognize as hopeless. Cartwright, on the Furious, knows that this post office is where his fiancée is employed, and is reluctant, accordingly, to demolish it; so her presence if anything prolongs rather than shortens the lives of the rebels.

Why, then, does this woman, who has no sympathy with the rebellion and "the greatest respect for our gracious King George the Fifth," consort so lustily with her captors? Because, Queneau himself might answer, that's the sort of thing that happens in books like this. In "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," the heroine is beaten, drugged, and raped at the hands of an armed gang, and falls in love with the ruthless leader. The genre of thriller that Queneau is here both protesting and imitating construed sex and violence as parts of a single force-field; it assumed that a tension close to enmity exists between men and women and that sexual encounters take energy from circumstances of some danger and hostility. "The war between the sexes" was dramatized not only in the cartoons of James Thurber but in the contemporaneous brutal couplings sketched by James M. Cain and Raymond Chandler and *les films noirs*. Sex does have its rough side. For the brides of some tribal societies, the pain and trauma of defloration are diverted from the approved mate onto surrogates; while Gertie Girdle is finding "appeasement of her desires" with her enemies, her proper betrothed on his boat hangs back, reluctant to use his guns because "this post office conjured up in his mind the engaging personality of his fiancée . . . whom he was to (and wished to) marry in the very near future, in order to consummate with her the act that was just a little intimidating to a chaste young man, the strange act whose occult peripeteia transforms a young bint from the virginal state into the pregnant state." "We Always Treat Women Too Well" is about sexual initiation, and not just Gertie's. The Irish terrorists are portrayed by the mischievous French author as innocent, pious, and primitive; their previous sexual experiences have been with "slatterns harvested on piles of hay or tavern tables still greasy with everything" or with country girls "who get themselves impregnated in the shade of a dolmen or menhir without even so much as letting you get a glance at their nature." Gertie, on the other hand, is dressed in the latest Parisian fashions—a girdle instead of a corset, a brassiere, no frilly drawers, and gartered silk stockings. (Queneau is nothing if not fashion-conscious; his novels are shot through with details of clothing to which a surreal intensity of meaning attaches.) The Irishmen are moved to wonder by Gertie's progressive costume:

> "No, with her, when you touch her here" (and he took hold of his own torso with both hands), "under her dress, it's skin you're touching, it isn't frills and flounces and whalebone busk, it's skin."
> "Is all that true?" asked Dillon.

In a sense, Gertie is the future, bringing death to the past. The Irishmen defend themselves with an antiquated code of honor; doomed to die, they become concerned that in retrospect their heroism will be sullied by their lechery.

> "We ought to have killed her right away, but we had to be correct. And in any case, none of this is very important. Except for the cause. For the cause it's bloody annoying if people are going to be able to say we behaved badly in such tragic moments."

The final two survivors, Corny Kelleher and Mat Dillon, concoct an ingenious scheme to achieve Gertie's silence: they do something unspeakable to her. "Now she won't say anything," Kelleher cries, "she won't say anything, and no one will be able to say we weren't heroes, valiant, pure heroes." In the event, the thoroughly violated Gertie lies to her British rescuers, mildly claiming that the Irishmen tried to lift up her skirt to look at her ankles. The horrified British shoot their captives on the spot, but not before Gertie has stuck out her tongue at them and Kelleher has ruefully concluded, "We always treat women too well." Oddly, this farce feels genuinely sexy. Queneau has toyed with the forms and codes of hardboiled fiction without emptying them of content; we are left with an impression of relations between men and women as predatory. Poor Caffrey, decapitated by a cannon shot in mid-coitus, is likened to "the male of the praying mantis whose upper part has been half-devoured by the female but who perseveres in his copulation." Gertie flees his embrace "covered all over with blood, and moist with a posthumous tribute." In the end, she is sodomized but survives; her assailants are shot. Amid all his cerebration and irony, Queneau keeps things tough.

Yet one wonders how many of the few purchasers of "We Always Treat Women Too Well" in its initial edition, by Éditions du Scorpion, read it as a straight thriller. From first to last, the style twinkles with Queneau's impudent excesses of precision:

> He thumped, rethumped, rerethumped, and rererethumped, his fist down on the tablecloth . . .

> The serene night was clasping the dazzling moon in her sooty thighs, and the soft down of her constellations was lightly stirring in the breath of a classic breeze transmitted by the Gulf Stream.

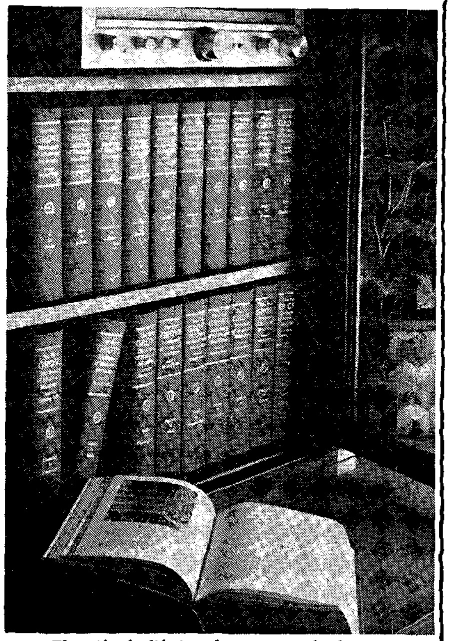
> A few moments later Cartwright was standing on his poop deck with a heavy heart, a lumpy throat, an empty stomach, a dry mouth and a glassy eye.

> Before he shut the door, Gallagher tried to absorb all that beauty in one last look, and closed his eyelids in order not to let the image flee.

A patent spoof on patriotism, murderousness, seductiveness, Irishness, and piety, the novel at bottom makes the deeper satirical point that Queneau's fiction consistently makes: the ineluctable banality of existence, as shown by the subtle clumsiness and foreordained triteness of our attempts to render life into words.

FOR most American readers, D. M. Thomas came out of nowhere with his astonishing novel "The White Hotel"—an elegantly experimental yet quite warm work whose unhyped best-seller status during much of 1981 represented an authentic triumph of reader discrimination and word of mouth. Now E. P. Dutton has thriftily put a sticker ("The author of THE WHITE HOTEL") on the dust jacket of Thomas's first and largely ignored novel, "The Flute-Player" (1979; $8.95), and with a few ads has launched the book again. "The Flute-

"...the greatest musical dictionary ever published."
Charles Rosen, *N.Y. Review of Books*



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Player," which had its admirers on the first go-round (Doris Grumbach, Iris Murdoch), deserves praise but at this retrospective juncture is of interest chiefly for the light it throws on the later, superior novel. The two share a number of features: a female protagonist as patient and giving as our mythical earth mother, a forthright sexuality mixed with a fine historical feeling for the nightmare moments of modern history, a dreamlike fluidity and quickness in the telling reinforced by frequent description of characters' dreams, and an unusual and exalting concern with paradises and with healing. These last two preoccupations were combined in the final section of "The White Hotel," which so daringly presented the postwar Palestine of the British Mandate as a heavenly hospital for the dreadful wounds of the Holocaust; the action of "The Flute-Player" also contains glimpses of paradise and many instances of healing, as freedom and oppression rhythmically alternate within an inscrutable and unnamed but on the whole distinctly Soviet state.

Elena, our heroine, is first found, "waiting for the meaning of her life to unroll," as a sculptor's model, with a "flawless, rather enigmatic face" and "equally perfect and unflawed" breasts. The sculptor is carving "her eyes in an expressionless, unpupilled gaze; the nose straight; the mouth firm and unsmiling"—the kind of icon, in short, that, whether met in American coinage or on Russian posters, means to provide an ideal image of the state. Elena, like Lara in "Doctor Zhivago," symbolizes the motherland in her vicissitudes, and she does pose for posters and public statues in the course of her adventures. Her private life, however, surrounds her with neurotics. The man who becomes her first husband is first met a week after his wife has bitten off his foreskin in a rage; Elena takes him into her apartment and gradually reintroduces him to healthy sex. Later, he becomes a religious fanatic of a Dostoevskian sort and demands that she prostitute herself in order to bring him potential converts. Private violence, official torture, unofficial criminality, and war—now distant, now near—hurry the plot from one episode to the next, while intermittences of peace and the characters' prodigious resilience afford glimpses of what might be in a better world:

The poet could feel, welling up inside him, an astonishing joy. The meaningless

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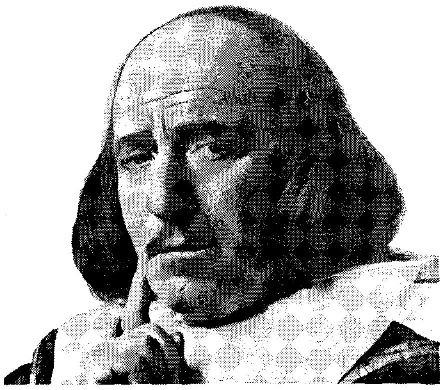

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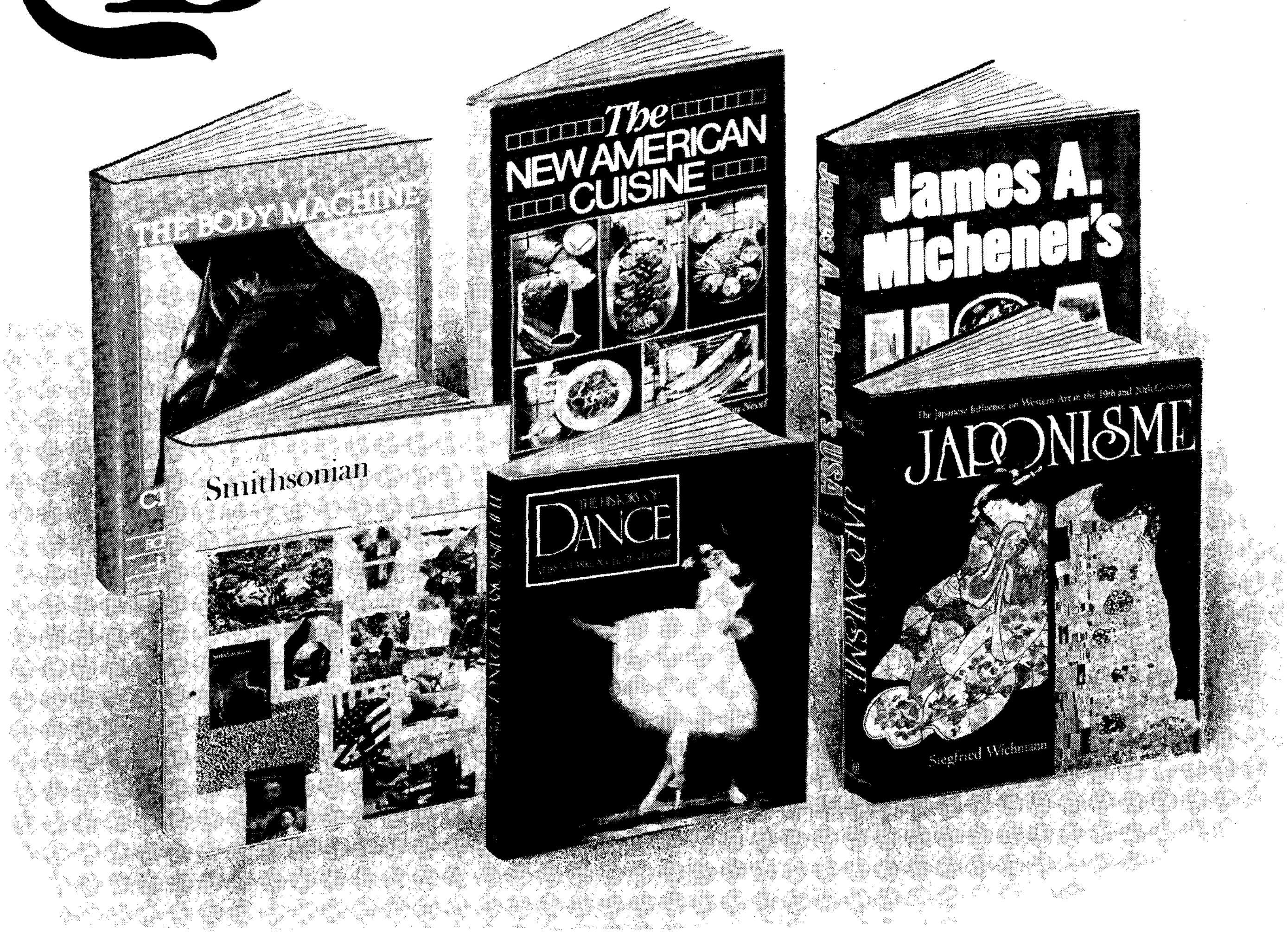

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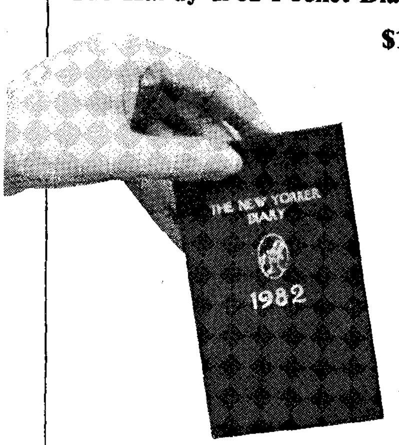

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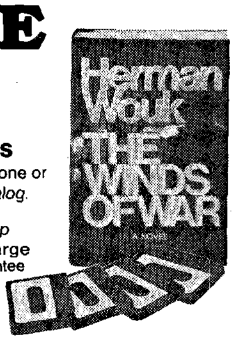

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> moment seemed alone meaningful. The chipped jug containing the sour wine held secrets unknown to Socrates. See, he was tipping the chipped jug and pouring the wine into Elena's chipped cup and some of it was splashing on to her lap! It was wonderful! A moment of utter clarity in which he saw God.

Just so, Lisa, the bedevilled and doomed heroine of "The White Hotel," has by the Black Sea a moment of "unbearable joy," perceiving in the scent of a pine tree which resurrects her childhood "an endless extent, like an avenue, in which she was still herself, Lisa . . . and when she looked in the opposite direction, towards the unknown future, death, the endless extent beyond death, she was there still."

"The Flute-Player" is dedicated to the memory of Anna Akhmatova, Osip Mandelstam, Boris Pasternak, and Marina Tsvetaeva; Thomas, a translator of Akhmatova, intends a tribute to that artistic bohemia which, never utterly crushed and always ready to spring into flower, has more than any other segment of Soviet society kept human gaiety and hope of freedom alive. The book wears its allegorical intentions a bit too plainly on its sleeve. Though the poet and the painter are given names (Michael, Peter), they are figures more than personalities; in one especially cloying passage Peter recapitulates what seems to be Sir Kenneth Clark's history "The Nude," painting by painting, using Elena as the model for Botticelli's Venus and figures from his "Primavera," as Titian's Venus and Danaë, as Coreggio's Antiope, as the nude in Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," etc. The opaque clouds of government overhead are well felt and rendered as a palpable pressure, but too much history has been crowded into the range of allusions; there are counterparts of the siege of Leningrad, the Nazi Holocaust, the Berlin Wall, and the postwar West, with its "blankness of freedom . . . this not having anything to push against." Further, the novel suffers from a certain monotony as one change after another in the Kremlinesque halls of power sends the artists in and out of their apartments, to exile and back. In the ups and downs of the indestructible Elena, there is nothing like the propulsive telescopic action of "The White Hotel," where the epistolary prologue yields to the heroine's erotic poem, the poem to its prose retelling, the retelling to Freud's psychoanalysis of the young lady, this analysis to her later history, her history to the historical horror of Babi Yar, and Babi Yar to a miraculous Palestine—at every shift new perspectives opening thrillingly and a superb suspense maintained. Since Elena, unlike Lisa, is early established as fundamentally a symbol and (like most symbols) a survivor, the main cause for suspense in "The Flute-Player" has to do with its title; like Queneau, Thomas saves his secret for the last page. Elena plays the flute—a hitherto undisclosed skill—and seems to be an acquaintance of a hitherto undeclared "I," the author.

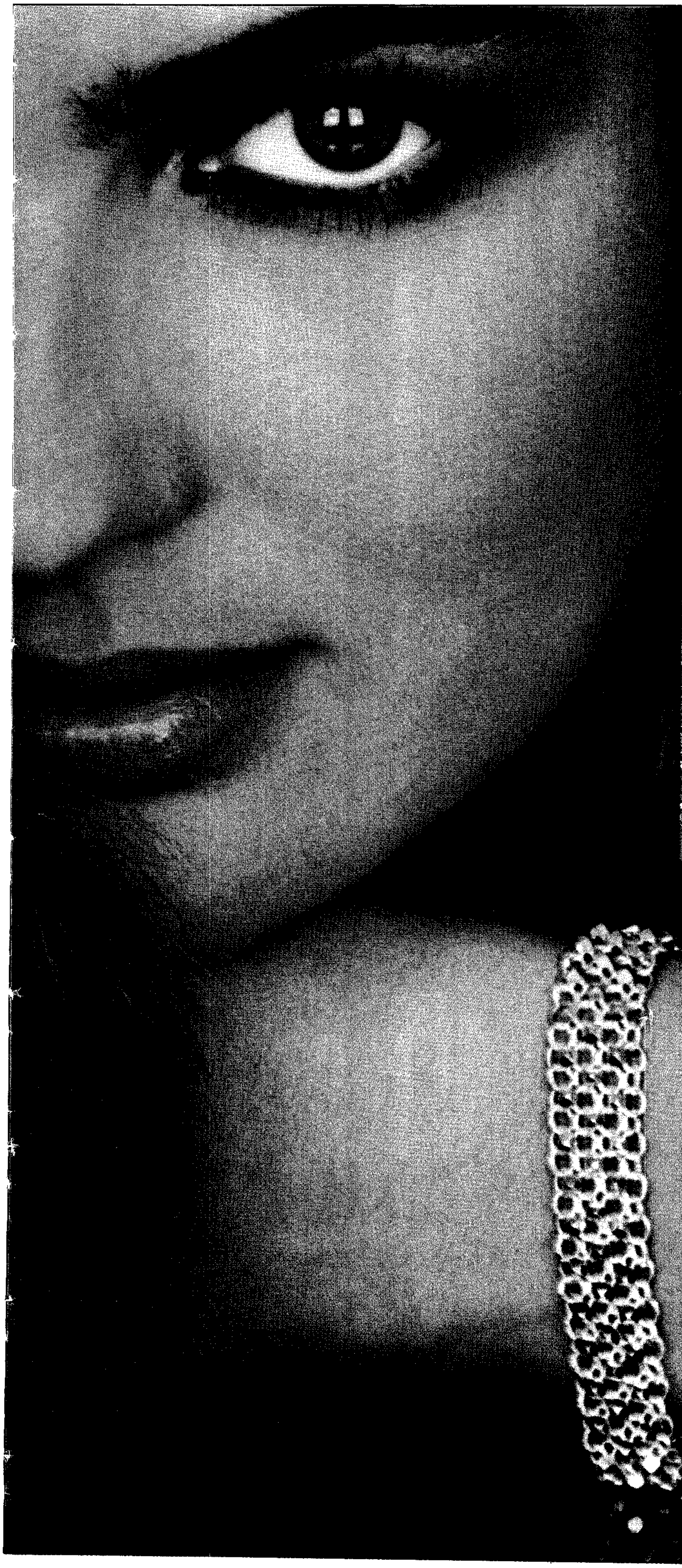
D[onald] M[ichael] Thomas was born in Cornwall in 1935, his dust jackets tell us, and he was busy lecturing, translating, and writing poetry before becoming a novelist. It is a happy move: he writes with a poet's care, an academic's knowledgeability, and the originality of a thorough unprofessional. The popular success of "The White Hotel," though deserved, could not have been aimed at. Of his four books of poetry, I have been able to locate only one, a ten-year-old, and never before checked-out, library copy of "Logan Stone." These poems show a powerful, even brutal, combinative thrust, intersplicing textures and texts and achieving a jagged effect not smoothed by the inclusion of a number of barely relevant photographs. The wish, realized by the novels, to superimpose the tragically historical upon the intimately personal is shown here by a long erotic sequence involving images of Vietnam and modern war.

> A full moon rising over Finland
> set the radar screens flickering holocaust.
> Your crossed legs' nylon threads'
> rising moonlit field of forces
> unleashes a warhead.

The prototypical superwoman of his fiction is prefigured in "Gretchen":

> Lightning-conductor of tragedy,
> you absorb all suffering, all
> forked energy,
> and remain
> untouched.

Other poems mingle the runic stones of Cornwall and lines of Methodist hymns with glimpses of autobiography; the marked, not unorthodox religious streak in his imagination seems to date from a strong dose of chapel, among men who "would be lost without the cross." These disparate elements fuse better in the novels than in these poems, where the personal glimpses retain an enigmatic, abruptly egoistical intensity and the topical references seem mere baubles. Thomas brings to the art of fiction a plenitude



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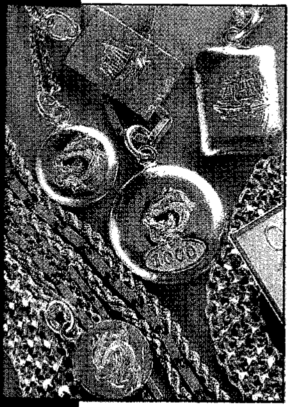

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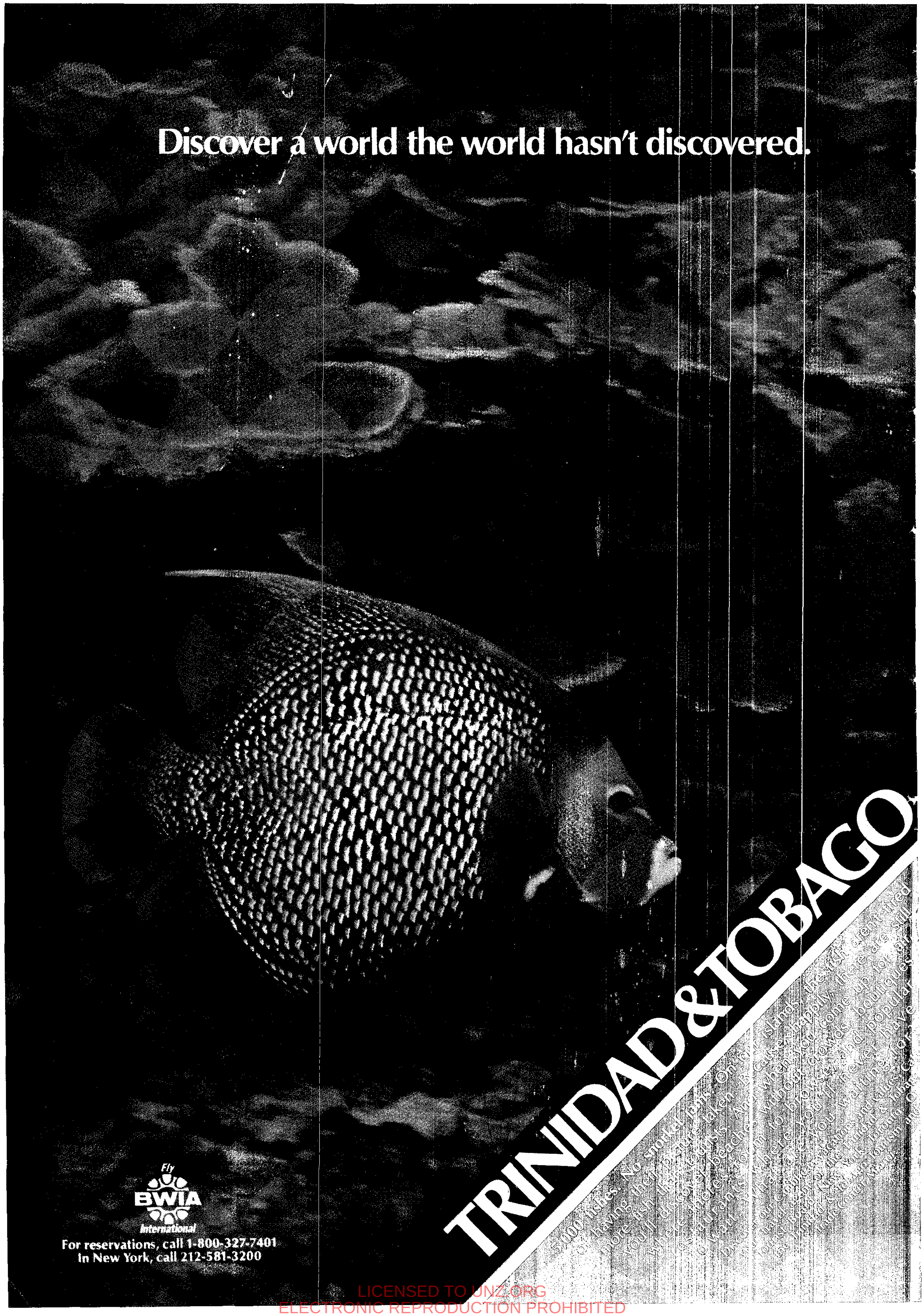

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—John Updike

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

Perpetual Surprise, by Sheila Solomon Klass (Apple-wood Books; $9.95). A delightful comic novel set in an industrial district north of Calcutta, where pollution has made the air dangerously flammable but where traditional troubles and some that date back only to the Raj also persist. The hero is a destitute Brahman named Robi, who, as the story begins, has been reduced to pulling a rickshaw on the Grand Trunk Road. Then a local ne'er-do-well named Bahadur helps Robi (for a fee) find a better-paying job, as the cook-bearer for a visiting American scholar and his wife. When Bahadur learns that Robi knows something about folk medicine, he persuades him to moonlight as a doctor. With Bahadur as his advance man and bookkeeper (they split the profits), Robi can soon afford an elegant wardrobe, and Bahadur invests in a pair of patent-leather shoes. Each episode, as in a picaresque novel or a folktale, is an almost independent adventure—how a mango-leaf poultice changes Robi's fortunes; how Robi disarms a testy bureaucrat with a cup of ginger tea; how Bahadur acquires a stethoscope for Robi; how Robi protects the American couple from a bucket of unclean milk—while taken together they chart the pair's metamorphosis from daring beggars to clever pros.

Separate Development, by Christopher Hope (Scribners; $10.95). An infamous South African police chief speaks: "Here is a boy who starts life in a good home, at a fine school, who all of a sudden disappears and goes underground among the Indians in Koelietown, associates with criminals and political agitators from the Native Locations, disappears again and then turns up driving for a Jewish salesman in skin-lightening creams who has been instrumental in corrupting the foremost male members of a staunchly religious country town. . . . Said boy ducks out of sight again and pops up in a roadhouse collecting trays and there gets a reputation for spying on naked white women and also renews acquaintance with one Koos Mafeteng, a flyboy from the townships, wanted in connection with the murder of a Bantu fruit seller down by the non-European station and a known political anarchist who has since fled the country, and then our hero is finally caught interfering with a sick girl late at night in a lonely spot." The chief's audience is "said boy," named Harry Moto, and the chief's purpose is to persuade Harry Moto to record, in the privacy of his prison cell, his brief life story in his own words. Too dark-skinned to rate the I.D. card that is a white South African's proof of purity, and too light-skinned to join the ranks of "native" gardeners and houseboys, Harry Moto has lived on the run as a racial anomaly, and therefore as an outlaw; he knows that when his autobiography is finished, so, in a different sense, is he. Mr. Hope is a poet who was born in Johannesburg and now lives in London; this astonishing, ferocious novel, his first, was banned in South Africa for six months after its publication there, in 1980.

### GENERAL

P. G. Wodehouse: A Literary Biography, by Benny Green (Rutledge Press; $12.95). There is not an episode in Wodehouse's life (1881-1975) that can be described in other than literary terms. (On page 101, Mr. Green mentions Wodehouse's marriage "in the previous year" only because the marriage affected his writing.) In 1900, even before graduating from his beloved public school, Dulwich, Wodehouse sold his first story; during a dismal two-year stint as a bank clerk in Lombard Street he sold eighty more stories and articles. By 1904, he was writing light verse six days a week for the *Globe* and had published five novels. In 1909, he sailed for New York, where he set himself up as a "mid-Atlantic" writer, finding it easy to please both sides with plots that linked Park Avenue and Piccadilly by way of ocean liners. By 1915, when he was serving as theatre critic of *Vanity Fair*, the count was up to fifteen novels and one Broadway play; in 1917 alone, he added two more novels and the lyrics for six musical comedies. In

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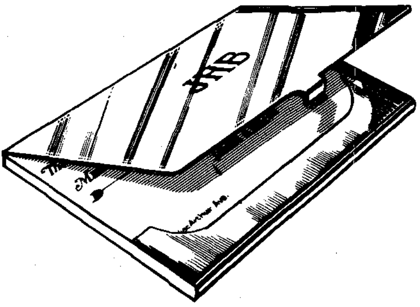

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1930, Wodehouse went out to Hollywood and found the inmates disappointingly normal, but by the end of the first month he had witnessed enough lunacy to generate three stories and part of a play. Over the next half century, Wodehouse averaged over a book a year. Mr. Green analyzes almost everything that Wodehouse wrote (Green's meticulous plot synopses suggest an almost scholarly zeal, which the reader may not share), and points out numerous influences, from W. S. Gilbert to Edgar Wallace, along the way. He also scrutinizes Wodehouse's infamous broadcasts from Berlin in 1941, and proposes that—in light of relevant MI5 files that were unsealed only this year and raise questions about the motives of Wodehouse's detractors—the charge against Wodehouse be reduced from pro-Nazi fanaticism to congenital naïveté.

GROWING UP UNDERGROUND, by Jane Alpert (Morrow; $13.95). The author was born in 1947 in New York, majored in classics at Swarthmore, and by 1967 had embarked on a more than promising career as an editor at a university press. Two years later, she was a leader of a small radical terrorist band that placed bombs at various sites around the city—she herself blew a hole in the Federal Building, on Foley Square, in September of 1969. She was arrested the following November and released on bail; she pleaded guilty but forfeited bail and fled before she was sentenced. She remained a fugitive until 1974, when she surrendered, and she then served two years in prison. Her memoir is detailed and explicit about her activities and her motivations as she understood them at the time and as she understands them now. Her greatest problem seems to have been that, despite her intellectual gifts and her practical abilities, she was an extremely dependent personality, who submitted to a radical lover (Sam Melville, later killed in the Attica prison riots), just as she subsequently accepted the domination of the feminist Robin Morgan. One might summarize her travels, travails, and degradations as a personal epic, the pursuit of a goal she understood only toward the end of the journey—autonomy. And her portraits of her many radical colleagues, male and female, are evidence that her combination of sexual promiscuity, drug use, violence,

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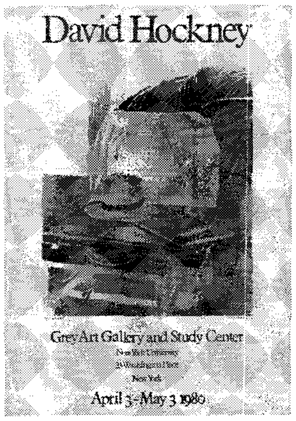
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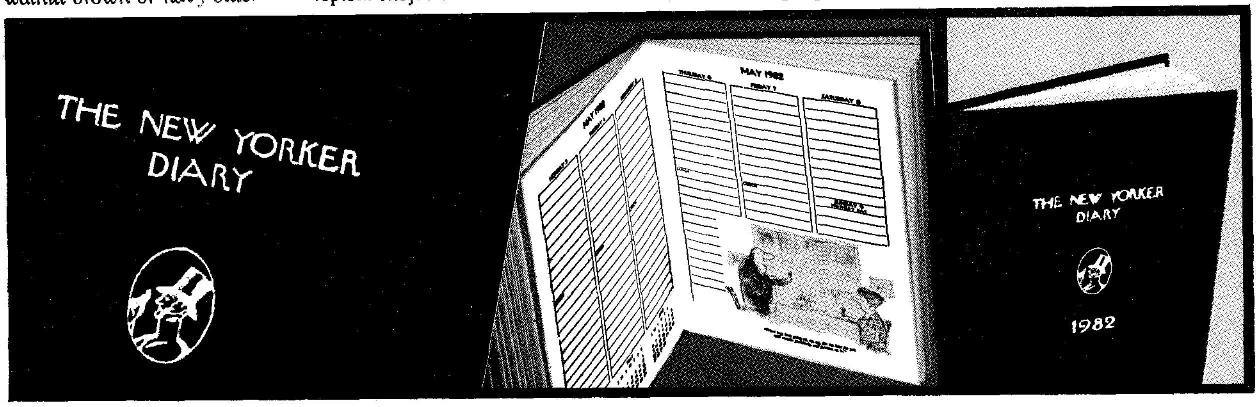

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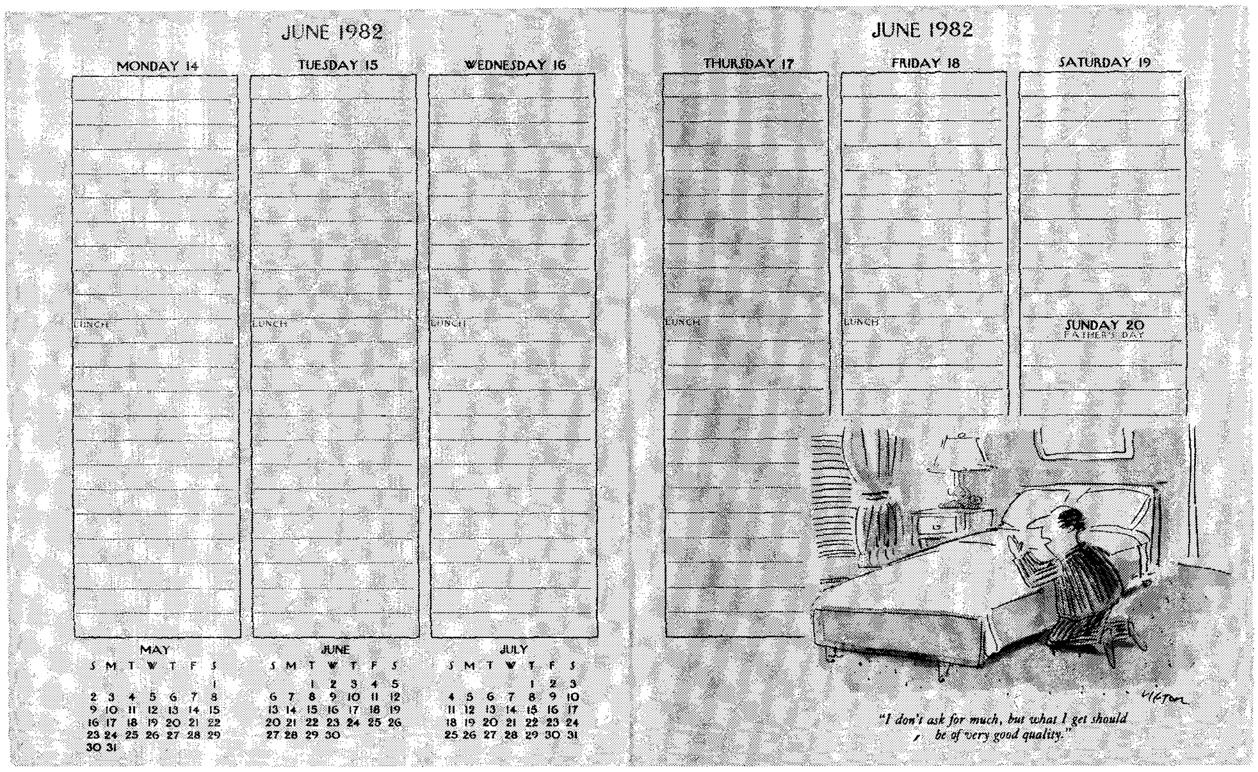

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THE DIARY OF BARON WALDSTEIN: A TRAVELLER IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND, translated from the Latin and annotated by G. W. Groos (Thames & Hudson; $18.95). In 1599, eighteen-year-old Baron Waldstein departed Strasbourg University for a three-year Grand Tour, which included a visit to England in the summer of 1600. About twenty years later, Waldstein died in a Moravian prison (he had been a leader of an unsuccessful Protestant revolt against the Catholic Archduke Ferdinand), and all his property was confiscated; his diary, which he had kept from 1597 to 1603, passed through various hands and ended up in 1690 in the Vatican Library. The present volume is confined to the entries that Waldstein made while in England, where he visited Canterbury, London, Cambridge, Oxford, Richmond, Windsor, and Eton, and a dozen palaces and castles along the way. Many of his entries are dry and dull (he copied a lot of inscriptions and statistics—often inaccurately, since he spoke no English), but Mr. Groos's annotations (filling each page on the left, across from the corresponding text) are vivid and meticulous. When Waldstein confesses that he nearly fell into the Thames while jumping from one of the Queen's ships into a skiff, Mr. Groos consults with the National Maritime Museum and reports on the approved Elizabethan method of disembarkation. With many illustrations—full-color reproductions of contemporary works of art, as well as maps in black-and-white.

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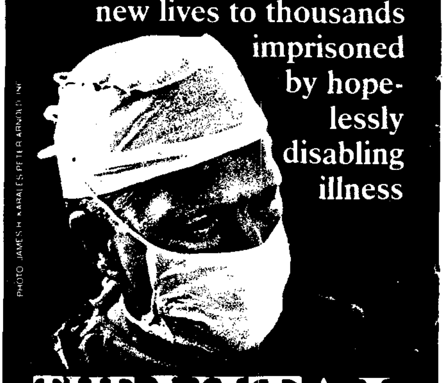
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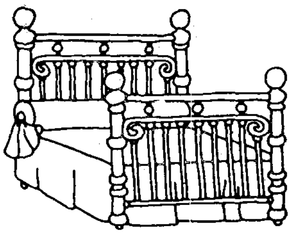

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